THE MASTER SPINNER

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN

o/s

THE MASTER SPINNER

SIR SWIRE SMITH, LL.D., M.P.
From the Presentation Portrait by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

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THE
MASTER SPINNER

A LIFE OF SIR SWIRE SMITH, LL.D., M.P.

BY
KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN

WITH PORTRAIT

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. . . . His magic was not far to seek—
He was so human. Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sat an equal guest at every board;
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
Nor prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

LOWELL.

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 11

CHAPTER I

Wagon Fold—" Old Crowle " and rude diversions—At Wesley College—Apprenticeship and a donkey—The diary—Riding and picnics—Glees at Oban—A trip to London—In business 19

CHAPTER II

Screwy yarn and an ideal—A " penny reading "—Belver—First sight of the Alps—The Albinen ladders—Fantastic scene at Leukerbad—Confidence and young romance—" Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces "—A barn dance 32

CHAPTER III

Founding a company at twenty-three—Problem of a father—Buckstone and Compton at Haworth—" Out for nowght "—First step in public life—Edwin Waugh—Home and the mother—A Tennyson cult—Politics—Dr. Smiles as John the Baptist—Business before love—Italy—Locked in the Coliseum—Defiance of Income-tax Commissioners—Soft sawder 45

CHAPTER IV

Enigma—Fidus Achates—A brush with workers—Rival lectures—At St. Stephen's in the tea-room—A prophecy—" The Wearing of the Green "—Hard work for education—Measuring a door—Turner the " Incomprehensible "—A French Blue book—Lord Houghton and the Prince—The bank parlour 58

CHAPTER V

A discovery—" Little short of a heretic "—Racy letters—Mr. Mundella, Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Hobhouse—Down a tin mine—To Venice with Ruskin—A menu—" T' life of a *h'angel* "—Stricken France—A cripple at the pool—English spies in Germany—" Dandy Swire "—A local orator's confession—Bachelor felicitations—Mr. Morley—Mrs. Duncan McLaren—Fight for a school board 73

CHAPTER VI

PAGE
Affair of a North Country maid—A stern judgment 98

CHAPTER VII

George Smith's new house—Mr. Bright at One Ash—A Swiss tour with ladies—Stone-rolling on the Piz Corvatsch—*Punch* jokes—The marriage handicap—A model begging letter—Students' night—Smith and McLaren—Travel gaieties and habits—Perils on the Mer de Glace—Affection in gondoliers—" Black Monday " at Bradford—He buys a mill—Mr. Bright on making speeches . 118

CHAPTER VIII

Romance of a new factory—Ways with workpeople—" That man works at our mill "—Bad times—Grass in Bradford streets—Heckling—Lodore—Apple blossom and ladies' boots—Ruskin—School stories—Too much chivalry—A cry for help . . . 139

CHAPTER IX

Royal Commission on Technical Instruction—The notes—Sir B. Samuelson's indigestion—Unmentionable cure—Rhyme of the Seven Commissioners—Pigeons—The Phœnix Park murders and Lady Frederick Cavendish—First trip to America—" Keighley's hand in every land "—The dying mother 150

CHAPTER X

Speeches in seven towns—The Clothworkers—Mr. Silliman appears—Founding a land mortgage bank—*Iter Helveticum*—Compounding a felony—The business—Swire Smith and public honours—The sunny side—Scene on Bradford market—Mr. Silliman warned—With Sir H. Roscoe in Paris—Pasteur—Chamberlain and Churchill—At Studley Royal—Bright on Gladstone—Forster's " tears "—Secretary Fisk and Lord Ripon—Palmerston's one meal a day 163

CHAPTER XI

Florida and the New World—President Harrison—Memories of the Civil War—The Alcazar—Phosphate rock—" Town booming "—New friends on the Indian River—The prairie at dawn—Founding Denver City—Prince Kropotkin—Pelion on Ossa—Offered seats in Parliament—Mr. Carnegie sings 181

CHAPTER XII

Swire Smith as a story-teller—The load of hay—The breeches—" Holdin' your own "—Ratting—The gloomy farmer—" It's an old un "—Going home from market—Dean Lefroy and the Rev. Newman Hall—Some sayings from a commonplace book . 194

CHAPTER XIII

PAGE

A dream of Jupiter Island—Mr. Carnegie's theology—News of the Pittsburg riots—Edward Atkinson—Governor Hogg of Austin, Texas—The Mortgage Bank—Anxiety of a good angel—A four-in-hand jaunt—Steeton Manor—Florida "an old-age pension"—Grave irregularities—Mark Twain talks—Disaster . . . 201

CHAPTER XIV

"Terribly cast down"—An honourable directorship—Sir Isaac Holden and gold-mining—Mr. Morley at Cluny—A millionaire pickaback—The worth of song—To Germany again—Prince Hermann commends a sausage—Mr. Carnegie's loan—Candour at Liverpool—The surprising knighthood 217

CHAPTER XV

Congratulations—Danger of bachelordom—At Osborne—Luncheon and the "dubbing"—Skibo—Beaufort Castle—Highland sports—A rich man on Faust—Mr. Carnegie's enthusiasms—Earning and spending of millions—"I'll keep out"—First £10,000 for an English library—George Smith's note of hand—Services—The Bright statue—What to do with snapshots—Death of George Smith 228

CHAPTER XVI

Idiosyncrasies—A lively bachelor—Two proposals and a puzzle—Derelict mines—A romantic matriarch—Friendship for the States—America's future—A compliment 244

CHAPTER XVII

Posers—Mr. Chamberlain's ambition—The talking pig—Habits of Lord Brassey—"The Old Brigade"—Religious beliefs—Bachelor enterprise—Irving's last interview—The blind man—Death of Sam Smith—Scenes in Serbia, Buda-Pesth and Nuremberg—Royal College of Art: Secret history—Sense of failure . . . 254

CHAPTER XVIII

Slighted—Brussels Exhibition and the War—A mock confessional—Talk with the Belgian Queen—Nice American characteristics—Lord Charles Beresford and the lumberman—"Cutting the string"—Lord Morley's friendship—King and Queen of Italy—The barefoot girl—An artist's honeymoon—The loan repaid . . . 269

CHAPTER XIX

Tree felling at seventy—Bonfires and "ducks and drakes"—A great presentation—Letter to an "Old Boy"—Social legislation—"Florida sand" in his shoes—Mr. Bryan—The Palace of Peace—Porridge with a fork—Care-free 288

CHAPTER XX

PAGE

War—Business disaster ?—Lord Bryce and a Skibo irony—Help for the Allies—Sir John Brigg's lost leg—Germany: A moral shock—Factory "ladies" and women's work—M.P. for Keighley—No seat—"Suited down to the ground"—A ghost—Christmas with a dog—The last romance 301

CHAPTER XXI

Sale of the business—Comradeship in Jupiter Island—Entertaining wounded men—Burlesque of Irving—Ladies in the House—"Mignon"—Love letters—Songs with his mill girls—*The Real German Rivalry*—Patriotism of Keighley—Bulletin at seventy-five 318

CHAPTER XXII

A home in London—Maiden speech—America and the League of Nations—Controlling exports—Travels in war-time—Under fire on Vimy Ridge—The dead German—Success of a book—The strenuous life and date pasty—Efforts for the "Old Vic."—A rest cure and Mercutio's hurt—Last days 331

INTRODUCTION

WHEN Sir Swire Smith died, seven hundred people made a procession to his grave and thousands looked on. He had been a far more important man than his modesty and certain other traits allowed the world to know, and his life had been quite romantic, though that was not divined. He owed the great funeral less to his career than to a special charm of personality.

I propose to make his portrait as " The Master Spinner " a type of that historical time before the war when this country taught the use of machinery to the world. Not only public work but much travel, of which he has left notes that are very racy, qualifies him for large treatment ; and so do his close relations with men like Edward Atkinson, John Bright, Lord Bryce, Mr. Carnegie, Lord Morley, Lord Ripon and Sir Henry Roscoe—his contacts with royal and other personages abroad, and his influence in affairs—equally the subjects of a vivacious record. It is only in part a romance of business, but what would any good reader not give for an intimate story of one of the old Hansa merchants ?

There is even reason why he should be preferred for such treatment to most British manufacturers ; the life was so uncommonly full, varied and joyous. When sworn a Member of Parliament at seventy-three, Sir Swire Smith still had so much vigour—a bachelor with the fair hair and sound physique of middle age—that news writers dubbed him the " youngest member " with a double meaning. He was equally young at heart, life having been a sort of happy adventure with him. He therefore seems to represent very well that unique commercial period, with its quick expansion, its optimism, and the free developments that prepared us for a great stand against tyranny.

This, however, is first of all the story of a man's heart. It would be of little interest that Sir Swire Smith attained some distinction, and had friends throughout Europe and in the United States, and was loved by his own people, if he had not left candid personal notes. He wrote well, and saw the world picturesquely. He also loved women well. It was a sentimental life, and I am free to tell the truth about it. At the same time, my friend rose from such a plain level to serve his country that the romance is no less evident in his prestige as a man of business than in any affair of the heart.

When the story opens, in the forties of last century, Yorkshire people spun and wove with hardly a thought of selling their wares abroad largely; the first line of British steamships crossing the Atlantic was new, and there were still handlooms. Populous now, and wealthy enough, the West Riding was then a region of green dales, well-wooded and thinly inhabited, with little smoke to mar their vistas. But an industry derived of old from Flanders flourished hopefully. Mr. John James, the historian of worsted manufacture, notes that "the inhabitants of Keighley and Haworth had been among the most expert spinners of the eighteenth century," and were doing better than those of Bradford. They throve even in the "hungry forties." While cottage weavers in the hills despaired, a few enterprising men who could install the power loom had begun to make fortunes and to educate their children. A few only: but thereupon there appeared a group of very charming young people. One is reminded of what happened in the young cities of mediæval Italy, awaking to their more important civilization.

The times were rough. A generation later the building of public baths could still be hindered by an old savage. He said that he had had only one bath in his life, and looked it; but Keighley backed him. Some of the little fortunes were spent by roystering sons. For one such lout, who drove home tipsy from every Bradford market, his father arranged an ambush of masked men to scare him into prudent ways; and at Nab Wood, where there had once been footpads, they cried, "Deliver! Your brass or your brains!" "Deliver be damned," said the youngster: "as weel no brains as no brass," and drove on—to be commended for his sense of values. More people signed with a cross to vote against a school board, in 1873, than with either cross or name for that novelty. Even so, the little group spread a sort of renaissance. It had incidentally founded in England a pioneer school of science and art; so that Professor Huxley, Dean of the College of Science at South Kensington, saw students from Keighley occupying more benches there than students from any other town or city in the kingdom, and was asking, "Where is this Keighley?"

Swire Smith was the gayest and most ardent spirit of the circle. Its gaiety is what was charming. Those intimate notes admit us to picnics, dances, love affairs and ingenuous ideals; and one sees how it produced, among other good things, one blithe and serviceable bachelor, a modest citizen of the world "with the zeal of a prophet"—I quote a compliment earned by him—"and the methods of a society entertainer."

He became such a man in the course of business, and that is unusual. In spite of mishaps in love, and of one business disaster that would have broken most men's courage, he continued gay. There is no one who knew Sir Swire Smith, however slightly, whom he did not leave in debt for good cheer or for service. The death of such a man seemed unreasonable; and I confess that for me he still lives, with a warm presence at my shoulder, nudging me to do this spiriting gently.

He had notable forebears, of course. There are stories of a grandfather, born in 1773 and known as "Bill Milner"—Bill the Miller—who seems dynamic; a gaunt man of tremendous physique and resolution. By the work of his hands and shrewd management, this man gave a fair start to the survivors in a family of fourteen sons and daughters, and that in times when the price of four pounds of brown sugar or a stone of flour was five shillings. The grandmother, Elizabeth Thompson, must have been a great helpmeet, but women's part in things was taken for granted; she is not remembered.

In his teens Bill Milner was the champion football player in a game without rules, the goals miles apart and no touch-line. One imagines this rough diversion. It went like a riot up and down the straggling little town, breaking windows, till the hue and cry failed as the champion got away up or down the valley. Once he was matched against a noted runner. Being an apprentice, he arranged to run at five o'clock in the morning—to Bingley and back, eight miles. The old folks used to say that this race was run neck and neck in forty minutes; but, strictly speaking, only Bill Milner ran it in that time, for when he sprinted towards the finish the noted runner stopped.

He was apprenticed at a cotton mill, one of the first cotton mills in the West Riding. The owner bought a steam engine—not to drive the mill, but to lift water on to a wheel—and he was put in charge of it and became a sort of mechanic. Presently he was mending clocks in his spare time. He did that well. It is not of him, but a rival, that the tale is told of a repaired cuckoo clock that "ooed" before it "cucked."

At twenty-one he set up on his own account and married, making guide wires for spinning frames and afterwards flyers and spindles. His wife helped. She rocked a cradle with a string tied to her foot. The spindles were sold in Bradford, nine miles away, and carried there on his back. Soon he was able to install a little engine, and, incidentally, made this engine rock the cradle: which device cannot at first have been perfect, for the cradle with a child in it was carried up by a strap to the ceiling. Later he bought a horse and dogcart for his journeys. Nab Wood was then the haunt of real robbers, and with a rope stretched across the road one night they brought his horse down; but he travelled with stones in his pockets and a "besom steyl"—a broom handle—and even in the dark they recognized Bill Milner as he set about them. This man seems to have freed Nab Wood.

His sons, as they grew up, found him a tremendous worker and disciplinarian, never in bed (save on Saturdays and Sundays) till eleven at night or after five in the morning. He was now making spinning frames. When the engine or the boiler needed repairs he worked through the night, and the youngest boy fell asleep holding a candle.

Those were bitter days for children. There was no law that they should go to school "half time," and in the first rush to the mills, with food dear and wages low, they were either neglected or put to work when quite small, as philanthropic records tell and old men still remember. The working day was fifteen hours; and in the decade 1820–30 that youngest boy, out in the dark of a winter's morning, often saw a man trudging to work with a child on his back. Even at seven or eight years old a child was useful. A generation appeared in which deformities and dwarfish growth were common, and Keighley was notorious for "K-legs." At Bingley Tide a facetious man was seen on his hands and knees in the crowd, peering about strangely. "Drunk?" he said. "Nowght o' t' sort. I'm lookin' for a Keighley chap."

But William Smith had a keen regard for schooling, the lack of which may be a handicap. There was in the town an old man named Farish, reputed a great arithmetician. William Smith set apart a room in his workshop to be used at nights, for the benefit of his apprentices and sons, by Mr. Farish. They submitted throughout a winter to this arrangement, and then Mr. Farish, honest man, reported a very poor attendance, asking whether he should continue teaching.

"Does our Prin' attend?" the patron asked.

Yes; he did.

“Then go on; if you can make one good un, it'll pay me.” And the son in question became the founder of a huge business, that of Prince Smith and Son, the larges makers of worsted machinery in the world.

There is one more character note, either on this fathe or on the mother. The child who fell asleep holding a candl grew up to furnish it; he remembered lighting them o Sunday nights to the Wesleyan chapel, arm in arm, hi father tall and spare, his mother short and stout. He toddle a few yards ahead with a lantern, and when they went int chapel the father carried the mother's pattens.

This youngest boy, named George, was the father o Sir Swire Smith. When four years old, in 1816, sitting o a neighbour's shoulder, he saw a man tied to the tail of cart and flogged by a soldier from the top to the botton of Keighley main street. The wretch had stolen lead After every stroke the soldier drew the cat-o'-nine-tail through his fingers. George Smith, who in spite of a har childhood lived to be ninety, was in his own way a “character” no less conspicuous than Bill Milner, but with largeness the father lacked. If there is a smile in this pictur of dark ages it is his. He was a partner in the machiner firm, but his hobby was a horse. As a boy he would wai on summer evenings for the coach from Bradford or Skipton to get a bareback ride to the river, and would push hi mount so far in that he had almost to kneel on its back t escape a wetting. When, as a man, he attended Bradfor market, George Smith's nag, like that of Mr. W. E. Forste a generation later, was the best goer on the road; and in the leisure of middle life, he took a farm to breed an train some of the fastest trotting horses in the country.

It was said that, of all the Smith brothers, George wa the only man who could forgive an injury; and his humorou interest in life amounted to public spirit. Genial, roug and portly, there is but one harshness recorded of him A stranger had come to visit the works. One of the younge workmen thought it funny to heave, if not half a brick, chunk of wood at him. George Smith asked who had done this, and, nobody confessing or denouncing, he went out for a hazel stick and flogged every workman in the shop with it. For most occasions humour served his turn; as when the local prophet Roe announced a shower of asses for believers, and he urged one of these to build a stable. I myself remember him in old age, fond of seeing weddings. He had a merry word for the bridegroom. What a heartiness rang in his voice, using the dialect, the "old talk"! His distinguished son used to tell with pride of a retort of his at ninety to some Job's comforter.

"I'll tell yo' what, maister," said this acquaintance, meeting him one morning: "yo're gettin' owder."

"Ay!" the old man cried, very cheerful; "and I'm glad *on* it."

"What, glad o' gettin' owder?"

"Ay! For if I worn't gettin' owder I souldn't be here!"

Sir Swire Smith inherited that warmth, humour and shrewdness. A singular gentleness and modesty were added by his mother, Mary Swire, a woman of no education, but of yeoman stock and some family tradition of "better breeding." There was even a Swire art faculty, which appeared not only in her sons, but in collateral branches of her family; but it cannot be traced back to any known ancestor, and art, after all, is an old human cunning, variously fostered—in Yorkshire by the common love of natural beauty and of song. She seems to have been very sweet-natured, religious and methodical.

Chiefly, the boy was privileged in being born of such parents when he was. While machinery was still hated or destroyed by the mass of workers, and schools were few and there was general poverty, he came into the world so circumstanced that education and a little wealth could enlarge his life and usefulness far beyond the scope of this immediate parentage. In the sequel, this country owed to Sir Swire Smith and a few other public men a great part of its pre-war prosperity.

THE MASTER SPINNER

CHAPTER I

Wagon Fold—"Old Crowle" and rude diversions—At Wesley College—Apprenticeship and a donkey—The diary—Riding and picnics—Glees at Oban—A trip to London—In business.

THE little house in which Swire Smith was born on March 4, 1842, known as Wagon Fold, stands no longer. It was near the head of a narrow and crooked main street, facing the sun. There is now a stationer's shop there. The street was paved with huge blocks, and there was nothing artistic in the design of either shops or houses at that time. Similar blocks of greyed freestone made them all look solidly plain. A church stood near, with stocks on the church "green," where there was no grass, and so did a stately house with one wide gable. There was, of course, a bank. But the market town of 13,000 people had no other buildings of any size except a modest "mechanics' institute," its chapels, its new power mills and the Smith machine shop.

From the head of the street an abrupt hill rises to the moors that divide Yorkshire from Lancashire, the wuthering heights of Emily Brontë. Haworth is four miles away to the south, crowning another spur, and no one then respected it.

Swire was the first son, though not the eldest child, of a family of four. The boy was small but sturdy. Whether he went to a "dame school" or the mother taught him his letters no one remembers; but certainly she took him to a Wesleyan chapel before he was breeked, and sent him early to the Sunday school. He does not seem to have been much frightened; however, scenes at the "love feasts" and what he heard from the pulpit awoke at least as many emotions as she did. This mother also taught him to do small duties regularly, so that he formed some diligent habits; to hurt nobody's feelings even with laughter, if that could be helped; and to be serviceable. He was, fortunately, light-hearted. When the parish feast came round there was a school treat with a gala, which allowed of pagan jollity—within seemly limits. And his father's humour was tolerant, unlike the hot gospel.

The boy had a merry look, with earnest blue eyes and bright hair inclined to wave; and he played as many sly tricks as other lads. A surviving school-mate remembers that for awhile he got away from school half an hour before the rest, on the plea that he had to take his father's "forenoon drinking" to the shop. They knew that, as a rule, George Smith came home to dinner, and trembled for him. "Old Crowle," a later schoolmaster, was a firm disciplinarian. Mr. Crowle taught a voluntary school run by the Wesleyans for thirty-six scholars, and seems to have been good in his day, though he failed to teach arithmetic to a youngster not yet ready for it. Penmanship and character were his strong points. The boy promised well in both, and in drawing and recitation too. He had a good memory.

In the rough little town there were not many games that mothers looked upon with favour, and none that schools encouraged. Our hero made the most of whip-top, peg-top, "last-o'-back" and kite-flying, which are not supposed to be educational; and he played a sort of disorderly cricket on strange pitches. There being no baths, any summer bathing after school was done in the Worth beck—not a pellucid stream; and it had to be carefully managed, otherwise he might be found out at bedtime, because little bits of wool from the mill wash-tubs were apt to give a boy away. (The careful mother would have wished him to "mix with his betters.") But the country round about was full of interest and beauty, and he explored it on Saturdays with a cousin, making for the hill-tops, Rivoc and the Druids' Altar. Once they found a young cuckoo in a moor-tit's nest, and made deplorable efforts to rear it in a stable: tragedy! There was one rough companion allowed him, a fighting bulldog named Belver, who fielded brilliantly at cricket in spite of hard knocks, was a famous ratter, and sat in the doors of butcher's shops (defending them) until the gift of a bone got rid of him. Belver was intelligent. Having had a fore-leg set once, after a blow, he not only showed fight at all walking-sticks, but went again to the doctor with a needle in his foot.

Swire had a sweet singing voice, and was taught to read music in the chapel choir. He took lessons later from Miss Carrodus, a sister of the violinist, a Keighley man; and it is hardly possible to say how much he owed in the end to music.

At fourteen he was sent to the first secondary school established for Methodism, at Sheffield—the famous Wesley College, founded in 1838 by Dr. S. D. Waddy, the father of Mr. Sam Waddy, Q.C., one of the first pupils. All education was then religious, but this was a college for the sons of laymen; and George Smith, knowing little more than that about it, paid £60 a year in fees with extras. His elder brother, Prince, had done the like. So the boy left home with a queer exhilaration that made his sobs look foolish, and after a long railway journey found himself in the biggest and finest building he had seen, with large grounds about it—a building Doric and formidable.

There were 150 other boarders, mostly big boys, and, unlike him, they talked the English language. He was to be very good at that. He took a commercial course, with no language or literature but English; and towards the end of it he edited the school magazine. A schoolfellow lately dead at Ipswich used to say that in English subjects Swire Smith had been the only boy he could not beat. For the rest, he was equipped for business, and kept in the best of health and spirits.

There is a story of one small escapade, as to which you must know that he was a mimic. The college being strong on music, parts of oratorios were prepared for Sunday chapel, which people from the town attended; and a master, who had to take a tenor solo, practised high notes in the corridors on the unpleasant word "chastisement." That was funny; and one night he heard merriment in the dormitories, following a spirited imitation in soprano. He had possibly been feeling anxious. Appearing suddenly in Swire's cubicle, he said in any case with much asperity, "You are crying out for chastisement—you shall have it!" *Bis dat qui cito dat*; but that, too, was funny.

It was an admirable college in its day, and not narrowly denominational. There were sports, with the atmosphere of a serious public school. The youngster was not unhappy there. But it is certain that college did not usurp the place of home, because, in spite of a genius for friendship, he formed no lasting attachment among his schoolfellows.

He came home full of promise, and then there was great question about his start in life. He dreamed of making spinning frames, not wool. But in the machine shop founded by his grandfather, now dead, there were already four partners, his sons, with four of their boys; and George Smith saw no shining path to fortune for Swire in that company. In any case, George Smith's heart was not in the business like that of an elder brother who in the end became dominant; and the mother, shy of trouble, said, "Why not let him try spinning?" There was a pleasant family of Quaker origin, like the Brights at Rochdale, who had a spinning mill and with whom she was friendly. Their name was Brigg. They have since given to Keighley a Member of Parliament, the late Sir John Brigg, than whom perhaps there was never a more gracious figure at St. Stephen's. "Wonderful to tell," runs a note left by the Master Spinner, "my father waited on old Mr. Brigg, and he took me apprentice. Soon I was like one of the family, and a favourite not least with Mrs. Brigg, the sweetest woman next to my mother that I ever knew."

He was no less a favourite with the workpeople. That came of his being a normal, bright, good-natured lad, but he must also have owed some popularity to practical joking. Going thoroughly through the processes of sorting, combing and spinning like one of themselves, he amused them. There were still hand combers, who came for their wool, took it home, and brought back the combed "tip." One of them had a patient donkey. Mr. B. S. Brigg remembers that his young friend, who had doubtless read the Lancashire tale of "Besom Ben," put a sheet under the donkey in this man's temporary absence, fastened it to the crane rope, and hauled the astonished animal up into the warehouse. His work was done no worse for pranks of that kind.

And now begins a diary, to be kept with few breaks for nearly sixty years of work and adventure.

Why was it kept? Not, certainly, with any foresight of its value. It has not a trace of vanity, though there is one confession—an early and mere mention—of "ambition." It shows no kind of unusual self-consciousness. From first to last, however, there is such a zest of life that, knowing him well, I believe he kept a diary from sheer interest in what happened to him and what he was doing. Moreover, it gave him pleasure to use a pen, doing neat work with it. Whatever else Wesley College did, it turned out a good journalist *in posse*; and, from time to time, he delighted to supplement the record with full accounts of his holiday tours at home and abroad, which were many, or he would turn in later life to one of his commonplace books, and, among political data and bits of verse and abstracts and good stories, would enter up his memories of famous men.

He knew the value of these, of course. Towards the end, Sir Swire Smith had some thought of writing his own life and praising all the best that he had seen; he was making memoranda for it. But by that time the diary was a mere log. So far as the early years are concerned, it is as if his sunny, sterling, busy and romantic nature had written itself in invisible ink before the fire of events revealed it. He was what he afterwards seemed. Though kept for his own eyes faithfully, the diary contains nothing about himself that I might be tempted by respect to conceal or to sophisticate; and you are to make with him an acquaintance as intimate as my own.

At seventeen he is leading a very pleasant life. Though he worked hard, there is but one entry about the mill: "Got a new gate-frame, so I stayed till late to set it up."

He is most concerned to record the jolly diversions of a boy's leisure among companions—rides, a game of archery, his first wasps' nest, a fishing expedition that followed, from which "we came home as we went, singing like birds 'Hail, smiling morn' at midnight, and got to bed about one." He is in the saddle a good deal, sometimes thrown by mettlesome mounts. One entry reads: "Had a ride with James Smith, Scotchman, and let him see what going was by the side of his own." Another: "I rode Ted's horse a little to take the edge off him, and was galloping him at full speed towards the Pinnacle"—on Cowling Moor, between rough stone walls—"when he stumbled against an embankment at the side of the road and I flew over his head. However, I sustained no injury." His own edge was not to be taken off. Again: "Meant to go for a ride, but went to the bazaar instead and enjoyed myself famously with Miss W. and other *friends*"—the last word underscored three times.

There is always a boy friend with him, and soon they go for their first ride with ladies. "We found them habited, waiting; got them on their ponies," and, once more, enjoyed it "famously. Ready for another." The warmth of his nature shows itself on a Scarborough holiday, when, hearing that this friend is dangerously ill, he comes home after only four days. As for the boyish enjoyment, it is equally noted down after a summer evening among raspberries and strawberries, "first rate;" and as yet he is not moved to the depths by a wedding. "John Brigg married to Miss Anderton, of Bingley. John looked uncommonly well, so did Mary; it was certainly a fine sight. The (wool) sorters had a little spree, and I attended a supper at the Crown in honour of the occasion." Sometimes he stays indoors at night to copy music, and on Sundays there is the choir singing. But life is much too full of delights for more study of any sort, so that he has once to record, with a touch of compunction, that for months he has not had an evening with his mother.

The inference is that he gave her no anxiety. He was at home in the Brigg household and had his liberty—to make what use of it he would. No doubt she heard all about it from the other sweet woman.

Watching him develop freely, one discovers the first sign of diligence—in regard to picnics. Before the diary, the boy had begun a book about picnics. There are thirty-five close pages (in a beautiful hand, such as old schoolmasters taught) about a trip to Clapham Cave with fifty-seven young people of whom he was the youngest. It is significant, for Swire Smith loved society and sightseeing as much as anything; and it introduces that group of possibly a score bright spirits with whom he was to take many such pleasant trips in the next few years, acquiring nice manners.

The proper end of all such young society is love-making, and in a country town it is not mistaken. No rival interest pretends to such importance. There was no other sex war. They took sides for a game, and played it with much spirit and unfailing good temper, as appears from many a sly touch; and, two by two, one finds them taking it as a fine adventure, whereupon, with best wishes, they disappear from the story. It was a game that went with dance and song and many sorts of frolic, in all the glades and gorges of that countryside successively. Nothing easier to arrange. "May 4th.—Wrote a great many invitations to people to come to a picnic in Hawkcliff Wood. May 5th —Went to the picnic." By a fortunate chance, there is an observant sister's note in his own book on the rogue's behaviour.

> Tea being at last proclaimed, the ladies spread their shawls, cloaks, etc., and sat down to partake of each other's bounty, while the gentlemen (at least most of them) assisted. When tea was nearly over one lady and gentleman were found to have been absent; upon which an outcry was raised, scouts being sent in all directions to holloa and call. In a few minutes the couple came coolly walking into our midst and said they had only been to look at the cave and the kirk. Some one asked if they had found anything wanting except the parson. In excuse let me add that the lady was not a Keighleyite (it might be the custom of her country), and that the gentleman was !!!!! the youngest of the party.

Admirable teasing. He took lessons in deportment from the gentler sex like every son of Adam.

The next piece of writing, done at nineteen, is less of a schoolboy's exercise. It reveals that passion for travel and for what is beautiful in Nature which was to lead him far afield. He went a round trip in Scotland as if it had been the Grand Tour, and there is not a dull sentence in the ingenuous 20,000 words written about it for his people. Did he read Scott's poems because he was going, or did he go because he had been reading them? I cannot be sure; now and then he quotes a passage, and goes into raptures. "The bristled territory of the Trossachs" is—

> So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
> The scenery of a fairy dream.

But mainly the tour was great fun. The fairy dream never much bemused his high spirits, nor vied with his interest in companionable, lively people—with whom, then and always, he was on the best terms they had the sense to admit. He went with two merry friends and joined one of Cook's parties, which in those days were almost "select." The Marquis of Cholmondeley, Admiral Hope and Sir Edward

Grogan joined it too, and did not snub their fellow-travellers; and Mr. Thomas Cook himself, weatherbeaten, with his homely smile, conducted it.

They all seem to have been lodged as often in private houses as in hotels; and they were welcome, for in the September evenings they played games and told stories. If anything sobered the three boys but rough seas, hunger and sleep, it was music. Mark his enthusiasm for it:

> After sitting a little while before a bright and cheerful fire, we sallied out into the pale moonlight on a pleasant road towards Dunolly Castle. We walked up a little hill behind the village (Oban), to contemplate the quiet spread of land and water, and here struck up some of our favourite glees. If ever we entered with true heart into singing, I think it was at that time. We were each in good voice, and as strict as possible (things quite unusual to us) to time, tune and the equality of our voices, so that one part was not louder than another. The evening was mild and the air clear; we could see the people below among the little lighted shops, who had come in to make their Saturday purchases. We began with " Oh, who will o'er the down so free," singing very softly and swelling on the right passages; but the last verse we sang *forte*. It had the effect of pleasing even ourselves, as the reverberations died slowly away in the hills behind.
>
> The people below seemed astonished. We dimly saw their heads turn to where we could not be seen in the twilight, and they were as still as possible after the tune was finished, except that one or two hallooed to us. We next struck up " The Hardy Norseman," putting due weight into the chorus. I think glee singing must be uncommon at Oban, or they wondered at the sound of it behind their houses; for they came out of doors till there was almost a crowd, and we were answered by loud shouts for more. So we carried the joke on and sang them " Lady of Beauty," others of our collection and " Auld Lang Syne," while they encored and shouted. Some of them seemed inclined to ferret out our position, so we rested on our laurels.

Next year there was a trip to London, for the musical festival at " Sydenham Palace." Seven young and eager sons of manufacturers got away from work for a week together and devoured the sights of Town. There were the brothers Brigg—Tom, John, Will and Ben—with the last of whom, in particular, he was to form a close and lifelong friendship—and his companions of the Scotch expedition.

They heard "The Messiah" sung by 4,000 voices, and filled every waking hour with sightseeing. Besides the Exhibition they contrived to see Kew Gardens (then a novelty), Madame Tussaud's, Cremorne in its last phase, the "Zoo," the Houses of Parliament, John Leech's sketches in oil from *Punch*, a "singing room"—whatever that may have been—and five or six theatres. Patti, Tamberlik and Formes were heard in "Don Giovanni."

There is a curious little note-book, containing neat memoranda of spinning costs and yarn prices, tables of "new drawings," wage calculations, purchases and the like, which doubtless meant as much in their own way as those occasional outings did. Meanwhile, for the last two years preceding his majority, here is a sketch of his life, in broken extracts from the diary :—

October 23, 1861.—Went to Bradford from the mill with H. and F. to hear Charles and Mrs. Kean in "Hamlet"; liked amazingly.

Saturday 26th.—Harry and I borrowed Jack and Smute and went to Mr. Jackson's, rabbiting. Had some good sport and a nice walk home.

Sunday 27th.—Ind. and Meth. (He sang in the choirs of two chapels.)

Thursday, December 12th.—To Bradford with a great amount of people to hear Jenny Lind, Sims Reeves and Patti. Took Emma, Annie and M. I. to a confectioner's till time. Enjoyed the concert famously.

Monday, 23rd.—All business places stopped in consequence of the burial of Prince Albert; all respectable people in mourning. In the afternoon Harry and I drove to Skipton in our dogcart, Miss E. and M. A. W. with us.

Tuesday, 24th.—In the afternoon Will, Ben, Ted, Prince, Sam, Tom Shackleton and I took train to Settle and had tea at Mrs. Hartley's, the Golden Lion; after which we set off Christmas singing to all the great houses around. Got plenty of beer (he was himself a teetotaller), spice cake, etc., and earned about 10s.

Wednesday 25th.—Went to Giggleswick Church and sat in the choir. Afterwards walked to Stainforth Force and Catrick Force, calling at some houses by the way to sing for them. We also went to see Mr. Twistleton, the giant farmer, who weighs 22 stone. Came home by the last train.

Friday, 27th.—Guard House with Ben (a frequent entry). Miss Sugden's grand party took place.

Tuesday, 31st.—Emma and Annie were at our house, having come to dress for a party at Low Mill. We went about 7 o'clock and joined thirty more. Had a good dance and "stir."

It runs on, bustling uneventfully; the only point is that nothing escapes him, whether dances or missionary meetings, a sham fight of Volunteers or a lecture, the Keighley Fair ("spent a lot of money in foolishness") or a service in relief of the Lancashire cotton famine. As for business, he is attending Bradford market with the buyer; and when the end of his apprenticeship draws near the elders intervene with grave proposals.

There is nothing to show what his hopes were. It is only plain that, as there had been no room for him in the machine shop, so there would be none in the firm that he had served happily. But his foreseeing sire revolved a purpose, which presently took shape.

Monday, December 29, 1862.—Father came up to the mill and paid Mr. Brigg my premium. I was sent for and had a long talk with them in the office. Mr. Brigg laid down three considerations for me to study: whether I would like (1) to begin business in March on my own account, (2) to take a partner or (3) to take a situation for a year or two to improve myself. My present thoughts are between a partner and being alone. Cousin M. twenty-one years old to-day.

Monday, February 16th.—Having heard that Joe Craven thought of giving up business, I went to his office to inquire about his place with serious intentions of taking it. 18th.

—Stayed in at night, copied some hints into my book, and read "Hamlet." Father saw *Joe.* 21st.—Went round Joe's mill with him and my father; everything was valued by Joe and given to us for our revision. Joined the Bradford Choral Society. 24th.—Sold a pair of blue dragons, 3s. Father and I went to Joe Craven's at night and took the most important step of my life (so far), which I hope and trust by *careful attention, honesty, diligence and grace* will make me do credit to myself and all concerned. We bought his stock of machinery, i.e., sixteen frames, two sets of drawing, and all things connected with his business at Fleece Mill; the stock of wool, etc., to be taken over at a market price in March.

It may be that "grace" is as light a touch as the blue dragons, but nobody wished him overweighted. After all, this was a small outfit in one lower room, costing only £360; and he was very boyish. If it sobered his reflections unduly, that is no wonder.

Small as it was, he had to compete with all the old, big firms in the trade now, buying wool and selling yarn for himself; and that buying and selling was a matter of the nicest discretion, like backing unknown horses. Even the old, big firms were sometimes bitten. The price of wool went up and down for reasons not to be known in time for certain, and that of spun yarn might not run with it conveniently. You took a lot of orders, and then the price of wool began to soar; or you bought a lot of cheap wool and spun it, and then yarn would not sell at any price. There was always this dilemma, which must have appeared imposing to a boy still selling pigeons. On the whole, he was well endowed with the grace of boyishness, to take his perils gaily and not to change; for the remainder of his life was a conflict between business and other interests, not all so stern or so troublesome.

But he was launched upon the career in which we have to follow him; and, wonder as one may, his heart was in it. Swire Smith was boyish but not light-minded. He could never, in fact, so far let himself go as to be irresponsible.

That is a master trait of the portrait, to be kept in sight against habitual gaieties, gusts of sentiment and generous bouts of service.

At once, indeed, he felt some stirrings of ambition. Most of his friends were older and lived in a finer style. His cousin Prince had larger prospects. Over his head there were always rumblings of a family storm, which did not threaten him, but sometimes kept him tense in a charged atmosphere; mutterings against that hard, dry business man, the elder Prince. His father's humour turned it, and he himself walked happily beyond the range of thunderbolts; but not carelessly. School and the fast trotters had taught him emulation; that growling warned him that it might be strict. His rivals were using Smith machinery, as he was, and some of it went to France and Germany, of which there was talk at Bradford often.

Under the date, *Monday, March 23rd*, he entered, "I commenced the world on my own account," and wrote this in a large hand. One smiles, but I am sure he thought that grace and honesty would help him.

CHAPTER II

Screwy yarn and an ideal—A "penny reading"—Belver—First sight of the Alps—The Albinen ladders—Fantastic scene at Leukerbad—Confidences and young romance—"Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces"—A barn dance.

HAVING been prevented by business and want of opportunity to regularly fill up this book with my little incidents of daily life, I have forgotten the particulars of them, although they have perhaps been the most important of any I have entered. . . . I left Calversyke Mill on Saturday, February 28th, under the good wishes of everybody there employed, and I, in return, felt exceedingly to leave old *tried* friends with whom I had spent the happiest hours of my life. I begun going to Bradford with Mr. C., and went regularly with him till he retired from the business (March 23rd), getting introductions to his connexion and catching an insight into things generally. . . .

There has been a break of three weeks in the record. It is soberly resumed, but the main omission repaired would seem to have been a private ball "given by the gentlemen of Kildwick parish" and some other loyal celebrations when the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) was married. With the help of a "most gorgeous repast at midnight," dancing was carried on with such spirit that he and a party of sisters and cousins did not reach home till 6.40 a.m., "well tired, but as willing as ever."

He goes to Bradford market now, Monday and Thursday, and, happy as life may be, there are rubs. The workpeople taken over go on spinning, and he has no trouble in getting orders; but, immediately, he finds "some screwy yarn, which set me all funny, and makes me yet fear that it will either be returned or I shall have to make an allowance for it." Presently there is more of this. He has had to complain of it—bad spinning will never do; yet I observe that he is not angry. "For the sake of remembrance"—that is, in the hope that it may be forgiven and forgotten—"I write this thought: 'I wonder if Jack will be working for me a year hence.'"

The fact is that he hopes in his own mill to be the universal favourite he was in the other. Why not? That is a notion not to be abandoned by him. He therefore writes in a large hand once more to chronicle the upshot after six months: "Jack Hodgson gave me a fortnight's notice."

The story of this Master Spinner begins at a time when there were personal relations between master and man everywhere. The very wage system was new to his trade. Ten years earlier my grandfather, who had a dozen hand-looms at Cowling, a few miles away, took a loom rent from the weavers, who were their own masters for better or worse; and, when the wage system became inevitable with power looms, he would not profit by it, but declined a good partnership and went out of business. On other men it seemed to confer a new and fine responsibility; they hoped to merit more respect and liking by finding work for more people. Swire Smith had this idea without having to think. Part of what he had learnt from a paternal employer, it fitted with his amiability.

True, there was a social "ramp" in Keighley. Leisure, a little schooling and their fathers' proved capacities had set these young folks up in a golden world, sporting the time carelessly; and he still and always made the most of that. But you find him going as readily to a gala as to a dance "given by gentlemen," and soon doing public service.

This came like any other fun. He and his friends, who missed no diversion on winter evenings, found what were called "penny readings" going on at the small Mechanics' Institute. These were popular. Two people out of three could not read for themselves. While the opinion still prevailed that things were better so, this Institute, built thirty years back by the effort of four working men, shone like a good deed in a naughty world. Its candle had drawn Isaac Holden over the moors to lectures, and the Brontë girls in from Haworth on foot, four miles, to change books at a little library. It now espoused a novelty, which took these merry humanists. They loved to sing and they could read.

Meeting one night at the home of our hero, and privately calling themselves "the Pills," they drew up a programme; they offered it to the Institute committee, rehearsed in great spirits, and gave the third of these entertainments. There were three of the brothers Brigg—John, Will and Ben. John, the future Member for Keighley, was not at the meeting, but they chose him chairman for a certain gravity proper to the enterprise; while Will was relied upon for a dramatic representation of "Bardwell *v.* Pickwick," and Ben, aged eighteen, would take the piano and read "The Jackdaw of Rheims." There was Phil Unwin, a young fellow from Essex, good for "Horatius" and "The Heart of the Bruce"; good also in after years for a public career at Bradford. There were Prince Smith, with tenor songs, and Ted Marriner, of the glee party. Finally, Swire must sing "The Steelclad Ships of England," as well as read three poems, to wit: Rogers's "Ginevra," Southey's "Gelert" and "The Retort"—which may have been the *jeu d'esprit* of George Colman the younger. The glees were "Merrily goes the Lark," "Sleep, Gentle Lady" and "When Evening's Twilight": the whole a good pennyworth.

I remember the ill-lighted long room with plain drab walls and a low ceiling. That night it was packed "almost to suffocation," and hundreds, unable to push in, went home disappointed. "There was not a breath of ventilation. Towards ten o'clock," though it was winter, "people wiped and again wiped their perspiring faces. The walls were covered with a clammy dew that trickled down. Little boys yawned and old folks rubbed their spectacles." But it was a success. Dickens drew peals of merriment, "The Retort" was liked amazingly, and no song went without an encore. He says: "If we will only stick to the text, and ever do our best to raise the intelligence of those around us without lowering our own, I think these entertainments may ultimately become a credit to us."

He could say so and still be a "pill"; but now he began to stay at home sometimes after work and read the poets, especially Shakespeare, and that was all to the good, because he could never become bookish. He was not, indeed, to get through more than a dozen novels in his life. Life itself had too much interest. He read poetry because he was full of young sentiment, not for self-improvement; and what he loved in Shakespeare's comedy was the romance of a larger life. Whatever happened, he was as sure to taste that as he was to read about it, or to see Buckstone, Sothern and the Olympic Company when they came to Bradford. However, he had a keen memory for what enraptured him, which all beauty did; and to the end of his days he forgot neither a line of any sweet passage that took him nor the first fine careless rapture. As the penny readings went on, the town and the countryside began to know him as an entertaining youngster who could not be summed up as easily as wool is sorted.

They would have understood better that he was fond of dogs. Belver, who died about this time, seems to have been such a friend and a sportsman that he must have a biography. It was begun, but has been deplorably lost. The diary alone perpetuates a boy's regrets:

> Poor old Belver, after being with us for ten or twelve years and having knocked about in the world till he was about worn out, was quietly stopped of life. He has been a good servant, a faithful friend and a fine dog of his breed; I have played with him hundreds of hours. It cannot be wondered at that everybody is sorry to lose him, my Mother, Polly and Mary shedding tears. Belver was to me and all

of us *good and kind*, unbounded in forgiveness under whatever usage, energetic in pluck and fearless as a lion. But he had grown old, blind, lame and toothless, so it is no use grieving. Even little Pansy whines about the house. I fear we may never have such an animal again, and it will be long before the whole town finds his equal.

You may know why " Gelert " was chosen for a reading.

Before anything else befel to make a citizen of Swire Smith, he took his first trip abroad. It was to the Alps, a more romantic land than poets enabled him to imagine ; with the help of his father, he stole three weeks for it ; that is to say, the old man undertook to keep an eye on the spinning mill in his absence. Left to himself, he would never have thought such a noble holiday possible. But a plot was hatched between less responsible young spirits, who won his consent to the notion of laying siege to parents. There was a friend in Scotland named McNeill, who wrote alluring letters ; there was his intimate chum, Ben, ready to go anywhere with him ; and there was Sam, a younger brother, who worked in the machine shop but should have been an artist. They had three weeks of liberty, while Prince the elder nursed a disapproval akin to wrath. To him it was great foolishness, and George Smith a faithless partner to indulge it.

But " who would grub out his life in the same croft, when he has free warren of all fields between this and the Rhine ? " Who that ever won free warren while his heart was young regrets it ? This first trip to Switzerland, for one of the four at least, was nothing less than an explosion of joy and wonder. He had afterwards to spend seven months over an enthusiastic account of it on paper, which never flags.

And yet my pen shrinks from the task of telling, even to myself, what I saw ; and were it not for future guidance, and to fulfil a wish to ink over the rough pencillings of my diary, I would stop at once, well knowing how the portrayal of every scene, every incident and every emotion will fail in my hands.

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime
As rather to belong to heaven than earth,
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense—a feeling that he loses not—
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
Whence he may date him henceforth and for ever?

With such ecstacies of the poets each day's journal is headed, and in the beautiful script there is hardly an erasure, for it was written with the candour of a letter, never trying after all to be fine, but narrating all with uncommon spirit simply. Here are passages at random:

Neufchâtel.—As the train approached, Mac bounded out of the waiting room through a sort of private office in his eagerness to catch it; with the whole army of porters and officials after him, in as great an excitement as if he were about to commit suicide or overturn the whole train. We were immensely amused at this, and when we had got our seats (in a carriage to ourselves) we gave full vent to our overflowing feelings in most hearty laughter, shaking about like four jolly "pills" shut up in one box. Coats, waistcoats and shoes were soon off again, squandered about the compartment, and Mac dancing a Highland fling round the water bottle. . . .

Alpnach.—We agreed with an ugly-looking fellow to take us to Lungern for seven francs, including "drink money." Our drive was a very pleasant one, through valleys bounded by wooded hills and through romantic little villages. Our driver, too, had more in him than his mug denoted, and sang us Swiss songs in return for our English ones, to our mutual enjoyment. His horse seemed to have much of the camel about it, being hump-backed, and was so awfully thin that it reminded one of the American's, which he had always to have a sheet thrown over, to keep the wind from blowing the corn out of it. At the little town of Samen, with its quaint houses, the cottager weaving at her window, "pillow and bobbins all her little store," turned to smile as we passed; while we met lots of tourists, some on foot and some in conveyances, all ready with a kind word or a happy look. . . .

The Brunig.—Before we reached the top (on foot) we had our first clear view of the snowy mountains, and I shall not yet awhile forget the sight. We each instinctively gave a "Hurrah!" Peering into the sky, with the sun full upon them, were the white peaks of the Eiger and Wetterhorn, and "how mighty and how free" they looked! At the summit of the col, the beautiful valley of Hasli burst upon us in all its magnificence. One writer says it "concentrates as much of what is alpine in its loveliness as any valley in Switzerland." We were quite content with that opinion. The mountains were grand, and some of them tremendously high; some rising in vast precipices with cascades pouring down their faces, and split, riven and smashed, as it were, into all sorts of fantastic shapes; some towering bare and sharp; the view of the Oberland Alps carried far back among many sublime and snowy heights. . . .

The Albinen ladders.—Albinen is shut out above the valley by this colossal wall, and the only means of reaching it is by the wondrous ladders, fixed wherever a footing could be found and going up and up to the summit. Between some of them there is a little climbing up the rocks, where you cling to the bushes that eke out a tough life from the fissures of this dizzy crag.

We started full of curiosity and equally alive to our danger, but nerved by stout hearts and grasping fervently two spokes at every step we took. The ladders, however, are extremely primitive, being roughly made from the pine-trees, with branches used for spokes without any further fastening than to be just put through the holes, and in some places a step is wanting; then they are fixed in a most ricketty fashion, joggling from side to side and at one time sending a thrill of horror through my whole frame with the thought that I was about to topple over the abyss. We stopped several times to breathe and look back.

Oh, how dreadful was the sight! Peeping over the brink of a rock on which we rested, the tallest trees were far below, and a false step would have sent one tumbling down through their branches "like a shot bird."

Above, we came upon a beautiful pasture land, but for some time did not find a soul in the villages, whose inhabitants use these ladders daily. In one of them was a little chapel, a most dirty, comfortless place, and an altar decorated with a crucifix made of some clay or composition, but in such a battered state that our poor Saviour's most intimate friends, the priests, would not have known him had they seen that effigy in any other place. Gaudy toys, little bits of coloured glass and a few daubs of wash in faded colours completed the shrine.

Returning, we met a girl making the ascent, and the humorous questions Mac put to her were answered with equal spirit; and when we made way for her she tripped up the ladder with the utmost unconcern, to our astonishment. I will not say we looked out of curiosity, for, should any ladies ever see this, they would think me a rude sort of fellow. I can say, however, that we left the place with a perfect knowledge of the style, cut and material of the Albinen peasantry's attire, and are each qualified to swear that the women wear the breeches.

Leukerbad.—Awaking about six, I saw my friend Mac hurriedly dressing. I was about to jump up, thinking I had overslept myself, when he told me to lie at my ease, for he was going to take the baths. He had been aroused by a series of yells, shrieks and other insane noises, including laughter, now distinctly to be heard from the bathing-place. Imagine being steeped for an hour in warm water, disagreeable in smell, with a motley group of men and women suffering from all sorts of diseases, from rheumatism to scurvy!

But, when he was gone, curiosity prompted me to see the ludicrous figure he would cut. Not being able to speak any language but my own, I thought that, if I were questioned, I should be in a funny fix; and then I considered that, if I once got in and they wished to turn me out, I should resist their attempts more successfully if I turned gaby. So I pushed open a door.

I was no sooner seen than saluted with a volley of shouts and screams throughout the whole building. My word, there were some stentorian lungs! I gazed in amazement and found every eye turned on me, scowling faces almost looking bowie knives at me, and I was perplexed as to what was the matter. An attendant rushed along the gangway and, speaking French like grapeshot, made all kinds of motions and grimaces; but, just as I was about to skedaddle, thinking it serious, I caught sight of Mac's face and heard his well-known voice—telling me to *take my hat off*.

I feel sure I blushed the deepest magenta. Turning round, I bowed my humble apologies to the company, saying " Pardon ! Pardon ! "—the only French word I could think of, and which I am sure I should not have known but for two little circumstances, first, that it was just what I should have said in English, and, second, that I knew its expressiveness from its use by a Frenchman in Paris when I followed him up the steps of the Arc de Triomphe and he accidentally touched my nose with the end of his cigar. I thought he would never have done begging my forgiveness.

Well, on the whole they seemed to accept my humble acknowledgments, and I had time to look around me. How ever shall I describe the spectacle ? The room was dingy, dirty and destitute of ornament. Along the centre ran a railed gangway, and on my right and my left were four baths, each from 15 to 20 feet square. The bath in which my friend was parboiling in his gown tied round the neck contained about a dozen heads ; and, judging from the short black hair adorning some of them, and the small twinkling eyes that peeped out from other mats of hair hiding the faces, I suppose the owners of the heads were either bears or Frenchmen. One or two were grey, and thinly thatched. Two or three were surely women's, the hair being done up in little caps ; and as to others I am unable to this day to say whether they were women's or young boys'. Here they were, male and female, young and old, clustered together and seeming vastly content while, like the corks on a fisherman's net, they bobbed up and down steeping in the hot foul water.

A party of ladies and gentlemen near me, huddled pretty close, were laughing in great glee at some amusing anecdote, I think. Further on there was a game of chess, the little board floating in the steam ; I was reminded of Gulliver's head as large as the biggest vessel of the Lilliputian fleet. Wooden trays also afloat contained pocket-handkerchiefs, snuff boxes, nosegays and breakfasts, and the persons breakfasting managed very dexterously to keep the balance of coffee-pots and cups without showing more than their chins above the water. On his tray one stout old fellow in a corner had fixed a newspaper, and, with spectacles bridged over his capacious nose, was reading as comfortably as if he had been alone by the fireside.

> I counted thirty-five bathers in all, samples of Shakespeare's seven ages, while a steam arose like the steam from a Bradford dyer's tanks. There were loud outcries to the servants running in and out, the conversation was vociferous, and some were bellowing songs like a pothouse throng. I never saw such a scene in all my days.

There is a change when the diary of events at home resumes. Sentimental entries appear, charming in their sincerity and sanguine trustfulness, and above all in their modesty. At twenty-three he was very " susceptible." A young friend's wife lent him a pocket-book " to put some scraps in " :

> What was best, she almost overwhelmed me with confidence ; for in the book were many letters and things of a private nature, which were not taken out but trusted entirely to my honour. This is one of the few things which have great effect upon me. To be so treated, without a pledge and without experience as to whether I am worthy of it, is a confidence I had little expected, and I prize it in no ordinary manner. When I gave back the book next day I did whisperingly advert to it, but my expressions so choked me that I was obliged at once to desist, for fear of making an ass of myself, and, in so doing, the thanks I had intended to give and the gratitude I felt for such a noble token were lost to her to whom both were due.

Then there is this note on the same lady :

> Caught E. at the door and walked home with her. Such a walk ! Quiet but inexpressibly rich. The less thought of it the better.

One reads of some " alliance," gravely made between himself, some younger friend and Ben—the Mr. B. S. Brigg whom Keighley was to know one day for a rare grace of speech and conduct in public affairs, and for a culture quite incomprehensible. About this alliance there is the atmosphere of Richter's " Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces."

After a night at Bolton Abbey, " adown whose chiselled work the ivy had webbed its sombre mantle ; no vaulted roof to crown the dear old ruin, but light, soft clouds through which the brightest moon looked down upon us," he confesses to a sweet melancholy, a "healing balm."

> This I believe I may say, that if I have not yet seen the one who is to rule my destiny, my destiny is not to be ruled by woman. That I have a touch of the "romance of love" is true ; but although it may at times, like the butterfly, brush off a little dust among the fragrant lilies in passing, my heart will surely alight as a final resting-place on one sweet rose. Yet this same flower knows nothing of my smothered flame. . . .

Who was the sweet rose ? No matter ! There had been smothered flames already. See how, before that, he had consoled himself when unable to accept a Harrogate party with ladies :

> I know my nature would be to enjoy the present, and never think of past or future. I should strive to the uttermost to make my partner also enjoy herself. Were she susceptible of that uncontrollable "holy flame," and I nourished it, even though I told her my *rigid* intention to be and remain a bachelor, I should be very, very much to blame ; for I should cause a sadness far too serious and hurtful to set against the selfish pleasure I should gain. People may understand each other very well, but enjoyment is lessened in proportion as any restraint in word, deed or look is practised for fear of less harmless consequences. Besides——

But much of this would mar the portrait. The heart to enjoy the present was one of his greatest gifts, never lost ; and all of us who own that gift must have passed through a phase of self-mistrust. The immortal duel of sex embarrassed him, but never awed him from a picnic. Here, if the moon would shine, was the very stuff of poetry If not, he loved the boyish fun. No need for his moralising ; the diary shows him an unselfish lover. Some one has said that the best people are good wives and good bachelors. I knew him a good bachelor, but I have read this candid and winsome revelation of a young man's heart with some wonder and a new respect. There was no thorn of his own planting.

As for that " rigid intention," it is not to be taken seriously. He formed it when he could not see his way to marry. Things were not prospering. Time after time the mill stood idle, to his great distress ; for throughout these years the Bradford trade was dull and " jumpy," with not infrequent failures. More and more he was relying on his doughty father, while the bank rate rose to 10 per cent. How long could he reckon on that backing ? At the machine shop there was so much friction that a partner had been found for his brother Sam at Huddersfield ; the firm of William Smith and Sons was reduced to two incompatibles in open quarrel. What if his father drew out, retiring to his horses ? The moon shone in vain. Instead of making serious love, he sported ; or at holiday times he took free warren of the Lake District, of Wales and of Devonshire—over Exmoor in a real stage coach " at a rattling speed sometimes, and I longed to have the reins." See how the sport went, at home :

> Just a fair sort of morning for Hawkcliff, but as we reached the wood it rained—copiously ! I entreated all to turn into the Hollins barn, though most of them must have been well nigh wet through, and then went down to get the Steeton people, whom I reached after much slipping and wetting. At Hollins we found them clustering round the fire, drying garments and boots, while Ben and a few others were keeping up the life most gleefully.
>
> The barn served our purpose for tea. The ladies made fun of our plight, and I felt no fear but that some might take cold, which I believe, for a wonder, none did. Our games were rural but lively, simple but joyous ; with a dance now and then to the melody of Josie's whistle, or to a fiddle—which was indeed a *caution*, played by an amateur of no pretensions and even less skill. But the rain might fall as it would. When twilight came the lamps were lit, and candles stuck against the walls ; the night drave on with glee and clatter. We went from " The Muffin Man," " The Jolly Miller," " twiggy " and blind man's buff to glees

and more dances, all carried along with the true spirit of the Keighley ladies. The rain abated for our walk home, which was most jolly, and I think each walked with the partner of his choice. We saw the Bradford people off by train.

So much for recreations. But neither these nor business, with artistries to better them, could fill the lives of such young men as he and others were. They had patriotic notions too. For his part, it was not only that he wished well to unlettered workpeople, but that in those days, when there was talk of a franchise to make them citizens, and orators like Bright and Gladstone swayed them, politics were interesting. Riots enlivened the general election of July 1865, and he was amazed by a scene of enthusiasm that one day shook the little town. Isaac Holden, a champion of local Liberalism, came back from winning a seat at Knaresborough, and was escorted in triumph three miles to his home at Oakworth.

CHAPTER III

Founding a company at twenty-three—Problem of a father—Buckstone and Compton at Haworth—" Out for nowght "—First step in public life—Edwin Waugh—Home and the mother—A Tennyson cult—Politics—Dr. Smiles as John the Baptist—Business before love—Italy—Locked in the Coliseum—Defiance of Income-tax Commissioners—Soft sawder.

AFTER two and a half years in business he was making plans for larger production. Trade seemed good again. He proposed to take another room and to put thirty new frames in. But when he met the owners to bargain they gave him six months' notice to quit, having resolved to sell Fleece Mill. He says that he covered his feelings " with artful, nonchalant smiles " ; but they will be imagined.

Before he knew which way to turn the firm of William Smith and Sons broke up at last, his father retiring. That of " Prince Smith and Son " was to run the machine shop. He must fend for himself. There occurs, upon this, a remarkable passage in the diary, in which the characters of his father, uncles and cousins are analysed without prejudice, but firmly.

> My father, just in the prime of life, might have made much money. I am not sorry (George Smith had acquired, after all, a substantial share), for he has worked hard. Still, if by retiring he becomes a less useful man ; if his ambition leads him to manure spreading, boiling licking for cows, and turning " practical horse breaker " and horse dealer, I shall deplore the dissolution as a calamity. If he will do the farming in a manner worthy his position, if, while he looks after his cows and horses, he will look higher than of yore for friends and companions, I shall hail the day that

sees him a gentleman of means. In honesty and purity of purpose, doing to others as he would wish them to do to him, none of his brothers bears any comparison with him. He is not so clever in spinning frames as Prince, but a better informed man.

He says nothing about his own position. But it appears that he presently secured a ten years' tenancy from the new owners of the mill, with terms for further accommodation if and when required. At twenty-three he had formed a company of these owners, of which he was a director and the treasurer; he hoped to be running forty-six frames at the end of the fourth year. This had been done with the advice and help of his old master, and life runs on almost as if no new responsibility had been shouldered.

Going one night with friends to see the Haymarket Company at Bradford, he learnt that Buckstone wished to visit Haworth, and offered to take him and Compton to the shrine. They accepted the offer. He drove them out and in behind one of the fast trotters, "chatting most agreeably all the way there," and saw "the men whose wit is 'wont to set the table in a roar' awed to silence by the bedside in the room where Charlotte Brontë had breathed her last." They "spoke fervently of her life, works and character." He records nothing of their conversation; but used to say he feared that Mr. Buckstone was extremely nervous on the downhill road to Keighley, and that he did not humour him much. On the contrary, he told his father's tale of a runaway on the same road: "Eh, I'd gie five pound to be out o' this!" whimpered the passenger, and the man driving answered gruffly: "Doan't be so flush wi' thi brass, thou'll be out for *nowght* in a minute!"

Doubtless the actors laughed more when they were safely taking tea with George Smith himself, and hearing other stories.

But now he had fewer nights to spare, and the diary is fuller, as if he were growing over-diligent. He had set himself a task and staked his credit on it; namely, to pay a rent rising from £760 to £850 a year, and to satisfy not only more workpeople but shareholders. True, he had done so on a cool and careful calculation ; but was it working out ? Often those nights were spent alone at the mill, with his account books, one light burning. Once he could not sleep.

Even now he accepted new interests. When the agricultural show came round, an event which put the town *en fête*, it was an honour to run the dog classes. In this way, not seeking anything for himself but doing what came to hand because he was willing, he became what is called a public man—not yet dreaming of it. The little first step was taken unawares next winter, when he and his penny-reading friends, in demand as far away as Long Preston, learnt with entire approval that it was proposed to build a new Mechanics' Institute. Bravo Keighley ! And lo, the older men in charge of that enterprise, needing young blood, pitched upon him and John Clough (afterwards Sir John Clough) to work with one of themselves on the plans committee. If they really thought that he could help, so be it.

With the same verve he made new acquaintances, and was sure to convert the best of them into friends. Few men can have been quicker than he to see worth of any kind in others. There was Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, then 50 years of age and a homely figure. Swire Smith had seen him first at close quarters as a boy, at the house of an uncle, Mr. William Laycock, who was Waugh's friend ; he now went to sing at one of Waugh's readings and spent an evening with him. A dialect poet was despised in esoteric literary circles and better loved than respected by the people ; but the diary has this note :

> Waugh is most certainly a genius. He reads some of his pieces excellently too. Found him great company, free and lively. I should scarcely call him a cultivated man, but of course this proves his genius all the more real. We told stories and sang famously.

The friendship then founded was not only warm still for the poet's old age, when Waugh used to say, " It's gettin' t'ard neeght wi' me," but resulted in his young appraiser doing more than any other man in Yorkshire to assert his standing, as an author whose tenderness and humour were inferior only to those of Burns.

After all, he had the new business well in hand. Whatever anxieties he might feel—and they were never to leave him nonchalant—his review of the first year's trading satisfies a reader. The young managing director finds that he has had to meet an average fall of 15 per cent. in the value of yarn. He was caught full-handed and sold at a great loss. But he bought at lower prices, put new shafting in, and profited by intervals. Banks failed, carrying good firms with them, and so he lost £360 by a bad debt and had to wait for other payments. It was one of the most disastrous years within memory. Yet, when he draws up his balance sheet, the result of prudent buying and energetic selling is a dividend of 18 per cent. on the ordinary shares, " which the most sanguine considered very good. A call of the same amount was asked for, so that no money changed hands."

From this time forward, he may be watched as a young business man established for larger fortune.

The little household consisted now of four. Sam was at Huddersfield, an elder sister had married, and there was only one younger sister, named Hannah, often his companion on social occasions. She was approaching womanhood and shared his jolly friendships. This younger sister comes into the story because, in course of time, her children were to inherit the bulk of his possessions. She understood him well, and they were great " pals." Full life as he led, home was the warm centre of his affections, and " it is impossible," he notes, " to enjoy my evenings better than I do in the midst of our good family." His own friends, or hers, might be there to share the supper of parkin and milk, to laugh at his father's quips and stories, and to swap ideas, pleasantries and songs ; or older visitors might drop in, and then the talk was shrewder, a humorous gossip on the town's doings and the Yorkshire text, "There's nought so queer as folk." The sweet mother found extenuations. How he loved her! She had broken health, and about this time he had to write of her:

> My mother began to be poorly yesterday, and, dear soul, she had a bad night, and was this morning and all day sadly troubled with her old complaint, "spasms," obliged to stop in bed entirely. At times she suffers most excruciating pain, which makes us all much distressed and apprehensive for her. Still, her patience under it is quite cheering; though she gives way sometimes to dark doubts and fears, her hopes of a happier future never leave her altogether. Surely, if ever woman in this world were worthy of a bright reward in the next, it is she.

The danger passed, and she was still, in the language of his praise, "the comfort and pride of her family." One thing she could not do—hand down to her children the simple beliefs she held. He had his moral tone and sweet temper from her, together with that sentimental vein which ran through all his friendships; but humour kept him gently sceptical. It is Mr. B. S. Brigg who tells me: "She was a dear simple woman, deeply religious, but with, I should think, a very elementary education, and whose reading did not go beyond her Bible, Watts's hymns, *Wanderings in Palestine* and a few stray sermons and tracts." It is a sufficient measure of her influence that her son could never smile at such simplicity in others.

Hannah shared not only the fun of these times, but the culture. Just then the first rage for Tennyson was at its height; and, reading "Idylls of the King," these young folks, when they had occasion to exchange little notes or valentines, addressed each other by the heroic names of Camelot. She was Elaine, her brother Arthur. There must have been more than one Queen, and there may have been more than one Lancelot; but Ben could take that name in vain without offence.

Some of the little compliments remain. They were pretty. On a sheet of notepaper, headed with a small steel engraving of some resort where the sender found himself, a tiny spray or a leaf was fastened, and beneath it some quotation from a poet neatly written. "Arthur" began to make a collection of such choice passages, and all his life enlarged it. It might be published with the title, "Posies: Poetic Compliments for all Occasions."

As for politics, there were at once all sorts of opinions in the circle, but no quarrels. His particular chum was none the less his chum because they did not agree about the affairs of the nation. "We read the papers eagerly," says Mr. Brigg, "and had long discussions on the Reform Bill and other matters"; but there was not the stuff of a professional politician in Swire Smith. He liked to find points of agreement. "Ben's idea of representation is good government: my idea of good government is representation. Both the same in theory, but in practice different at present." Unlike most young men, he began his politics cautiously and advanced. The Reform League programme, manhood suffrage and the ballot, was too sweeping: "Ben believes that such a measure would ruin our country, while I, knowing that the country must accept a near approach to it at some time, deplore the boldness and, I may say, ignorance of those who advocate it while there is still such a want of intelligence and, among the lower working men, an entire unfitness for parliamentary power."

They heard many orators, joined a Cavendish Club, and threshed out clear opinions. Early in 1867 one finds him writing: "I am becoming more and more ready to fight for my Liberal principles, anywhere and before anybody. My conviction strengthens, and that gives me courage. I only lack ability in order to be locally powerful." He was not yet twenty-five.

"We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be." Within a month he heard, at Huddersfield, an address that was to lay him on another tack, not bound in shallows or in miseries. He went there light-heartedly to stay with friends. Incidentally he would attend the soirée of the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institute, the most important in Yorkshire if not in England, and "pick up a wrinkle or two"; but about that he was not all agog, having just declined the secretaryship of the Institute at home, as not in his line. Perhaps he might make acquaintance with Earl de Grey (afterwards the Marquis of Ripon), who was to preside, and with Sir Edward Baines, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*. It would be a pleasant evening.

There was, however, another speaker with whom he had not reckoned: Dr. Samuel Smiles, who had come into fame with a book called "Self Help," talked about technical education with the appeal of a voice crying in the wilderness.

He had pat stories of great business men to point his moral from, and Swire Smith remembered his own grandfather. What he said was new and startling. The French and the Germans, applying science and art to their crafts and manufactures, were making prodigious headway, while we despised those aids. He knew, it seemed, why trade was queer; and he insisted that, for the old country, the sole hope of retaining industrial supremacy was in an artistic and scientific training as good as theirs. The interest of this overbore politics. It so came home to Swire Smith's business and bosom that, in a glow of patriotic purpose, he returned to accept the secretaryship. The new building was to have schools in it; he had determined to see them properly equipped.

Nothing came of this decision for the time being, and he could not dream that, one day, his name would be world-famous as the result of it. What becomes evident, as I follow the brave chronicle, is that he had no dream of a kind to allure him. He had not hitched his wagon to a star. He did the work before him, simply; and now, for the first time, he lacked a star, a master hope if you will. When skies darkened there was nothing to put his faith in.

All went wrong with his enterprises. His praise of

Switzerland came back from *Chambers's Journal* with such a nice note that he had to think it foolish. He laid this labour of love aside, more mortified than he admitted and a little bewildered. Then, in the spring of 1867, Bismarck's ugly purpose grew plain, and rumour of immediate war depressed men heavily. War must paralyse the yarn trade. Under the menace our hero lived for certain months from hand to mouth.

Incessant work brought no relief, and you find him at last exclaiming, "What a monstrous existence is mine! A dreary moorland road, deep in heather and leading to a bog, perhaps." It is no wonder. For a too chivalrous reason he had denied himself the love of one of his girl friends with whom, about this time, an attachment deeper than friendship had formed; because she had means, he thought that he must wait till he could offer a fortune. She was leaving the town, and they had a last walk together. The diary says:

> Our good-bye was very quiet. Each tried to press a volume into the final hand-clasp, and I hurried from the spot with a reluctance that made energy desperate. The calm walk home soothed me. A hundred thoughts went through my mind—doubts, fears, hopes and storms, but in the end my soul no longer fought with its desires, and I reached home determined to submit to that "divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." . . . How fervently I wish that all may be well with *her*, whatever comes to me! Am I a fool, knowing the way and not walking in it? I linger like a man in a thick mist. Shall I, sick with hope deferred, see the treasure gathered by another before my eyes, while I am buckling on my armour for life's venture? Then, oh, then, who will be to blame? Where shall I find one like her, with a soul to merge in mine and a heart strong enough, though she is tender in body, to take all my cares?
>
> But stop, my brain. Let me not befool myself further. My future, though hopeful, is blank; I have boundless prospects, but no realities. My wife shall not be married to be my support, and I will destroy no girl's chances by binding her to me as I now am.

That was in December; in May, under the strain of his anxieties, he was revolting.

> While in bed last night, almost resolved that this summer I will take a month on the Continent, come what will. The fact is, a real change will do me good. I am heaped to the crown with the responsibilities of this place (he is writing at night in his office). Wherever I am, whatever doing, the mill is present with me, and the ever-wearing thought of bad, bad times is positively depressing that buoyancy so essential to youth and my disposition. I have given a hint to my father, who says go, and he will try to manage.

This wise revolt restored his balance easily, in a delightful and absorbing four weeks of Italian travel. His boon companion, Ben, went with him. Ben was twenty-one, very bright, sensitive and sanguine, with luminous dark eyes, lips that smiled even in repose, and a gentler nature than his own; that is to say, with less bustle of initiative, a nicer manner, and a certain grace of mind that he trusted. The trip was made on Ben's persuasion. Ben loved art and all things classic and old.

Art was one of the bonds between them. They had lately gone up to London on purpose to see the first public collection of Turner's paintings, being fired by Ruskin's praise of them. True, they had failed to understand them all; but, at this time and for years after, Swire Smith amused himself by sketching in pencil or pen and ink, and he was quite a clever draughtsman, especially of human character. Another bond was poetry, which they often read together. Finally, Ben knew sufficient French and Italian to make the adventure look easy, and they had a hundred guineas to spend.

There being no tunnel through the Alps then, they had planned to enter Italy by the Splügen Pass from Basle, and to return by the St. Gothard Pass. It is certain that, for his part, Swire Smith would not have exchanged these gates of a storied land for all its dazzling treasures, though the choice between these and those wonders might have been too much for him. The free joy of travel meant Nature and human nature: in anything else he cannot be said to have revelled. He left home exhausted, as I think he never again was till old, falling into dozes all the way to the Swiss border; but the stupendous Gorge of Pfeffers awoke him, and next morning—

> At sunrise, paradise! The snowy peaks were bathed in rosy light, the dark pines below enveloped in shadow; and oh, how happy and fresh everything seemed! We opened both windows wide before dressing, and the cool fragrance of blossoming vines was wafted in to us.

The Via Mala, with its heights and depths, excited them; the sail to Como was pure bliss; and, entering Venice after sundown, they found a city of dream, very magical. As for his fears and cares, oblivion took them.

However, the month was not passed in dreaming, but was lived as busily as Pippa's day, so that in the Italian heat he lost five pounds of weight and Ben no less than thirteen pounds. They saw everything in Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples (with Vesuvius and Pompeii), Pisa, Genoa and Milan that a youthful sense of wonder could ravish, having made conscientious plans to that end. Italy is not to be more thoroughly "done" in the time. He writes with unflagging admiration for every triumph of human genius discovered, but not with anything like worship; and, being no Romanist, he was repelled by certain sights. An old Italian, not content to see Englishmen uncovered, tried to make him kneel to an effigy; whereupon there was a tussle, and he confesses almost to the creed of Tom Paine, "To do good is my religion." He and his chum were more willing to be locked overnight in the Coliseum, with bats and screech owls for company; and the custodian, kept waiting, obliged them unexpectedly. Locked in they were, and had on that occasion more than their fill of moonlight and a romantic situation; for, having seen a ferocious sentry hold up some other visitors, they were obliged to wait till midnight for a chance to climb the gate and make a dash for the Corso.

The effect of such a holiday upon a mind apt to indulge naïve humours may be imagined. On the home journey one does not find him simply exclaiming at the beauty of Lucerne; he makes a clear-cut comparison of that delightful lake with Como. Afterwards there is an unmistakably maturer tone in the diary, as if he had said to himself, "What a fuss one makes of one's own affairs!" For he was "glad to find all going on well at the mill; as well, in fact, as if I had been here all the time, apparently. The amount of yarn spun has been greater than in any month I have known."

All the same, Bright, Gladstone and Disraeli (he would have put them in this order) seemed to be demigods. He had called in London and heard them in a full dress debate on reform, and they were among the wonders that ministered to his native modesty. How do men make speeches? He was abashed.

As an impressionable young man acquires the sense of perspective, his elders begin to feel the stuff he is made of. Modesty may quite undo him. If he is sound, it will merely sober him. He has taken his measure, but has he also found his level? If not, there is "grit" in him. One would know that there was grit in the diarist, if only because he has less to say in future about his feelings, and more about facts; but, to leave no doubt of it, the following entry completes this early portrait:

October 29, 1867.—Appealed before the Commissioners against Income Tax, asking for it to be taken off for this year. There were present Messrs. Coulthurst, Tennant and Lace (magistrates), with Newman, the surveyor; and they treated me cavalierly, telling me they were busy and could not enter into my affairs, and notifying the surveyor that their return upon me must be paid. I flatly told them I would *not* pay: whereupon the even tempers of the whole band were strangely ruffled, and with other unguarded expressions Mr. Tennant called me a "stupid ass." I retorted that I came there to meet gentlemen, and expected

> to be treated *as* a gentleman. "What do you mean, sir?" came from all sides—with frowns that would have darkened the skies—but I let them see that I meant what I said. They were much incensed [being his seniors by many years], but gradually cooled down, and I was told to fill up a further return and they would give it their serious consideration.

So he could fight when put to it.

The thought of being "locally powerful" was by no means extinguished; it was only not aggressive, and not that of an egoist. A big mill caught fire one night. As there was no paid fire brigade Swire Smith, early on the scene, took charge of one of the engines; and he records with much satisfaction the success of that emprise.

> So far as my authority was concerned, nothing could be more gratifying than the respect people paid me and the reliance they placed on my word. *I* thought it augured well that I have within me a power and influence for good, if I will only mind how I use it.

There is nowhere a word to show anything more than that in his ambition. What pleasure to be obeyed and trusted! What he might be able to do! It did not turn his head, because he was aware of some limitations and very practical, with a self-conscious sense of humour. Otherwise the *Keighley Spectator*, a well-meaning little print newly launched by the small band of older *illuminati*, might have spoiled him. The *Spectator*, looking to the future, asked whom the town might fix its hopes upon, and admonished thus the neophytes:

> We should like to say to some of our young men, "Be less shy"; to others, "Be less stiff"; to others again, "Go on as you have so well begun." Especially would we say this last to Mr. Swire Smith. His open countenance, his frank and easy manners, and above all his utterances from time to time of vigorous and masterly thought, cause him to stand out as a young man of great promise—an acute and independent thinker. His opening speech at the

entertainment given in the Mechanics' Institute on the 10th of last month—for comprehensiveness of thought, clearness of expression and loyalty of spirit—would not have disgraced a second-rate speaker in the National Assembly at St. Stephen's. We hope Mr. Smith's success will be as great as his motives are pure; and that gratification and gratitude may be the support of his honourable and happy old age.

This almost awed him from the career of his humour. How was a man to keep an "open countenance? Frank and easy manners?" He pinned the cutting in his diary, but fervently thanked goodness that everybody knew the quaint old stick who had written that soft sawder.

CHAPTER IV

Enigma—Fidus Achates—A brush with workers—Rival lectures—At St. Stephen's in the tea-room—A prophecy—" The Wearing of the Green "—Hard work for education—Measuring a door—Turner the " Incomprehensible "—A French Blue book—Lord Houghton and the Prince—The bank parlour.

HE was an enigma. The patronizing mentor, wishing him at twenty-five an honourable and happy old age, mistrusted him. In the little town there was no morality understood but the drab morality of church and chapel, and Swire Smith was almost gay. He went to theatres, danced, sang with a troupe of " wandering minstrels "—so they called themselves—sported here, there and everywhere, and was even partial without serious intentions to the other sex All these activities were either proscribed or perilous. Was he " turning over a new leaf " ? The *Spectator* filled it up for him.

Looking in at the Jardin Mabile on his way through Paris, he had found it " indecent but absurd." Certainly the *Spectator* would not have understood that kind of censure. He had looked in also at the London Alhambra, with sensations divided between contempt and pity. But why go to such places ? It was to be desired that he would now become diligently respectable and forget his wild oats : every man able to sound him from his lowest note to the top of his compass. Unlike Hamlet, he was happy and did not resent scrutinies ; but his compass was beyond easy sounding, he alone governed his ventages. For example, he taught for awhile in Sunday school to please his friend John Brigg ; yet on a certain Saturday morning he went to bed at eight o'clock, the only man quite sober after a bachelor's ball at Bradford. He might shake his head to see good fellows foolish, but he had enjoyed that ball "famously." Sometimes he called himself a hypocrite. He was, in fact, another sort of person.

A Yorkshire sagacity, mindful of the main chance, reinforced home morals like steel in concrete, so that, whether philandering or in merry company, his head was busy always. He was sure to see life whole. At the fire of life he might warm both hands and never burn his fingers. Nor would he be flattered, or hunt popularity. One may be satisfied of this, after seeing how he dealt with workpeople in a matter that touched him nearly.

His friend Ben came of age, and there was to be a free trip to Blackpool for every one employed at the Brigg mills Largesse! The town was filled with envy, and his Fleece Mill spinners, presuming upon the friendship, hatched a plot. No such thing could happen nowadays, when old customs have perished; and you should understand that, as boys and girls, they had all gone from house to house and shop to shop chanting, "Pray yo' now a New Year's gift." A deputation begged him to let them share the treat—to take them with him, since of course he would be going. Pray you now £200. The question of expense did not indeed arise, though it might have been embarrassing. A question of manners did, overlooked by their innocence; he had been invited, but not to bring a crowd; and how, if you please, was he supposed to suggest such a thing—for their sakes, not for his friend's? They pushed him to rival the old firm impertinently. Observe the dry firmness of his record:

> I declined, of course. They urged many reasons (none of them good ones) why I should treat them, and they said that doubtless *I* should be going, and I should think all the time of the regrets of all I had left behind. That was nothing to me, and out of place in them to say so; however, I thought that a day at Blackpool was not *much* in my way, so I resolved to stay at home and then the feeling would

certainly vanish. Had I known that Ben really wanted me, I would have gone. We explained matters on the morrow, when he confessed his very great disappointment; but I had viewed the invitation more as a compliment than anything else.

And thereby hangs a tale of extreme mortification. Surely an evil star presided at Ben's birthday. There had been a dinner at Guard House, and see what had happened:

After the cloth was drawn Mr. Brigg proposed "The Queen"; and then—oh, how I feel ashamed to say it!—no one rose to propose Ben's health, and it never was proposed with honours, merely drunk with the usual nods. It seems to me positively disgraceful that none of us could show the common politeness to rise! I did not, certainly, feel it to be my duty, being, next to Ben, the youngest; but now I am angry that I did not attempt something. Take note: don't do so again. Mr. Brigg expected it, the family expected it, and I am sure that Ben had a most fitting reply ready. Mr. B. brought out a bottle of wine which he had kept for forty years, and which at Ben's birth he had laid on one side expressly for this occasion. Oh, how angry I am with myself.

The truth is that, as he had found at one or two weddings, he was a bungling speechmaker. It is one thing to know what should be said, another to say it: a too considerate head makes a faltering tongue, which is a misery. Those "utterances of vigorous and masterly thought"—to be precise, there had been three, no more—were affairs of careful preparation, memorizing and rehearsing. So, no doubt, are some "second-rate speeches in the National Assembly at St. Stephen's," but he did not know it and despised himself.

Ben and he wrote a lecture each on the trip to Italy. Not to get in each other's way, they made two subjects of it—respectively "Roman Ruins and Neapolitan Life" and "Across the Alps to Venice and Back." Ben's was a very decisive success; his own satisfied everybody better than himself, and brought him "woful disappointment." Combining speaking with reading, he discovered that he had "every gift for eloquence but words." Shameful! To hesitate and then to find wrong ones!

I think the poets and the demigods misled him, and so did penny readings. He had a gift of clear thinking, and all the words he needed were plain ones; so that, left to himself, he would have tried to be not eloquent, but lucid, as he was when writing up the diary. However, his idol was John Bright. "Outside our own circle," he says once, "there is no man I love so well, or for whose well-being I would make greater sacrifices." When he noticed that John Bright used many short English words, he began to prosper.

That was much later. Meanwhile, Ben could reel off words like Gladstone and Disraeli, and he himself took politics to be the only important public service and eloquence the only power. Despairing, he lived through the great election of 1868 with his mouth shut, but sought the company of politicians, exchanged visits with Mr. Alfred Illingworth, met Forster's colleague, Mr. Miall, and heard the great man himself, who floundered badly, but triumphed. Next year, going up to town as the guest of Mr. Tom Whitworth, M.P., he was taken over the House of Commons, and once again saw Gladstone—"answering Dizzy and Gathorne Hardy on the Irish Church like a lion."

In the smoke-room were Mr. Bright and another gentlemen, reclining at their ease on a sofa, enjoying the luxury of a cigar. How I did appreciate my good fortune in being allowed so near a look at the grand old man. Some day I hope to see him still closer; nay, I don't despair of shaking hands with him.

The tea-room is not the sort of place I expected to see; it is furnished with shelves like a library. The peculiarity of it is that the tea is made in the room. The kettle is boiled there, the tea brewed, and the bread and butter cut by the fireside just as in one's kitchen at home; and the maids are dressed just as one's own servants are.

I heard Robertson, M.P. for Berwick, bemoaning himself with a capacity for eternal chatter. "Now, my dear, let me have some tea in an instant! Dear me, what hard lives we poor beggars do lead! It'll be after two when we get home to-morrow morning, and this morning it was near three. Deuced hard work for us all. I tell you, Cowan, I haven't been absent from a single division on this question." "Neither have I." "Well, well, after all we don't all come here to talk! Fancy 658 speechmakers. When I was young the two front benches did it all, but nowadays the beggars mostly like too well to see their names in print."

So he ran on. The members were so genial that I felt quite at my ease and chatted with them.

However, he entertained no immediate wish to be one of them, and no thought that he ever might be. That avenue was closed.

Among his older friends there was one destined naturally to such preferment. From the days of his apprenticeship the character of John Brigg, Ben's elder brother, who had none of his lightness but was very kind, grave, handsome, tall and intelligent, had kept a sort of ascendancy for him. John was not a wandering minstrel. He did not care much for picnics, or horses, or dancing, or the play, though he had nothing to say against these things. He seemed to look on with a smile—with a big brother's indulgence. Swire saw less of him than he did of other friends, but saw him doing good deeds constantly. Whenever he "opened out," John was worth listening to. He had good-humoured, wise ideas about both politics and religion, ideas that were all moderate, and broad, and tolerant, and above all benevolent. If he came for a walk on Saturday afternoon, the younger men were gratified. Two years before that very respectful glimpse of great men's privacies, there had been a walk to Bolton, of which I find this note:

We tea'd at the old place, and over a plenteous board talked mostly on employers and employed, our duties and responsibilities. John has a splendid heart. He thinks that the keystone of the world is *love*; where that is wanting, man is neither so great nor so useful. He said that to move among people as if our soul was the same as theirs was the finest and most beautiful discovery of power and sympathy he had yet made. On the road home I blushingly told him that his duty is to study politics and prepare himself for Parliament, as he is the man whom Keighley will one day elect.

In any case, Keighley had no member; its electors voted in the North West Riding of Yorkshire. This abnegation was none the less real because it involved a remarkably bold prophecy, which took thirty years in fulfilling itself.

What was his notion of success in life? His aim?

Nothing extravagant, be sure; his aims, then and always, were strictly practical. Money enough to take some ease, a house off the Skipton Road like his uncle Prince's (but newer), a wife to entertain well, some honourable prestige in his native town, travel—these were possible things, and these things would content him. Little Keighley was big enough for *him*: with friends about him he could never tire. So was his mother's house, for that matter—if only home could last. He said this, and he meant it. All his tastes were homely: that was why strange scenes and contacts looked romantic.

He worked, then, and put off every coveted boon but travel. Even in these busy years he stole ten days for a trip with Hannah and Sam to Ireland, and on Killarney Lake, in moonlight, heard boatmen sing "The Wearing of the Green"—"in a low subdued tone which quite touched my sympathies." He went to the English lakes again with Ben, "loving our own hills better far than those who have never seen others," and to Chester. With the Illingworths he visited Sherwood Forest and their mother's home at Fulbeck, meeting there a fierce old uncommercial Quaker, who said we should soon be a province of the greedy Northern States, and the South ought to have won. Better than all, he made with Ben a pilgrimage to Shakespeare's village.

But how he worked That business of the new Mechanics' Institute was proving stern. When they had fought the plans through committee, and raised £6,000 by a mighty effort, the estimates required £5,000 more—to be wrung in bad times from 20,000 people. He had to hand over the secretarial labours to a paid man. But, mainly because he had been urgent, the plans included a pioneer school of science and art, which was soon to set a national example; and he had no thought of leaving that project in the lurch. The town was canvassed in districts by ten men carefully chosen. Already the small drawing class, held in the cellar of the old building, had won two national medallions, eight medals and a prize studentship at the Royal College of Art. Play was made with those successes. Nothing would serve, evidently, but to rouse a general enthusiasm, and Swire Smith was the heart of it. When the foundation stone was laid (by Isaac Holden, one of the chief donors), he made—marvellous to record—the speech of the day; on which his comment is that "without careful preparation there can be no hope for me."

True, he was but one of a gallant group—his friends, John and Ben, John Clough and others—but, in respect of both vision and energy, they allowed him to be *primus inter pares*. He writes at this time:

> I have scarcely a moment at nights that I let myself call my own. Perhaps I do more than any one; and I think upon the whole I enjoy the confidence of the friends of the cause. I am hon. secretary with B. S. B. to the Building Committee, secretary of the School of Art and almost everything else but master; and I have been solicited to become hon. secretary to the new Institute. That would be too much.

The speech was a good one, doubtless; but so was the crowd of townsfolk, applauding it in days before the politicians thought of school boards. They listened to the young entertainer, the humorist. The words "technical" and "education" were not in the dialect, and might have been Greek; but they got a glimmering from one of his stories, then or later. He said that a man walked out of a house at Haworth with his arms stretched out, into the narrow main street. "Hey, let me pass, don't stop me," he shouted—and Swire Smith gave it just like a Haworth simpleton—"I'm measurin' a door."

They were to know him, in the end, as a man who touched off every topic with the same humour, and for good times or bad kept a hearty spirit.

However, in these first years of service, with his head down, he felt sober. It seemed incredibly long ago that he had been a boy and played Romeo under a jolly cousin's window, and being twenty-six on March 4, 1868, he wrote: "I am getting quite an old man." Most of his friends had married off; the girls and boys of those days were already mothers and fathers. And yet—beware some of the Keighley ladies! There were strait-laced ones who eyed him askance, it seemed. Alas for a platonic virtue; it will never be understood, even in the busiest of us, by jog-trot ordinary people. It would seem to exceed their own. But see with what an honest warmth he records a visit to some of those friends of his boyhood, at Beverley, beyond the ken of foolish judgments:

> The letters had been a credit to them. I do not know any others who could have written such. . . . The good old people received us with a hearty welcome, and we were soon seated in comfort and happiness before a cosy fire. Our rooms were shown to us. Fred and Ben took two, one opening into the other, with ceilings so low that Fred's head almost touched, and I was given a charming little room where there was all that man could want to make a night's rest sweet. We all felt extremely homely, which the family seemed anixous that we should, and during tea there was no lack of conversation.
>
> Then we sat round the fire. I sang a little to Mrs. H.'s playing, and after that we formed a game of squails; when Miss S. was ushered in, to the mutual pleasure of us all, who were heartily glad to hail her looking so well and cheerful after so long an interval. I think it is seven long years

> since Fred and I said good-bye to her—seven years of change for us all; but it was charming how our hearts seemed to beat again in unison. Yet at that time I was a careless apprentice, and Fred a wayward, playful lad at home, with a heart full of romance and an eye and a tongue that made conquests wherever they could single out pretty girls; and now that eye is dimmer, and the tongue more used to command than to woo.
>
> It was a happy evening; and, supper over, the old people bade us good-night, and round the cheerful fire we sat, talking over old times, and enjoying common sympathy and friendly confidence, till the fire died out and our watches had ticked long into the small hours; and unwillingly we rose, and grasped each hand with fervour more friendly than the dull world knows much of. Our friends stayed up even later; and while all in my warm room was dark, and my eyelids were closing in sleep, I heard the creak of the narrow stair that told when they, too, were retiring to happy rest.

That is a characteristic passage, one of many.

For the rest he was now seeing county society at shows, meeting many fresh people; and if his principles had not seemed to be "in a minority amongst gentlemen," there might have been some loss to Keighley. Gentlemen, he and the male members of his circle had always ranked themselves. It was more critical that he had a naïve admiration for any grand *tenue*, whether of dress or manners; and, while he laughed at pretentiousness and preferred plainness and ease for himself, there was a spice of social aspiration in his purpose. Why not? *Noblesse oblige*, as he saw in the Cavendishes, great landowners of the region, and practised for himself. Besides, he was aware of lacking social polish. How should he know that his own were the best of manners—quick always to think of others, unaffected, very chivalrous, animated and modest?

Neither they, his principles nor his sense of humour could change. It is possible that, of titled people, none pleased him better than the Hon. and Rev. Yorke Savile, who, after preaching, told stories of the kind to tickle married ladies, and explained that Eve could not take the measles because she'd Adam.

In any case he was forming his tastes. However little time there was to call his own, he read *The Stones of Venice* and *Modern Painters*; and, says Mr. B. S. Brigg, "when the Leeds Infirmary was opened with a very fine exhibition of art, Sir Swire and I spent every Saturday afternoon there. Thanks to numerous articles in the Press, we became very familiar with the names, dates and styles of the Old Masters, especially those of the Italian school. We also visited the Royal Academy when it opened in the new Burlington House, and every year afterwards we spent two or three days there, and could easily name all the leading artists without looking at the catalogue." This was not cramming and vogue-worship. It was a very critical pursuit, with discussions that made their judgments nice. The sincerity of it appears in a letter of Swire's to his friend and a companion in Switzerland, written in July 1868, and headed with a spirited comic sketch of mountaineering toil. He has been at Leeds again, among the water colours.

> If I only knew William's leanings in art, I would try to get you both into a tournament, that should lay low the hills and straighten the crooked paths of the Stelvio, after the manner of our quarrels sometimes.
>
> I own I was not much less puzzled with Turner than before, although I found some consolation in thinking that the incomprehensible pictures are not his greatest works—or rather not his most valuable ones as representing Nature. To appreciate them a man must be an artist himself, for none else, I feel sure, can possibly know the technical difficulties he surmounted.
>
> Take, for instance, his view of Leeds, a painting easily understood, and not without merit as a representation of the smoky town as doubtless he saw it, and as you and I might see it. You would be proud to own it were it nameless; but it is an early work, and I believe by connoisseurs considered indifferent. I am very glad that I can find something to adore in his "View on the Wharfe"—the one you know well—just for the same reasons, multiplied; it

represents conflicting elements in Nature as you have seen them in reality, but never depicted with such marvellous power on canvas or paper. It is like looking into the dome of St. Peter's ; as we look it becomes more and more wonderful, and we can feel how easy it may be for connoisseurs to get enraptured by it. The same may be said of the little cluster of his works near it—" Virginia Water " I have in my eye just now, and the boat basking in a flood of real sunlight. Genius dashed off this picture almost (to my mind) without physical labour ; and this and others are delightful if not accountable, because the end is seen. But just remember for an instant the view of Thun (I think it is), the classical one all red and yellow that Tom Whitworth's friend explained as Hector or some other fellow looking over the plains of Carthage—which might mean either that or anything but what we can see in the natural world.

There's where I *utterly* fail in Turner. If Nature is ever like that, then of course I err excusably, not having seen it so ; but, if not, how can we place it on the same level with " Derwentwater " and " On the Wharfe," which tell their own tale perfectly ? As an achievement of colouring and technical manipulation, I can conceive that artists may see poetic inspiration in it which they cannot imitate, and therein, I suppose, consists its " greatness " ; but, as for me—and all his works of that style are the same—I gaze upon it with wonder as upon the works of a watch ; it suggests little, and so I leave it with the word " Incomprehensible."

Mark the fairness. He used his critical powers in an effort to understand, and arrived, not at disparagement, but at a knowledge of his limitations. It was clear thinking. If you ask how he could love poetry and the romantic and yet deny sublimity to sublimations, the answer must define that lifelong love. He saw romance in life itself, and sought it there. Why lay it up in fairy tales ?

It must be evident that, from a native stock, the little Yorkshire town had produced men of rare calibre to serve her. There could be no doubt of their success. How gratifying, meanwhile, to have their new building rising, before, at Leeds they were invited to attend a meeting " to consider the founding of a Yorkshire College of Science"! Local pride ran high. Then it was rumoured—what madness!—that the Government would curtail science grants. Eagerly they went to Huddersfield for a protest meeting, which saved their infant cause from being starved. They had made a practice of going away for Christmas; but on Christmas Day of 1869 Swire Smith, having heard of a French Commission's translated report on the state of education in Germany, and procured it, began the reading of that document. He "found it very dry work, but stuck to it" for five nights; and in January, at one of the Institute entertainments, he whipped up laggards with a knotty lash of facts.

He had a better brief than Dr. Smiles now, and knew better how to plead it. The builders were exceeding estimates outrageously (they ran, with equipment, to £1 per head of the population), but so was the need, he said, and cheerfully held on. The whole fault may not have lain with those builders.

At all events he had this story for them, in his rounds: "I heard of a carpenter working in a gentleman's house, who threw brass nails about the floor. 'My good man,' said the gentleman—he was not a bad fellow—'do you see all those nails? They'll be lost!' 'Nay, not they,' said the carpenter; 'you'll find 'em all in the bill.'" That sort of story must be told with a friendly nudge. The builders gave good value.

The new Institute was opened on September 30, 1870, by the Duke of Devonshire. The other guests of the Committee included Lord Houghton, Lord Frederick Cavendish of unhappy memory, Mr. Edward Baines, Bishop Ryan and that excellent civil servant, Mr. H. Cole, C.B.; the chairman of the day was Mr. Holden. For lunch "the swells went to Ben's and filled his house out to the door; the second grades, such as Holdens, Kells, Hertzes and Illingworths," Bradford and Leeds visitors mostly, "came to our house. Before the meeting the Duke came in with

William Laycock and looked over his notes." Be sure it was a red-letter day. The rejoicings lasted through the morrow in a decorated town, and at a popular meeting the authors of this enterprise made speeches.

Mr. Holden paid me a heavy compliment when he introduced me, and for many a day I was made fun of respecting it. He said that the more he knew of me the better he liked me; that he had watched my career for some time with interest and with pleasure; that I had already done great good for my town, and that, as I grew older, the town would be more and more indebted to me. I set this down, not that I expect this fulsome prophecy to be realized, but to see if I am so fortunate as to retain his good opinion.

There is a welcome note on Lord Houghton. Mr. Holden had invited his young friend to meet that lively politician and writer at Oakworth House before the ceremony.

"I was sitting next the Prince of Wales," said he, "the other day at dinner, and it appears he had heard that I was in favour of giving up Gibraltar to the Spaniards; which is quite true, for it is no good to us—it is no key to the Mediterranean, and causes endless ill-feeling. He said, 'I am astonished at you, Lord Houghton, that you should be so disloyal, that you should be in favour of a policy so outrageous; but one thing I'll take care of, you shall never be a Minister of mine.' To which I replied: 'I hope, Sir, it will be a long time before there is any question of it.'"

The Prince was only four months older than Swire Smith; Lord Houghton over sixty.

Two facts demand notice with respect to the new school and our hero's interest in education. The school broke some class barriers in the town, where they had been forming; for its founders sent their sons to it, and so did other "gentlemen," to mix with the sons of tradesmen and of their own workpeople. Swire Smith, promoting its work with an eye to trade, almost abandoned the arts for science.

This was not a conscious lapse, and did not at once happen. Science was demanded by the gainful times, urgently. Not liking barriers, he furthered education as a means of getting on in life, and in those times thought less of making citizens than of training workers. Let them mount the ladder as he was doing. As for girls, no terms with the old-fashioned mistress who said, "I don't object to my servant learning to write, but I do object to her writing like a lady." There was a girls' high school of sorts; this had been incidentally put in order and its door widened—the first girls' grammar school established in the country under the Endowed Schools' Act.

The four years for which he had made plans at Fleece Mill were gone, and he was running forty-seven frames, with a couple of combing machines of Mr. Holden's new pattern. He had his company in hand. But, when a young spinner makes much stock, he needs a banking overdraft; and in the previous August there had been some trouble about that, racily described:

> In the morning I paid a visit to Craven Bank as usual, reckless of exceeding the limit at which my account had been placed, and ordering drafts for over £1,000 more, making my overdrawal more than £9,000. After dinner, when I called for my drafts I did not see them in the usual place; and Allan B. opened the ugly door, took me behind, and darkly whispered that he had been obliged to bring my case before the bank partners, who now desired to see me in the bank parlour.
>
> I certainly felt a little nervous at first; but, quickly regaining composure, I was ready to face even greater difficulties than one must overcome in getting an introduction to the Pope (barring the language) or the Prime Minister of England. Mr. A. B. vanished to state with bated breath that Mr. S. S. was waiting to see them. One moment, and George Robinson appeared, to whom I was introduced. A tramp along the passage. "Mr. Alcock," said Mr. R. A moment more and I bowed to Mr. Birkbeck, jun., a meek specimen, and was courteously asked to take a chair; whereupon Mr. A., turning over the leaves of a ponderous ledger, said in still more ponderous tones:

"Ahem! You probably know why we have wished to see you." He was pleased to have the opportunity of making my acquaintance, etc., but drew my attention to the fact that the very liberal limit . . . and so on.

Mr. R. constantly half shut his eyes that he might see further through me, making little coughs, waves of the hand and all sorts of delicate insinuations; getting nearer each time as to whether—ah—the capital in the concern—ah—was all my own or not. Mr. B., jun., composed himself by rocking in his chair, and judiciously said nothing. A. B. stood by the door, ready to prompt or to obey.

I was cheerful. I was not at all sorry to appear before them. They had acted rightly in asking me to do so, and I should think none the worse of them for it. Nay, I hailed the opportunity as a fitting one to express the gratitude I felt for their confidence hitherto. That was kind of them, and I would take care it should not be abused. Regarding my capital, I had got it from my father; but he had not given it to me, neither had he said that he only lent it. I paid for it a nominal interest—and under cross-questioning admitted that I did not pay 3 per cent. In the circumstances I should be glad to show them a statement of my stock and answer questions reasonably conceived. I fully explained my mode of payment, and that they only were my creditors; and gave in detail the reasons of my holding a heavy stock in 30 sup. and lustres.

In the midst of the conference Mr. Stansfeld came in, and talked about the School of Art; and I withdrew with a civil bow from each, entered the bank again by the front door, and was given my drafts by Allan. As yet I have mentioned the above incident to nobody, not even my father. Let us see what turns out of it.

It is with a certain shock that one verifies his age on that well-managed interview—two years under thirty. What came of it, by an unforeseen turn of fortune's wheel, was that the overdraft was reduced to unimportance. Germany declared war on France, and war, instead of bringing disaster to the worsted trade, enhanced the value of his stock enormously and brought a boom.

CHAPTER V

A discovery—"Little short of a heretic"—Racy letters—Mr. Mundella, Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Hobhouse—Down a tin mine—To Venice with Ruskin—A menu—"T' life of a *h'angel*"—Stricken France—A cripple at the pool—English spies in Germany—"Dandy Swire"—A local orator's confession—Bachelor felicitations—Mr. Morley—Mrs. Duncan McLaren—Fight for a school board.

IF this were the story of a man who wished to make much money, it would have told how he began to make it in the Franco-German War. That boom in the woollen trades was unexampled. Mills were built rapidly throughout the Riding. Such a man, in Swire Smith's position and with his knowledge of combing and spinning, would have enlarged his plant at once and amassed a fortune. There were men who did so. They grew rich in a few fat years that followed the seven lean years in which he had learnt to run a business. He prospered, but not as the result of eager and special enterprise, and not extravagantly.

He could not think of business apart from life, good business man though he was. That may be guessed; but there is a circumstance to be mentioned in proof of this merit, nowadays uncommon. Letter-books were kept, of course, at the mill, in which copies were taken on damp tissue-paper under a press; and in these letter-books he copied not only his business communications but all others—letters on public affairs, letters to friends, and even love letters. Well as one knew him, the discovery of these letters was surprising. It admits of no less logical an explanation. He had no correspondence clerk, wrote everything with his own hand, and made no distinctions for himself between one kind of interest and another. All he did was sincerely personal, including the business habit of taking copies. Few biographers can have been so gladdened by a find.

He was not yet a good letter-writer; the early letters are all self-conscious; that is to say, he was aware of writing nicely, and chose his words too much with that purpose to be vivid. In the private letters, signed "Arthur," for the most part, there are too many literary turns and tags. Besides, they are sententious; it is plain that he thought a great deal about behaviour. Business and public work were to cure him of that, but meantime this is how he wrote to young ladies:

How cheering it is that, amidst all the coldness and variableness of the world, friends can meet and know that time has not buried nor tarnished the friendships of the past! Truly the mutual confidence of Sunday evening, the frank assurance that indifference is not the ruling feeling of friend towards friend, is not more consoling in itself than encouraging to such as Ben and I that, whatever else we do, we need but walk through life circumspectly and we shall ever receive the sympathy of two warm hearts like yours and your sister's.

If you did not know the best of him, it would be a betrayal to print such a passage. The match of it might be found in Charlotte Brontë's or Jane Austen's novels, but he would be thought a prig and a humbug none the less. What pains he took to leave the ladies under no misapprehension! What a smug manner! One is obliged to remember that it was thought correct, and that, as yet, travel and wide intercourse had done little for him. Even so, this letter must be set off with another of the same month, which proves him no Joseph Surface—a letter to some dissenting minister who had asked him to preside over a religious meeting:

DEAR SIR,—Your announcement last night took me by surprise. I had no other idea when you left me than that I had *refused* your favour; it was hard to do so seeing your earnestness, but I thought I had fairly said "No," and there was no recanting.

Doubtless you had the impression that my refusal was a sort of modesty, that would not be hurt at having "greatness thrust upon it." Still, let us have a fair understanding—it is all we need to keep up the mutual confidence that has existed between us so long—and always remember that, although it will never be an easy thing to say "No" to any request of yours, yet when I do say it I mean it.

You know, as well as I, the delicacy of such positions as mine, and above all how easy it is for men not professedly religious to be *exasperated* when placed in prominence among professedly religious people; they feel hypocritical there. Be careful how you deal with such.

I trust Mr. M.'s lecture will be in all respects successful.

Yours very truly,
Swire Smith.

In these matters he thought for himself; and to an older lady who had his confidence he wrote:

One or two to whom I have talked pretty freely seem to think me little short of a heretic. We have now and then ministers staying with us, and I am on the best of terms with the Methodist parsons and the clergy; yet not one in all can I agree with. This of course I mean in reference to doctrines and creeds, which I am unable to comprehend as ideal systems of religion.

To me the hope of the Samaritan is as good as the Levite's, and, granting that the heart and life are pure, I do not think that God will shut out the Catholic, Unitarian, or, if you like, Mahommedan any more than the most evangelical Churchman, or the most devout follower of John Wesley. God expects us all to work for Him just in proportion to the strength and talents with which he has endowed us, and in my humble view we may believe what we like and still be in some measure accepted; but, whatever we believe, I cannot conceive that we shall be accepted unless we work too.

The true cure for stiltedness is change of scene and company. That visit to Mr. Tom Whitworth in London had made him feel extremely staid, but how he responded to livelier minds appears from a letter to London penned on returning. He found a picnic afoot.

> Go I must; so I had to hurry to the mill, rush through my business like a circus acrobat, and back again—just in time to take my seat in a long wagonette next to a young lady whose jet-black curls and dimpled cheeks set my poor heart pit-a-patting all in a minute. After a little of my previous training with friend Tom—by the bye, the old chap is expecting to hear from me: I wonder how he's getting on?—who taught me that angels don't *always* get the best of it by fearing to tread, I made hay while the sun shone; and, law! it shone that hot I could have baked a pie in it. I lunched like a prince, rescued a fair lady from a fellow who wasn't worth a spoon, lingered in the sequestered shade, etc., and fanned with zephyr airs the sweet face that I would not even the sun should smile upon too warmly.
>
> By this time I guess my ambrosial nonsense makes you think that something strange—say a moonstroke—has come over the "old man." Well, perhaps you are right; so, agreeing without a division, we'll proceed. My good friends, you were so kind to me that I could exhaust all my words and not say a tithe of what I would. In return, come soon to us. Tom shall have lots of surplus, glebes, commutation, ay, and even concurrent endowment—if you are not so sick of the words that you would like to tear them! i.e., you know that I will endow you and all your house with my good wishes.

That he was no longer ingenuous, and felt older, the close work of recent years explains. This facetious letter makes a flash in the pan only. As far as love's young dream was concerned, that no longer obsessed him; and he confesses drily, in another place, that if, by chance, some moonlight flirtation set him wistfully longing, the inspiration never survived a good breakfast. Even the memory of Italy had lost its glow: he could think of Venice soberly. He warns a friend who is going there:

> Don't form too poetical an expectation of that shrine—of the light guitar touched by some tender swain, to bring

to her balcony his fair Jessica or still fairer Portia. The guitar nowadays is a cracked fiddle, and the serenader either a mark for you to shy shells at from your window over the canal, or makes night hideous by howling with impunity in the square. It is not Othello's Venice that you see, nor that of the merchant princes. Some old Shylock may ask, "What news on the Rialto?" but the end he seeks is to buy or sell old clothes, not to lend three thousand ducats. . . . Still, in spite of mosquitoes and a hundred drawbacks, you will find Venice to be very glorious.

He was caustic with a sigh, longing to get away again. It had been his intention to go once a year to Italy or Switzerland; and the clock tower of the new Institute, by his and Ben's desire, bore some resemblance to the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. No press of duties nor any soberness could banish the lust of travel, and the warning to a more fortunate friend was followed by six large pages of hints and reminiscences. "Hang it, you know, I got a-going!"

He had to content himself with visiting a trade school at Bristol, said to be a model, and with another journey to London, in connection partly with equipment and curriculum—for, as to these, he freely consulted Mr. Cole, of the Department of Science and Art, and Mr. D. R. Fearon, of the Endowed Schools Commission. He was at least fortunate in meeting Mr. Mundella, as he found later. Introduced to him on the terrace of the House of Commons by his friend, Alfred Illingworth, he had a long talk.

Mundella had on the previous day, in company with a detective, made a tour through the vilest parts of London, disguised as a country constable. He had had a day of it, and said he should never forget, for neither tongue nor pen could describe, the sights he had seen. He found that thousands and thousands of children were growing up to beggary and theft without ever entering a school, and without the contact of any elevating influence whatever. The vice, misery, degradation and sin which are to be found within a stone's throw of the House of Commons no man can imagine.

Evidently he had been getting up these facts for a speech in favour of compulsion, for he gave them a few evenings afterwards.

It was inevitable that the Minister should find him a young man who took such facts to heart, for he had a way of listening intently. He said little, but his introducer had told what work he was doing.

Another purpose of the same journey—we are in July again—was to ask the Duke of Devonshire to open the Institute. The two hon. secretaries went to Devonshire House, and he says : " A man of greater simplicity of manners than the Duke, I am sure I never met." Lord Lyttelton, seen at the Endowed Schools Commission, " looked not unlike a well-tanned and weather-beaten mason in his Sunday clothes" ; while Mr. Hobhouse seemed to have struggled hard with the world for a living. " The tailor of his own village must have made his clothes, and a lifetime's buffeting might have threshed the energy out of him. His manner was very kindly." These are not respectful descriptions, but the Institute had run foul of one of the Commission's little schemes in its inception, and our Keighley men had had the best of it. The interview was a settling up. They went afterwards to Francatelli's for an 18s. dinner and saw fireworks at Cremorne, " finding the place as wonderful and doubtless as wicked as ever."

There is the first glimmer of his national reputation in an entry made a few days later. Mr. Fearon was at Bolton, and Swire Smith spent a Sunday with him.

In speaking of the Dresden pictures, Mr. Fearon remarked that I must be thankful for the opportunities I had had of studying German art during my stay at the Polytechnic School at Stuttgart. I said I had never been at Stuttgart. " Well," said he, " you surprise me ! From the beginning of our acquaintance I have had an impression that you were educated at Stuttgart. I told Lord Lyttelton and the Commissioners so ; and Lord Lyttelton said he would have some conversation with you. In fact, while you were having your interview he motioned to me, and asked, 'Which is the gentleman who was educated at Stuttgart?' and I pointed you out, and he said, 'I will ask him a few questions presently.' Only the length of the interview prevented his doing so."

What a good thing for me! thought I. Now, all this has come about from the familiar way in which I have talked of German schools, thanks to Blue books.

He was laid by with smallpox not long afterwards, but came through the illness in three weeks without a mark; better still, he thought it wise to take a holiday, and broke away with Ben to Devonshire and Cornwall. I do not know if the descent of a tin mine is in these days perilous, but their adventure in the East Pool mine at Redruth was. A Mr. Nicol, to whom they had letters of introduction that procured it, left them at the pit mouth, "saying he wouldn't go down for all the world, and his wife had made him promise not to." Their guide was a Captain Hoskyns.

The Captain took off his coat and waistcoat and said, "Now then, gentlemen, we must be preparing. You had better at once give me your watches and valuables, so that I can lock them up in the safe till we return." "But," I murmured, "there's no fear of our losing them if we have them with us, is there?"—at which he said, "Ah, my friend, the dress you are about to put on has no pockets in it." "Then have we to take our clothes off and put others on?" "Certainly," said Hoskyns. "There's no knowing what sort of a place you will get into. Here is a clean suit of uniform for each of you"; and he pointed to some flannel suits of very rough material drying before the office fire. I might have gone back to Redruth with Mr. Nicol, but now there was nothing for it but to obey, which I did with intense curiosity.

I wonder which of our friends would have known us then. My clogs might have been made of wood entirely; the leather, from constantly steeping in water, wouldn't yield a bit, and they pinched me fearfully. My hat answered better; it was, for all that, the stiffest hat I ever saw, and

I made it fast by a piece of string tied under my chin. A candle each was put into our hands and three or four tied round our waists. The lighted one being stuck into a handful of clay, I was told to spit on the clay and make it stick to the front of my hat; and so we began the descent.

Not in a box down a shaft—there seemed to be no machinery—but down ladders fastened into the wet earth with forked sticks and hooks, the staves put in anyhow. Sometimes we descended a gradual slope of ladders; sometimes they were perpendicular or leaning inwards, most of them about fifteen or twenty feet long. Then perhaps we should walk or half creep along a narrow and low passage, with water dropping down profusely, and step nearly up to the knees in a puddle hole; and we carried on fine arguments with the captain in all sorts of perilous places, sometimes stopping half way down a ladder to give effect to a point, in situations where, had we fallen, we should have dropped into eternity. It is astonishing how well one can face danger when one doesn't see it.

So far, no doubt, they thought it less of an adventure than the Albinen cliff.

I should think we went down, down, down for nearly half an hour without seeing anybody; then we came upon the miners at work, whom we could dimly see like the denizens of regions far lower, among the smoke of a blasting mixture.

The spar runs in veins, which rise or fall, yielding great masses when least expected or breaking off abruptly; so that some of the caverns were very large, and openings took us into others, larger and deeper still. Sometimes we got in the track of the tramways, and amid the strange din we should hear the rumble of the trucks, which came on at a good speed, pushed by men and boys whose only wear was caps, trousers and clogs; and our friend had to holloa out most lustily. In places we were lowered down deep holes by a windlass in a basket; or we ascended to other caverns by buckets, the safe way being to put one leg in the bucket, take firm hold of the rope with one hand, and use the other arm and leg to keep you from striking against the rough sides; then at the top you must mind and not get entangled with the rope or the machinery. We did not wonder that Nicol should have run away home.

Amid one great heap of stones and débris, where men were at work with the blasting irons, groaning at each fearful stroke of their huge hammers as if they were hammering their very hearts out, and all but naked, their eyes gleaming like savages, there was a lull while our captain asked a question and learnt the success of the morning's work.

Just then I heard a sort of suppressed report, a shout from men in the visible darkness, and the noise of falling stones. The miners for a moment looked wild. Hoskyns himself was plainly alarmed, and I began to think that we had come into danger, for we were hoisted from this horrible pit at once. I must confess that thoughts flashed through my brain which had not often entered it. There was also tremendous shouting; and at one point in our retreat we were turned back by men hurrying along the way with breathless speed—they were preparing for a blast, the fuse was lighted.

We were taken to see the result, peering about through the smoke with our candles. There were two or three explosions while we thus lingered in this terrible part of the pit, and at all odds he would have one of us light a fuse, which I point blank refused to do; but Ben lit it, and in a moment or two we saw from a distance the rocks flying in pieces and extinguishing the candle that had been left to show the scene.

We had descended 1,160 feet by ladders, and certainly I did not feel able to go that distance back again by the same means. The cage was therefore cleared, and Ben and I were put inside, just able to squeeze in—it was as shiny as a clay-tub—while the captain and three others balanced themselves on the top and held on by the chains. We landed right thankful that we were allowed to see the face of heaven again, feeling the air intensely cold in our light apparel.

They were sore for days.

But what took them into Cornwall was the wish to see King Arthur's palace of Tintagel, and, for two such courtiers, that was a disappointment. They had to realize how much of "the light that never was on sea or land" had led and lured them. The fabled place of the Round Table is small and rude; the pageantry of knightly honour melted. It was a shock, but he makes a courageous, commonplace reflection :

> Really very little could be made of the remains—rough walls here and there, that may have stood the wear of time for a thousand years, but appear as if they had been put up much more recently and for a less pretentious habitation. Still, it is well to see Tintagel. The idylls of the poet are quite as precious in their teaching as the sterner facts of history ; and for us the good king lives in Tennyson's pages, and in our hearts.

Pageants more substantial are the stuff of which his diaries now begin to be made up—more scenes of foreign travel. He was to have his fill of this. There was a mill manager in whose hands he could leave things, when the holiday mood took him and opportunity served ; and it took him in April next year, when the new school had been started, and all the planning and correspondence connected with it finished and Keighley seemed "a dead-alive hole." All that needs be said about this correspondence is that it brought him into touch with Sir Lyon Playfair and with Mr. J. C. Buckmaster, father of the future Lord Chancellor. But, as to his journeyings abroad, he had a new interest of some importance ; for he could not watch the grim ability of German generals in France, nor meditate on educational Blue books, without itching to compare German schools with the school he had helped to found. "Let's 'mak sicar,'" he said.

So, planning a tour of the Rhine towns and Munich, as well as of Italy, he took two colleagues with him, his fidus Achates and Mr. William Town, good companions. They were the first non-official committee of Englishmen who had seen those menacing schools.

The preliminaries of peace had been signed, but not the definitive Treaty. At Brussels they saw French soldiers returning from imprisonment, "a dirty, undisciplined lot," their gay uniforms besmirched and tarnished, while Cologne was decorated for the return of their enemies. Swords, he foresaw, were not to be beaten into ploughshares yet awhile. Everywhere disfiguring forts marred his pleasure, and, with the best will in the world, he could not separate the romance of old Rheinfels and Rheinstein from jingling pomp. But there was something else to admire. The travellers, having hurried on through Heidelberg to Stuttgart, left the famous Polytechnic humbled. They had seen nothing like it, and imagined nothing; so that they "felt disposed to kick each other," as paltry plan-makers.

Munich was visited for the old master painters, Rubens, Holbein and Van Eyck, and they struck into the magnificence of the Tyrol at Salzburg. Content stole over him.

> The morning look-out from the balcony of our bedroom brought back the palmiest of my happy days in Switzerland, and made me feel that, if I saw nothing more, the sight of those fine hills capped with eternal snow was a full compensation for the time, trouble and cost of our journey. Oh, how I love the white summits, the deep valleys, the pine forests, the torrents, the bare rocks, the pretty chalets, the gentle flowers and the cheerful peasantry! Give me these and I will not ask for much more.

It appears that they had the immensely serious purpose of studying Venice in the light of Ruskin's critical adoration. Among their luggage were the three quarto volumes (there was no small edition then) of his monumental book. Therefore, after two days at Verona, they engaged a Venetian gondolier for a week, and went about comparing the master's descriptions with what they saw, and even verifying measurements. "Thirty-six pages of J. R.; a good day's work"—that is the sort of dry record. But there is a delightful letter to Mr. Tom Whitworth, in which this visit is praised above the first.

> Now Venice (he says) is not a safe place to praise. It varies very much with the seasons; some say it is horrid, some that Venice is perfection. As you know, excepting

the Square and some narrow passages—often dark and generally dirty—the streets are canals. The drainage is all turned into them. In the summer months the narrow and less open ones become foul, they nourish and emit anything but pleasant odours, heavy barges agitate the mud and turn it up from the bottom, mosquitoes breed, and, seeking out your bedroom, come down upon you like the Assyrian. They almost drive you to suicide. The sun makes you half mad, the beggars pester you to death, and the great end in life of the gondoliers is to cheat you.

This is Venice as I have heard it described. All this is possible; indeed, on a former visit I partially realized it. But such is not the Venice my friends and I have just seen. The winter snows and the floods of spring had cleansed the canals, the water was fresh and pure, and morn by morn the sun rose in a cloudless sky. The Grand Canal, with its glorious old palaces fronted with marble, rose out of the water like the picture of a dream. . . . The hotels are palaces too. I literally dwelt in marble halls, and we were looked after like princes. We made a daily pilgrimage in our own gondola, and at night, out in the open moonlight, our gondolier would sing (and capitally too), and we should sing; other gondolas would answer, and so we spent our evenings. One could never exhaust the beauties of Venice, seen as we saw it.

They went on to Padua and Milan in quest of "modern painters"; but he had to confess himself worse baffled by Giotto, the first of them, than he had been by Turner, the last. In vain discipleship: "my misfortune is in not being able, of my own perception, to know the great works when I see them." However, he lost neither sleep nor weight this time. There was a way out: "I hope I have this good sense—to accept only the criticism of men I know to have cultivated judgment."

What a wonderful appetite I have had in this delightful country! It is a blessing I can satisfy it fully. Table d'hôte to-day:—

1st course—A sort of ham sausage in thin slices; something out of a glass jar, black and floating in oil. Radishes. Butter.

2nd—Soup, in which were small pieces, half an inch square, of something we could not make out. I thought it was sheep's heart, Ben thought paste or vegetable. Gratered cheese.

3rd—Soles, fricasseed.

4th—Roast beef in slices. Baked potatoes.

5th—Mincemeat of some kind, but no sweets in it. Peas and a kind of fungus.

6th—Asparagus and melted butter.

7th—Chops and salad.

8th—Whipped cream, rather like blancmange, but lighter and better. Olives with it.

9th—Cheese.

10th—Dessert: Fancy biscuits, almonds and French plums, grapes, apples and oranges (last night we had strawberries).

11th—Coffee.

Total result—*Happiness.*

There has been nothing, till now, to suggest that he cared for creature comforts, and it was a vital omission—not to be excused in the portrait of a Yorkshireman. His appetite was quite superbly normal, and his feeling for a good bed resembled affection. They were part of his heartiness. But plain luxuries contented him as "famously" as other simple pleasures did. There is a ribald Yorkshire story of excess in such matters, which he told very well, with an ironical gusto that men who take a little wine for their stomachs' sake were apt to envy. Some one asked a poor man about his brother, who had had £200 left him: how was he getting on? "Joe?" said this reviler. "Our Joe's leadin' t' life of a *h'angel*!—he's eytin' an' drinkin' an damnin' an' swearin' fro' morn till neeght."

At Lugano, on the way home, nightingales were singing in the groves and eagles wheeling in thin air.

Coming down on the Swiss side the view was sublime, but the drive alarming. The diligence being piled rather high with luggage, and the road very uneven with accumulated ice and snow, we were at times positively in horror; for the whole thing swung as if it would topple down the precipice. As some precaution, a man was perched on the extreme end of the brake, where he would have as much leverage as possible. In the tunnels one of our horses came down on its haunches twice; while the close proximity of the iron bars across these tunnels to the luggage and our heads made us look out for perils above as well as below.

The wild flowers below the snow line were exceedingly beautiful. I gathered a pretty bouquet of crocuses. Two ladies were in the coupé; one had got out, and as the diligence stopped at the little post at Simplon the other tried to open the door. I ran to her assistance, handed her down; and when she admired the flowers gathered by her companion, I instantly and politely offered mine. She graciously accepted them, and then an introduction was given. I had three or four conversations during the rest of the day, and the ladies were staying at the same hotel with us. They were American ladies travelling from Naples to Geneva. At one place where we stopped, forget-me-nots were growing in a field, and they asked a man to get them some; I heard from the top what was wanted, was over in the field in an instant, and soon presented them with a trim bunch: for which I was thanked in quite a little speech at night.

That was how he made acquaintances, which might ripen into friendships.

A glimpse of stricken France was had at Metz and Strasburg, places to be ceded a few weeks later. This he sought alone, parting in the Rhone valley from his friends, who were going on to Geneva, Marseilles and Nice, with Genoa, Turin and the Mont Cenis for their home-route. He made for Strasburg first, and then to Metz through Nancy, aiming for the field of Sedan. But there was far too much confusion, crowding and delay on the railways; Sedan he could not reach. So crowded was Nancy that, after driving to every hotel in an omnibus, he had to share a bedroom at a mean auberge for 1½ francs, without supper or breakfast. Parts of Strasburg presented such a scene as war has lately made familiar—the Protestant church a blackened ruin, the library, a boast of France, destroyed: "but the Germans had done their best to spare the glorious Cathedral, the architect of which was a fellow-countryman."

At Metz the havoc was very small. The people seem to be accepting their fate, and at table d'hôte the same attention was paid to the tastes of German officers that used to be bestowed upon the French. The manager told wonderful stories of privation, but boasted that he himself had never had occasion to serve out horsemeat. It was, he said, no uncommon thing for men to fall down in the streets famished, and for some of them to die.

My troubles at the railway station were neither few nor light. It was entirely given over to the military, and a big officer who could speak neither French nor English was the presiding genius. The waiting-rooms had been storehouses and were in great disorder, the buffet was a sleeping-room, there were no time-tables, and in spite of army organization everything seemed to be in the wildest mess. There was a great crush. The clerk would not book first class, and everybody fought for the seconds. I made common cause with some American friends who had come from Nice, but there seemed no possibility of going beyond Luxemburg.

Through Brussels he reached home very tired, and for a week had dreams of what he had seen, distressing or delightful, while, in a letter to his friends, he describes himself as "plunged in the very thick of work again, disgusted, hands soiled with the greasy touch of wool and noils, senses offended by the sight, smell and noise of all around." In the light of events, a reflection appended to his notes of this tour appears sagacious: "Our insular position is an element of moral weakness. Secure from assault by other nations, we do not study their works and rival them." That reflection took him back to Germany twelve months later.

It was to be an eventful twelve months for a bachelor. For some time now he had ceased to think himself unfit to marry, and to talk as if he had taken vows. After being the best man at seven weddings, he had begun to feel a little anxious, saying that the harvest was passed and the summer ended. Or he said that whenever the pool was troubled some other cripple got in front of him. Something ought to be done about it. He had thought so since the previous autumn, unexpectedly relieved of his sister's charge—a duty which had seemed more important than she understood, perhaps. Hannah was engaged. As he had now some social position and a well-established business, it did seem time to look about; but a cold reflection of that sort makes a man feel like a lotus-eater, horribly mild-minded, and so he remained till the wedding.

That, as chance would have it, awoke him fairly. Hannah married a Bradford man in his own trade and his own circle, a Mr. George Lupton, known far outside that circle as the amateur middle-weight champion of boxing, and for some time as the heavy-weight champion too. At the wedding Ben—that *alter ego* the trusty and irreplaceable Ben—proposed marriage to a belle whom they had worshipped for years in common, and was happily accepted. Within a few months Ben was to be the husband of Miss Harriette Drewry, of Grange, and he himself left quite forlorn, out of countenance.

Life is very important and absorbing, but nothing of such interest as this had yet happened to him.

Life continued so. The Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes did Keighley the honour of meeting there, with eighty delegates to be lodged; and to him fell the pleasure of arranging jolly parties of kindred spirits at this house and that, and of sharing the cost of a luncheon at Bolton Woods. This passed off with such éclat that he sent a joke to *Punch* about it, disguising the occasion, of course: "Lady (to Railway Porter): 'Has there been a fête here to-day?' Porter: 'Eh, no, missis! Ther's been a flower show; but no feightin' as I knows on!'" Mr. Mundella came to distribute the school prizes, Lord Frederick Cavendish said the Institute was "the finest in England, or in the world," and somebody else referred to Keighley as "a centre of sweetness and light." All very gratifying. But his friend's happiness put noils and Keighley in their place.

He made an effort; there are two letters that gently urge a suit with a young lady at Bradford. They imply that, on thinking over the merits of an old friend who remained to him, but who had certainly not been teased, he found her suitable. He assures her that his suit is well-considered. The lady's surname is unimportant, for after five weeks' thought she found she did not love him; but I do not, in fact, know it. This affair was buried. He felt that he should have pressed harder while he might, but did not bewail himself. In a third and last letter he said, resolutely:

> I bow to my fate with all the fortitude and resignation I can command; and now that, after such full consideration, you cannot conscientiously give me your love in exchange for mine, I would rather a thousand times live out my life alone, fighting the world as best I may single-handed—it will be often wearily, but I hope bravely—than in any way imperil the happiness of another by gaining a hand that cannot give heart and soul with it.

So much for one incident. The trip to Germany now followed, with Zurich and Paris to round it off; and it was to be no such peep behind a curtain as he had snatched at Stuttgart, shown over the Polytechnic there by a porter. His mind was made up, he meant to spy out the land. From the two right honourables he knew, Messrs. Forster and Mundella, and through the former from Earl Granville, he procured introductions to German experts in education. He found a competent interpreter, Professor L. C. Miall, of Leeds. And with him, equally keen to measure German ambition, went three other members of the Institute committee, his friends John Brigg, John Clough, and Edward Marriner.

It is needless now to say what startling things they saw—at Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Chemnitz, Nuremberg, and Munich, not to speak of the Swiss and French schools. In effect, they saw Niagara. Who had dreamed in England of a school for 5,000 children? What British statesman conceived of a nation of workers technically trained from boyhood at unlimited expense?

The use to make of a packed note-book, how to rouse even his own people, what hope there could be for trade in ten years more, he did not know. But I find preserved among his papers the following skit, printed some months later and sung to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel":

A NEW SONG.

Dandy Swire went o'er the sea,
Right away to Germany;
"Sure I'm travelled now," quoth he—
And he was, was Dandy.

Back he came; chokeful was he
With a brand-new bright idee.
"Now I'll make a noise," said he:
So he did, the Dandy.

How he hollered up and down:
"Let us pull the Church schools down,
"Fix a school board in the town!"
And he *did*, did Dandy.

Then he waved his doughty sword,
And said he, "Now mark my word,
"I'll be a member of the board":
He would like, would Dandy.

But he's hardly big enough,
E'en tho' backed by Bracken Clough;
They may spout, and pray, and puff,
But it's no go, Dandy.

It's not a bit of use to try
To get your finger in the pie,
Though the voters you would buy—
Cunning little Dandy.

Give it up; we don't agree;
Get a wife to play with thee—
Or else go live in Germanie,
Pretty Swire, the Dandy!

And thereby hangs a tale, to be told before a second affair of the heart is studied. For the first time he had joined in a public fight. Indeed, he had provoked one.

In any dispute that touched his pocket—and there were many such disputes, of course—he took what he could get by peaceable means. But, against ignorance, there is nothing for a good man to do but take the offensive. He and his friends, " sadder if not wiser men," came home with the persuasion that, in founding a school of science and art at Keighley, they had whipped the horse before yoking up. The first thing they should have done was to see that small boys and girls were fit to learn art and science. The town had no board schools. Now, it is one thing to persuade sensible men to subscribe £15,000 for a proud purpose, and quite another to tell a mass of people who have never been to school that they should pay rates as a duty. These people had refused for fifteen years, with much agitation, to provide themselves with baths and washhouses.

The situation was comic. The demigods whom he worshipped at St. Stephen's had left the matter of schools partly in their hands, much as if a child should be consulted about taking medicine ; and the medicine was to make the child wise. Three of the four physicians did their best, commending cheerfully a good example. But the child was refractory. A school board ? " We wean't hev it ! " said the formidable man who had never washed. " We've a local board, a board o' guardians an' a burial board—we s'll be boarded to deeath ! " Some religious people hailed him as a champion ; their own schools might be superseded ; and the centre of sweetness and light dwindled to a spark, for, as I said earlier, there were more opponents of a board who signed with a cross than the whole number of those who polled for the new panacea.

So the fight began with a reverse, which showed the odds against an enthusiast and, for the first time, tried his temper for public life. He was a good deal astonished by personal rudeness and unscrupulous tactics, which in private life are not so shameless. He was also disappointed in the backing he had from good men.

The little town in which a quite unlettered man could flout him, and men less ignorant met a serious plea with quips and gibes anonymously, was a rough training school. The unwashed antagonist was a simpleton. Leading a mob for whom he furnished sport, this huge and hump-backed man with the face of a Thersites broke up any public meeting of which he disapproved, and could only have been disposed of in the manner found by Achilles, for he did nothing but rail. He was coarse and venomous beyond the fetch of melodrama. An eccentric vanity inspired him to deride opponents indiscriminately as lick-spittles, and "Dandy-cock" was his sufficient epithet for the town's best citizen. In the end this man's glowering vanity left him to build his own tombstone, which keeps his memory green with a fantastic inscription; but, as he clamoured for "economy," it did not cheapen him to be ridiculous.

Nothing suggests a livelier picture of the Keighley of fifty years ago than a record of his naïve oratory, made by Swire Smith with exact draughtsmanship and indulgent humour. Thersites had been away on a London deputation, and for once in his life was happy. He announced two lectures on his travels, in the manner of his despised betters; and this time there was nothing but joy to hear him.

Well, yo' knaw, when I gat to Lundon, we put up at a respectable sort of a place, t' biggest public-house 'at iver I were in i' mi life; an' we hed a pound a day for expenses, for some said a pound a day worn't to' mich, ridin' first class an' all that sort o' thing.

Well, we lived i' fine style. What, we'd salmon first thing in a mornin'! I were capped wi' that. But salmon in a mornin's no novelty to men heigh up i' t' world. We hed sich strange things at table, too, as I niver saw. For ivery one on us, theere were a sort of a little white tablecloth twizzled up, wi' a bun in it. They said I mud spreead it ower mi knees, i' *this* form (he showed how, with a dirty handkerchief), an' then if owght tummled off o' mi plate, this little clout 'ould catch it.

Eh, an' we hed wine of all soarts!—some on't i' green glasses an' some i' blue; an' ther' were one soart 'at frothed up reight ower t' glass top. I put mi nose to t' bottle neck once, but I smelled a deal o' divelment i' that, soa I determined to hev nowght to do wi't. I stuck to lemonade for mony a day. But one day they did just persuade me to try a drop o' sherry in't—an' it were grand an' all; I could 'a supped a quart at a time, but I didn't. Hauf a gill were as mich as I iver gat at once. As regards bacca, my word, ther' were some puffin' and blowin'! I'd gi'en ower smokin' mony a year sin', but I puffed away wi't best on 'em.

An' I'll tell yo' what, if yo' walked i' Lundon as yo' do i' Keighley, yo'd be runned ower mony a time a day. Women used to run perambelaters reight between mi legs; an' then they abeused me as if I were to blame, an' not them. One woman acshally called me for a hunderd an' fifty yards; I thowght she were t' impidentest piece o' hussiness I'd iver heared.

Peals of laughter greeted these confessions, which nowise damaged the backslider. It was afterwards that he triumphed on the question of schools.

Swire Smith, who had conducted an immense newspaper correspondence, made speeches, written *jeux d'esprit*, and with help from Mr. Miall got out a pamphlet of "Educational Comparisons," was chagrined and a little nettled, but not daunted. He had been, of course, aware of the town's ignorance; had only not expected shabby rancour. Soon or late there would be a board. I quote a letter written at this time, which shows him in excellent spirits.

FLEECE MILLS, KEIGHLEY,
August 12, 1873.

DEAR ALFRED,—You have not behaved well to me in many ways. I need not now specify my grievances in detail; I may broadly state that you have not come to see me, although none would be more welcome, you have not written to me, although no one is more pleased to hear from you, and, worst of all, you have secured the consent of one of the sweetest girls in this fair land of ours to help you and look after you through life, without even giving me so much as an opportunity to congratulate you. Alfred, all this is not handsome, and a less forgiving disposition would owe you a grudge for many a day. But I will forget my causes of grief, even the last; and, though unbidden, I now offer to you my heartiest congratulations.

It was Sam who told me, with beaming eyes, of another good man happy. He said: "Would you believe it, friend Alfred is engaged!" "Engaged?" said I, with a great thrill, and feeling more lonely-like. "Yes, and to the lady whose name you would at once guess." "What, Miss S.?" "Right!" said Sam; "pretty Fanny Stratford;" and then he continued: "For such a lord is Love, And Beauty such a mistresss of the world." Of course I sighed, for I felt that peg after peg was dropping out, as it were, from under me; friends are truly leaving me in all directions. I said, "Sam, why don't *you* get engaged?" He replied, "I don't know: why don't you?"—and the question is still bandied to and fro. I dare say you will tell me that you wish you had taken the step long ago, and I can only retort, "Why didn't you?" I told you years ago what it was your duty to do, but, like hundreds more, you couldn't see it. And so I suppose you went mooning about, spooning this lady and that, dying for a partner and forgetting all the while that the sweetest of them all was at your elbow. You were a lucky fellow to discover this at last.

We, i.e., Sam, David, Ben and I, who know the treasure you have secured, are delighted. To me, she was "a phantom of delight" on a certain Whitsuntide evening, when the servants were away and the supper took so much preparing. Ah, my boy, you felt, but you would not confess to, the soft impeachment! And when I saw her on my next visit, saw her on "a nearer view, A spirit, yet a woman too," I told you more than once how happy she would make you. I remember the verses she repeated (on the morning I left) to your cousin and myself.

And, while writing the above, I remembered that in those days I used to keep a diary; and I have just sought the old book, and on Whit Sunday, May 17, 1869, I find a hurried description of our visit to Fulbeck, with the following allusion to the doings after tea: "Fanny chaffed Alfred, and Alfred went little errands to the kitchen for Fanny, and altogether I couldn't help fancying that the two were far from indifferent to each other; and for my part I should not at all object to Alfred making the connection still closer; for I've lost my faith in a pretty girl, and an amiable and clever girl, if Fanny Stratford would not make a capital wife for Alfred Burtt."

Now, old boy, wasn't I right? You know I was.

Remember me very kindly to her; you both hold a high place in my esteem. And with all good wishes for yourself, believe me, dear Alfred, yours sincerely,

SWIRE SMITH.

He now wrote well, you see. Such letters occur among serious ones addressed to Mr. Forster, Mr. Mundella and Mr. John Morley. Mr. Morley's article on "The Struggle for National Education" emboldened a defeated champion to send his thanks and his pamphlet, adding a denunciation of the outworn voluntary system, which "Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden can allow himself to advocate, and thus do incalculable harm to the decent portions of the Bill passed by his own Government." Mr. Morley's reply enabled him to do a small service, and set up relations that deepened, with time, to a lasting friendship.

17, BROADWATER DOWN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
August 23, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely indebted to you for your letter and pamphlet. The pamphlet is full of interesting facts, and I am really glad to have an opportunity of studying them.

My position is very clear. I do not in the least desire to keep the Bible out of the schools. I do desire to take the schools away from the clergy, because the clergy have shown themselves unfit for the control of so important a function. I want to see a class of teachers gradually created, with professional quality, interest in their business and self-respect. Then by and by must come a more thorough dealing with educational endowments, charities, etc. The waste and demoralization under this head will one day be found truly appalling.

The end of our effort is to open up a road from the primary schools, not so much to Oxford and Cambridge as to technical colleges, like that of Newcastle. Here, I see, you are thoroughly of the same opinion.

As I am writing to you, I may mention another matter. The Hull people have asked me to give them two lectures at their Philosophical Institute. I have agreed to give them discourses on "Robespierre" and "Danton" in November. If you think the Bradford or Leeds people would care for a repetition of them, at the Literary Institutes of those towns, I might perhaps find time to come round their way.—With renewed thanks, yours very truly,

John Morley.

What was more interesting, the same pamphlet forged a bond, or helped to forge it, between himself and Mrs. Duncan McLaren, the sister of his idol, John Bright.

He met this Quaker lady at the house of Leeds friends, learned that she desired to place her son in the worsted trade, and offered hospitality to herself and her husband, the member for Edinburgh, for a visit to Keighley mills. She was a woman of remarkable mind and temper; she liked him; and the offer was to bring him on terms of intimacy with the Bright family. In correspondence connected with this visit, he spoke frankly about the recent acceptance of ministerial office by the "Tribune of the People," and she showed his letter to Mr. Bright. The passage was as follows:

We Bradford Liberals look upon your brother's accession to the Ministry with great hope, not unmixed with fear and trembling. It were better for the future of this country that the Ministry should be sacrificed than that he should give up the principles—or any of them—for which he has during his lifetime been so much abused. He has fought so grandly for the people he loves so well that tens of thousands of his countrymen, who try to take an unbiassed view of public questions, have learned to reverence him as a prophet and a king. He seems ever to have set his eye upon justice—often a distant mark—and heeded not at all the prejudices and the vested interests that must be overcome to attain it. The official Minister has to make the most of the present, and sometimes a temporary benefit is achieved while wrong is more deeply rooted. I must not, however, run on in this manner;

it seems " personal " ; and I hope you will excuse what I have said on this page.

The fight for good schools had thrown him more than ever among the Radicals. He " blushed " to think the letter had been shown ; but he was more of a fighter than his genial turn allowed—wary of quarrels, but certain to make opponents ware of him.

He bided his time. The compromising Act of Parliament under which he had been thwarted gave him still a card to play if they, on their side, " passed." There were 1,200 children in Keighley without school places : unless in six months these were in the way to be provided, he might appeal and a school board would be compulsory. He seemed to be " thrang," as the dialect says, with other matters. He spoke on building societies and on temperance ; he was away at Leeds, talking about " the higher education of girls " ; and he did a good deal for the British " Ass," getting other men to read papers when it met at Bradford. Let him fuss ! When, however, it came to raising money for those school places, the clerical party found their victory hollow. It seemed to have meant not so much a zeal for godliness in the young as a disinclination for spending ; and there had, in the end, to be a school board.

Then it was that a versifier with more wit than taste lampooned him. But, to his great surprise and gratification, he was elected to the new board at the head of the poll.

CHAPTER VI

Affair of a North Country maid—A stern judgment.

THIS personal success came when Swire Smith was thirty-two years old. He had deserved it, as his colleagues knew; he had from the first inspired them, and he had done most of the fighting in their crusade. But he had been thought the unpopular candidate among the progressives, and so he was surprised as well as gratified. He declined the chairmanship of the board, thinking his friend and senior, Mr. John Brigg, better fitted than himself for that position. He could wait.

For the sake of a clear narrative, this passage of his life has been detached from a private experience of more interest, which had overlapped it: an experience also surprising to him, but in the end quite destitute of gratification.

The story, that of a love affair, is now told for the first time. It was known intimately to his family and to two friends who were helpful, but to no one else; and he always kept silence about it, except to hint on occasion to those nearest him that the affair had been bitter. I do not think the candours of biography need to be defended while they hurt no living person avoidably. They are vital. Neither the ability nor the character of my friend could be measured if this experience were scamped. But, although the parties to it are dead, he would have wished me to screen a memory, and this I shall do. The name and local habitation of a lady whom he thought to marry are not essential facts.

Everything determined him to take a wife at last. He came to a decision during his best friend's honeymoon, which left him to reflect for more than three months, while the happy pair wrote to him from the Continent. Their marriage at Grange-over-Sands had been splendid, and he best man once more. The bride, Miss Harriette Drewry, was a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire's agent at Holker; Lord Frederick and Lady Louisa Cavendish assisted at the ceremony, and festivities lasted four days. When these were over, he had seen out a whole generation of marriageable friends while making his position; and be it observed that his position meant only the means to live generously and fully.

He could marry with a good conscience; his wife would have the fair life of ease due to her; yet no business to which he had ever put his hand appeared to him so big. He had failed in it once; his modesty allowed of no light confidence with regard to it. It was the business of a lifetime. But had he passed the age when instinct might have made a happy choice for him? Perhaps. My own conviction is that at no age, not even in his teens, could Swire Smith have followed an instinct without shrewd consideration; but this had more than once or twice approved instinctive choices, and when such are fortunate young couples grow together.

Taking the romance for granted—and how could be ignore it in so many happy unions as he had seen?—he looked about for a wife to share the career of his ideals and warm purposes.

There was a little lady much in his thoughts. He had met her four years ago, on a day at Windermere, and she had then appealed to him: "I took," he says, "one of the many scratches I had received in tournaments of gallantry." He had seen her since from time to time, and thought no more of it than that; but she had been a bridesmaid at Grange, much in his company. A song she had sung on that occasion haunted him. Her disposition seemed happy. She was serious, shy and gentle: not beautiful, but to be admired "as prudent wives choose their gowns, for qualities that will serve." Now and then he wrote to her. On March 22nd, giving an account of the homecoming, he said:

I sigh when I think of " The North Country Maid." I do not allude more to the one who strayed up to London than to the one who remained in Lancashire, and who seemed to think it unnecessary for me to have a copy of the song when I owned that I remembered it.

In your former letter—for which I cannot say how much I thank you—you inferred that I have forgotten my catechism. I believe I never knew much of it; but to the charge of " picking and stealing " I do not plead guilty. (He had procured a photograph.) A certain lady visiting at Holker did show me some of her property, and, possibly to save me from the sin of covetousness—into which I admit I was falling—gave it to me. If a mutual friend needs to be appeased, there is still one way of atonement. May I ask, what I believe I have not dared to ask before, that you will favour me with one to be my own? I shall value it very highly; while if any semblance of your humble servant be worth having, " whose face is not worth sunburning, and who never looks in the glass for love of anything he sees there," you may be sure it will be freely given in exchange.

Not very serious, this, compared to their talk at Grange and Holker, which " had had to do with things like work, and duty, and purpose in life." But he said to a friend: " It is not often that I find young ladies who care to think about the great world, and how it may be made better." He went down into Gloucestershire to the wedding of pretty Fanny Stratford, and then the North Country Maid came to Keighley on a month's visit.

She came at the invitation of a friend who wished well to both of them. She was socially a good match. Her father had not only a successful business, like him, but a country place and well-established connections. True, she was not clever, but what of that? True, her people were Churchpeople and Tories; but love, if once it came, should find no puzzle in that circumstance. Let them see more of each other. For Swire, it was no doubt a question of sounding her mind and heart. For her, it was even more than that; she had to see the plain life he led, the town, his circle of friends, the things that interested him, the popularity and esteem in which she might be asked to share. Wise matchmaking.

She came, they saw a great deal of each other, and he was deep in love. Towards the end he found her very kind, and proposed marriage. He was not accepted at once, though freely encouraged ; and, on the plea that she had been teased before, the little lady begged that, pending her answer, he would do nothing to provoke gossip. He himself knew well what teasing is, and felt sure of her.

But, at home, she had sudden misgivings, not all of them definable to her own mind. The real wooing began in a correspondence.

Up to a point, both sides of this correspondence are before me in substance. He had at last to return her letters, for reasons that appear abundantly ; but at the point in question he made a précis, as if to clear his thoughts and confirm an opinion. The great length of the correspondence, which ran for eighteen months, forbids this affair to be followed in detail ; it would make a book. Nor can I say to which of them it was the more distressing. But it is astonishing—alike for his tenaciousness and gentle strength, and for the lady's vacillations. He at all events avoided the mistake of his first affair. All his enthusiasms whatever made Swire Smith slow to understand that any one esteemed by him might not share them at last, and there was this quality in his love-making.

She had let him know that he was loved, though uneasily. A "little lady" she was, narrowly nurtured ; and, far from understanding a rich and brilliant nature, she was shy of it. Here are précis passages from her first three letters :

> I feel a sort of dream, everything seems unreal and strange. Oh, Swire, I dare not think of the future, all change is sad, or appears so. You must think me unkind and wavering, try and judge me leniently—and think of me as little as possible ! . . . .
>
> I sometimes feel inclined to ask you to forget me, but

somehow I cannot, as I do care to be sometimes in your thoughts. All seems so unreal and strange. How is this? The past month has been a pleasant time, but I cannot *trust* for the future. Are you wondering at me and thinking me foolish and in fact being almost angry? I fear so! . . .

Our talk (with a sister) seemed never-ending, often about you, and I think if you could have seen our miserable faces you would have said with ——, "Oh, I do wish you had never gone to Keighley!" Oh, dear, things don't seem right. Yes, I should like a talk once more, but I don't see where and when I can meet you. Do you know, Swire, I sometimes think I have *no* heart, at least not capable of the kind of love you want. My present dear ones seem so enough for me, and if stronger and warmer feelings come now and then, as they do, they seem always shaded by sorrow; in fact my whole nature seems to be completely upside down. Now don't laugh at this funny expression, it is quite what I mean.

To the first two of these letters he had replied with tender and brave assurances. The third daunted him. This was his answer to it:

I have time for a line before going to Bradford, but my heart is so heavy that I know not what to say. To think that "when warmer feelings do come now and again they seem always shaded by sorrow" makes me sad beyond expression. The thought comes over me that I may be asking you to do something that is not right, something against your own conscience; that I want you against your will to take some cross.

If there be some misgiving, my dear ——, tell me what it is, that I may have a chance at least of explaining, if not of removing it. If my wish be a selfish one, I am willing to forgo all rather than cloud the future of another; for I cannot in conscience ask from you sacrifices which I am not myself prepared to make. That I love you dearly, I have said over and over again; and if I was mistaken when I came to the conclusion that you loved me, then my judgment was at fault—perhaps blinded by my love.

But the feeling that I was right has not left me, and I have thought you were willing that it should not do so. Then why all this gloom and sadness? Cannot you trust me as I trust you?

After some fencing she told him that their religious views were different, and drew from him a nobly tolerant declaration in the sense of that avowal on the subject which you have read. She could find no fault with this. But almost all the other misgivings she confessed related, not to him or to the future he offered, but to herself; her plea being that she was "not worthy" of his love, that she ought not to have shown so much of her feelings but "could not help it,"—a plea to which, in every form it took, he could only oppose the most eloquent persuasions.

My heart knows no peace; from morn till night, from night till morn there is a great weight upon it, that no one but you can remove. When I had no letter this morning I felt unutterably sad. I move about hiding my feelings, declining social invitations of all sorts, keeping out of everybody's way—for my friends are beginning to talk about me. So far I have been able to keep all in the dark, but daily I expect that I shall have the truth to face, and then, dear ——, what am I to say?

Mrs. —— called last night, and grew very serious. She asked if she was to congratulate me; for, if not, she feared she would have to change her high opinion of me, being sure that I had given you to understand by my conduct that I was in love with you. Why, from all she had seen and heard, we had conducted ourselves like an engaged couple! You had certainly believed me in earnest, and if I did not carry out the expectation you had formed it would not be honourable of me; you could not but look upon my conduct as most cruel, and your friends would regard me as a deceiver. She begged me, if I valued your peace and my own character, that I would not act such a part, and she was sure we should be very happy. She was quite pale when she finished her sweeping condemnation, and I had to listen without being able to say a word.

As other friends learn more than they yet know, they will say more, and if I am still to be in doubt my position will be most painful. Do not think, dear ——, that I wish to hurry your important decision; still I ask, for your sake as well as mine, that if you can only say "Yes," you will say it; and I believe you will never have cause to repent. . . .

Again :

> You say you would want " much love " to content you, but—blessed hope !—you would also be able to " give all or none." Much love, would you desire ? I will give you *much* ! I cannot say how much, for " they are beggars who can count their worth " ; but, in exchange for *all yours*, methinks my bounty would be " as boundless as the sea, my love as deep," for from such infinity I should have more by giving. Do not think that love is a light matter with me. I have been training my heart all these years, trying to keep it pure, that I could entrust it to one who would prize it and keep it safe, as I know that you can keep it. Surely after this confession, and with your knowledge of me, you will see that I am not led to you by idle fancy.
>
> Your letter has given me some relief, but oh ! I wish that we could talk together. If I cannot claim your love I shall almost wish I never had been born. However, I will not look on the dark side. I have boundless faith in your goodness and in your pity.

He insisted on seeing her again, and did so. She received him at home. The match, he knew, was favoured by her father, and after that interview he had high hopes once more. But the next letter described that, too, as " unreal," and complained that it had been too short to let her say what she meant.

He then asked leave to write to her father for permission to conduct the wooing openly, and the request brought a climax. She found courage—with abject regrets—to dismiss him !

> I know you hoped and felt my affection was great. So it is. I don't care the least bit in the world for any one else, but I think my feelings have no deep root, and am sure they will not last. Your doubt must be ended, Swire, and then I trust life will be brighter and better for you. I ought to have answered you sooner, but dreaded being cold to you, that each day I shrank from my task, though feeling sure it must be done.

It is no part of *my* task to judge this lady, or even to analyse the character she had revealed in two months' letters. This was his reply:

My Dear ——, I would rather that you should not feel or know how great has been my weight of grief since receiving your letter of seven days ago, in which, too clearly, I read my doom.

The blow has been all the greater to me because I was blind enough not to expect it. My love has been drawn from me, and now is cast away. I pray, dear ——, that such a fate may never be yours. I thank you from my heart for all your good wishes; they will be very precious to me, for I believe them to be sincere. I cannot blot out the remembrance of the past, and the sorrowful future I will face as well as I can. I had created bright visions for you as well as myself.

I have your letters sealed and directed, but I hesitate ere I send them. I do not wish to take the initiative in any step that will further sever us. I am still ready to forget, and will indeed willingly—

"Clothe in flowers
The grave in which the past is laid."

But the keys of fate are in your hands, not mine.

For the present, Farewell! And believe me, as ever,
Yours very sincerely,
Swire Smith.

And then she accepted him on better terms, at least.

There are only now his own letters to show what she said in hers. As to those terms, he was, however, too much in love to mistrust them; and, what is more, he believed in love with all his mind and heart. He had faith in its beauty and "lordship." Above all, he had faith in himself, and in his power of loving; so that, although she had no such faith, but only gave him free leave to prove his faith and hoped to share it at last, he thought himself happy.

She had lost nothing in his esteem by her hesitations. They were conscientious. She had called herself passionate, deploring what he found most hopeful; and he only saw her virtue in that candour and self-blame, both beautiful though she made him suffer. And she lost no esteem by hinting, once more, that she did not share some of his ideals. He wrote with his courage restored :

My Dear ——, I have just returned home after being absent since Friday morning, and have only time for a few words before the post closes. I did not receive your letter until noon to-day—at Bradford—and you may be sure I have been in good spirits ever since. Ben dined with me, and I felt it my duty to tell him that the sun was again shining ; nay, I could not resist the temptation of giving him an opportunity to rejoice with me.

My dear ——, you are very good ; I cannot tell how much I love you, but I hope, as years grow upon us and cares beset our path, that I can *show* a love that will be sustaining, however great may be your storms and trials. I hope to be able, as dear ones fall off one by one, to fill up by my increased affection the blanks that are made.

How black the future has been to me during the past fortnight, and from time to time during months previous, you shall never know. The thundercloud has been swept away, and our love will be all the fresher and purer for the darkness it has gone through and the damping it has received. I care for nothing now. You love me, and that is sufficient for me through all ills. My love will, I doubt not, gain strength every day, and in the blessed calm I now feel will have time to concentrate and dovetail with and surround yours. Are we to be kept apart by mere differences of opinion as to the best way of attaining objects dear to both ? Let us feel that, in whatever differences we may hold, there can be nothing that shall stand in the way of our constant love to each other.

Never turn back ; never again yield for a moment to the doubts that have perplexed you and made me so miserable. I am willing that your love should come by degrees ; I will give it time to grow ; I will prune and dig about it, and watch over and cherish it ; and you will see that, when next we meet, the bud of love you so generously send me will prove a beauteous flower.

I cannot speak enough of my joy to welcome you back again. Oh, my dear, dear ——, at last you have come ;

never leave me again. I have no time for more. Good-bye! You have all my love, and may have it for ever.

The terms were that he should, as proposed, obtain her father's sanction to his addresses and visit her "as a friend." Perhaps in time, she said, she could give him as much as he offered to her. Certainly she "could not bear to lose his love." A month later she had engaged herself to marry him, and he was receiving the warm congratulations of many friends.

I tell the story quickly. But it is important to say that they had frankly reckoned with differences.

He had begged her to make notes as they occurred to her. "I am not in the least afraid," he said, "of being catechized about the views I hold, for I don't think I have a bit of selfishness about me, and I think I can give good reasons for the faith that is in me." They would love each other none the less for understanding each other. As to politics, she would find him ready to fall into her ways the moment she showed them to be the best for our dear country. "You know that I love my country; you will find me a tremendous worker for two things, your happiness and the good of others; and I shall labour for my country until she is second to none in everything that makes a nation great." It was the means, it could not be the end, as to which they differed. I do not know what discussions there were, or how far they went; but she knew how big his heart was, and it appears that her letters grew "trustful, warm and happy." Well they might.

It might be hard to match, from all the literature of vain love affairs, the warm, brave tenderness and comfortable strength of this wooing. Knowing how vain it was, and having known the sober and gallant man for whom it proved a snare, I cannot follow it without emotion.

And now I have all your heart. Never fear, ——, my love, I will guard it as a priceless treasure; it shall double my joys and divide my cares, shielded so that neither the winds of heaven nor the pitiless blasts of the world shall visit it too roughly. And pray do not be afraid that you will show too much love; I shall not look coldly on your maiden passion. Show all your love, as Juliet did, and like her "prove more true than those who have more seeming to be strange." Besides, ——, you have had your season of coyness when there were alternations between sunshine and cloud; now the flowers are opening, and as Nature's summer ends ours is beginning. . . .

On Tuesday night I told my father and mother where I had been for the Sunday, and what was going on. They were both very much pleased, and my mother favoured me with a Bible homily. She is sure you will make me a good wife, and that is her chief solace in losing me. At the same time, when she thinks of you and your connections, she is afraid that you will not take kindly to plain, simple folk like her and my father. You may be sure, dear ——, that I tried to set her mind at rest on that score. . . .

I thank you so much for yours of this morning. It is very pleasant to be thought of and trusted and loved, even amid all the worries of a business life; indeed it is a great solace to me to feel that every good step I make is for your weal also. How much more one may get out of life than by taking the selfish view of it! For my part, I believe that I shall do everything better with my —— to share the credit of it. . . .

Such passages, unforced, occur happily among the news he sends from Keighley, or his anticipations of getting away to see her again, or mention of friends with whom he is sure she will be happy.

What was she like? One wonders. There is one frank description of her, but it was written for that confirmed bachelor his brother Sam, and written to guard her against great expectations.

Somebody asked me yesterday what sort of a girl she was, and I was compelled to say that probably she would not appear brilliant in the estimation of the world. Rather a weak-minded girl—religious, a teetotaller, doesn't wear or care for jewellery, is very fond of home, music, pictures and natural scenery; takes a pride in being domesticated and likes to do good. I had to say that I did not consider her by any means pretty ; but then, you know, I don't want a wife who will be constantly putting me in the shade ! and although beauty is " such a mistress of the world," it quickly fades if there be not a heart to match. At any rate, Sam, I have seen many beauties and have moved and been moved by them ; but none has brought me to her feet like my little ——.

The hopeful months went by, and he spent a merry Christmas and a bright Easter among her people, and had the news of his school board victory to send to her—how he was abashed by a frenzied crowd that laid hands on him, and escaped while a band played " See the Conquering Hero Comes." Then she came to stay with his sister Hannah, and to make acquaintance with his home. For he wished to consult her about that villa off the Skipton Road, and to fix the date of their marriage.

His choice of a wife was approved heartily. With so much Puritan feeling in the little town, it was almost sufficient not to find her gay. Certainly no one, of all who had failed to understand his own propitious gaiety, mistrusted her on that score. Yet she was no sooner at home again from this visit, which had been disconcerting, than he had to recognize, at last, the rift within the lute, silencing love's music.

He had been pitiably slow to think it serious. There had not been a warm response to his news of local checks, or of a great personal triumph : for this he had made sanguine allowances. She had avowed her " fright " in accepting him, and resisted the engagement because it gave her a " sense of being fast " : he had overcome these trepidations gently. But she had also, time after time, put off the question of marriage ; and now, in the first interview they had at home after her visit, she found a desperate courage to say things that touched him with consternation. She " was not strong," and " she feared the Keighley winters." In any case, if there was not " perfect unity " marriage might be "a dreadful fatality," and it should be "avoided as long as possible." Without discussing his ideals—for it appears that, after all, the lady could only feel a fixed prejudice—she confessed that they made her unhappy, whether in religion, politics or social life.

The painful conversation was interrupted. He spent a sleepless night; and, after leaving her, he wrote a long, clear, infinitely tender letter, which offered after all to release her.

What this cost him I do not need to say. The affair was worse than Mercutio's scratch; and, on reflection, he saw too clearly that he ought not to have been twice wounded. For even now, instead of coming to a decision on her side, the lady continued, as before, to protest her love and in the same breath to dwell upon those crucial differences. He saw her once more, but to no purpose.

It became a contest, profoundly painful, between his own love and his honesty; but, this being concerned, he was like a rock.

Compelled at last to know her prejudice of birth and training for what it was—an insuperable barrier—and to review all that had happened in the light of it, he had still to show her kindly why such love as theirs was hopeless; and he did so in a series of letters that became him very nobly, and serve, I think, better than anything else in his life to show the strength and sweetness of his nature.

But in one of them, the longest and sternest, he had to sum up; and this I give because it tells the whole sad story of disillusionment:

KEIGHLEY,
June 13, 1875.

MY DEAR ——, Your long letter of yesterday, so full of kindness and good feeling, dwells so much on the one side of our experiences to the (almost) exclusion of the other, that I am once more, as it were, compelled to justify myself in the course I have felt it my duty to take. For, when you say that you loved me with all your heart, and that your whole nature leaned to me, it implies either want of affection in me or consistency in one of us, or how could our engagement be given up? It might seem as if you never had expressed any doubts about the future, as if all my acts and words and thoughts had won your hearty approval.

Upon the thinking mind every word makes its impression, and every act represents the motive that prompts it. Happiness is built up of these impressions and of one's accord with these motives.

If your whole nature leaned to me, how could you say from time to time the many things that were in opposition to that nature, and that you could say again after being told that they gave pain? If you loved me with all your heart, how could you speak of our closer union as a something that filled you with doubt and distrust, that must be put off as long as possible without thought of the inconvenience to me? You never spoke in this strain when I did not tell you the effect it had upon my mind, making me unhappy; yet your love did not conquer the more powerful impulses which hurt me.

I do not for a moment wish to show that you did not love me. I have never complained of that. But I did complain that, in spite of your love, you showed tendencies and opinions which, as my wife, you could not hold and both of us be happy. And when, on that Sunday in particular, you exhausted your reasons for not looking with favour on matrimony, you said that you were sure you were intended *not* to be married, and that you were making a mistake to *think* of being married. Could I take those expressions to come from one who *wished* to be married? You will remember that it was on this day, after I had suffered anxiety for weeks about your cough, that you said you were afraid to come to Keighley because of the bitterness of the winds, and, again, that you were afraid you could not stand the Keighley winters. Put all these things together, with many others that had been said previously, and to what conclusion could you intend them to point? Surely you did not say them merely to hurt my feelings; and, if not for that purpose, why were they said?

The talk of that Sunday simply brought to a climax a state of feeling I had marked in you, and which had distressed me. The impression had been forming for weeks that, in those opinions of life which influence serious people, we were getting further apart, and, as an evidence of this, that as matrimony grew nearer the dread of all the changes it would involve and the questionable advantages it would bring increased. This impression was not thoughtless. I have given you illustrations of it when we have been together, and I could give more; and when I brought you face to face with the indications of disaffection you had shown, you did not deny them, but rather widened the breach than made it smaller.

As I have told you, that night I scarcely slept; and the next night, when I got home, I put the whole state of my feelings before you in all affection and seriousness and as far I could the impression your words and acts had made upon me. The task was exceedingly painful; but I do not always pass over tasks which I think ought to be done simply because they are painful, and I tried to make it plain that the issue was critical.

In my letter of May 3rd, after putting as fairly as I could the doubts you had raised and their effect, I said that I was brought to a definite juncture; and I asked:

"Do you really feel that, in accepting me as your husband, to live with me at Keighley, to share my hopes and troubles and aspirations, you will be thoroughly happy—that you will be taking a step which your heart and conscience approve? If so, let me have your full assurance of it; and in exchange for my loyalty, which has never swerved, I pray you never let me be troubled again by stray words that imply the smallest want of faith, for they go to my heart like points of steel. If, however, now that you know me through and through (and understand my feelings, associations and surroundings, and above all the earnestness of my political convictions), you feel that I cannot supply the happiness you expect and desire, I can only say sorrowfully but faithfully, 'Give me up.'"

How was the question answered?

You said in your subsequent letters that you loved me, which I had not doubted; that you had perfect faith in my honour and goodness, a faith which I appreciated and prized; but you granted the truth of what I had said. You explained the reason of difference, which showed that we fairly understood each other, and you asked for a little time to consider the solemn question I had asked. Then you said: "Anything I may thoughtlessly have said, forgive, and don't chide me; for you cannot know how I feel it." You feared that you were "spoilt"; and, said you, "the truth sometimes hurts me." Again you said: "I feel I am not giving you the answer. I trust entirely to your kindness and your love. Pity me, Swire; it's no light matter the future of both, and all rests on entire unity between us; it must be so if married life is right."

In the first place, instead of seriously setting to work to clear your own doubts and restore my peace, you said I was not to chide you for anything you said thoughtlessly, because chiding hurt you. But I had told you many a time, without chiding, how much I was hurt by certain expressions, which did not appear to be always uttered thoughtlessly. There was no promise on your part not to say thoughtless things again. Nay, you asked me to pity you; and I did pity you and was prepared to bury the past. But I felt that I had a right to make the course clear for the future. I knew that I was not addressing a thoughtless girl. How you can say *now* that, "after our talk that Sunday night, and notwithstanding our letters till Whitsuntide, I never thought there was any possibility of our present bitter ending," I cannot understand. My letters were plain enough, and to me they caused bitter grief and terrible suspense. Even you seemed to think it would be painful for me to come to —— at Whitsuntide, and you asked if I cared to come under the circumstances.

Although you may have felt, as you say in your last, mine, and ready to say so, you were remarkably successful in hiding your feelings when, at —— station, you cut me direct to the heart by the coldness of your reception. If ever I am to be made permanently happy by love, it will have to be by constancy of affection, and by consideration for my feelings in little matters. You do not expect me to be like the dog that, a moment after, will readily kiss the hand that has thrashed it. Another thing: if I am to be happy I must be able to make my wife happy too. What prospect was there of that, when I saw what a chasm divided us in many things? When you said that "the future of both rests on entire unity between us," yet gave no hope of sacrifices on your part to bring about that entire unity, I could not ask you to risk a future so fraught with peril to both of us.

You may think, now, that your whole nature has leaned to me; but I must remind you, in defence of my opinion to the contrary, that, even after you had heard twenty times from me the principles of Nonconformists, of whom I am proud to be one, you could say hard things of them. Not the least was an assertion, in my hearing, that they were in favour of disestablishment out of envy of the Church, because she was doing more good than they—an affront I should scarcely expect from an enemy.

I may remind you also of certain little matters which show at least how similar actions at different times denote inconsistency or change. When we returned from the Lake after Ben's wedding, *vis-à-vis* to Miss —— and ——, I tried to secure your hand, an act which properly caused you annoyance. While you were at Keighley in July last, I am not aware that you resisted an effort of mine to press your hand and keep it. Yet, driving the other night to Woodlands from the concert at Luddenden, I put my hand under your shawl that I might hold yours : you pushed my hand away, just as you had done coming from the Lake. On the next night, after you had been a week at my sister's, I was saying " Good night " after a long day and kissed her, and was about to do the same to you. You refused me. In speaking of matrimony at ——, before —— and others, you employed terms of disparagement and distaste quite beyond the limits of propriety, considering that I was present. You said that you would make your farewell calls in a black dress, for getting married was as bad as going into mourning.

Now, I could multiply such instances as these, and I have a right to do so, to show that, although you may have loved me with all your heart, you have not always endeavoured to make me think so.

You will pardon me if I give a still more direct illustration of a style of reasoning such as you have often adopted during the past two months, which shows that the memory of one of us is not quite reliable. You say : " Please, Swire, remember, if while at Keighley I did perhaps much too readily receive your loving ways, still you did try to win me, and indeed you succeeded ; all my heart was yours and still remains so." I believe that at Keighley you *did* readily receive my loving ways, I *did* try to win you ; and I thought that I had succeeded. Most people here were so far deceived as to think that the love was not more on my side than on yours. When you left me, the impression was most strong on my own mind that your heart was mine. I begged of you not to mention my proposal to your father unless you were prepared to accept me. You said you would mention it to your father, which was tantamount to saying that, if he raised no objections, you would accept my offer. You considered the matter for a month *after* that, during which time I wrote most beseeching letters to you and you fully stated your feelings, as you have stated them many a time since—you loved me, but home ties were stronger than mine, and our convictions and opinions, etc., were *so* different. The upshot was that you refused me. I wrote again, I said all I could to induce you to have me. I spent weeks of misery, such as then I prayed I might never have to go through again ; yet nothing availed, you emphatically refused me a second time and left me no hope. I kept silent for some days and wrote to say farewell—and then, and not till then, you succumbed.

Now, the point I have a right to place before you, in answer to your words just quoted, is this : Admitting that I won you at Keighley, how could your heart be really mine when you twice refused me after the fullest consideration, and after allowing the secret to be divulged that I had proposed to you ?

During all the time that you were reasoning with me, and showing that without unity there could not be happiness, and that you *could not* leave your happy home, you always said how much you esteemed my character and motives. When we were engaged, I did not hesitate to tell you how unhappy I had been, and why ; and I began to think after a short time that all your doubts had gone, that I was your all in all, those convictions were assimilating, gloomy fears were flying, and that the strings which drew you to my heart were stronger than all else, not excepting the ties of home. I was the happiest fellow in the world. By and by I began to talk seriously of marrying. I began also to get mixed up with politics (with objectionable politics) ; the school board contest opened. Dating from about Easter—the most miserable Easter you had ever spent—in spite of my presence, I noticed a change. I saw that my work had not your sympathy, and I was saddened accordingly. Your old doubts began to arise. You began to talk to me just as you did last autumn in your letters, when you were finding reasons for refusing me. You said uncharitable and inconsiderate things occasionally. In fact you disturbed my whole nature. I felt that all was not right ; and, gradually yet surely, the conviction was forced upon me that it would be a relief to you to be released from your engagement.

There was no lack of opportunities for testing my impressions, and on that eventful Sunday night our talk led quite naturally to the crisis which I had feared. You did not remove my impressions, you took no pains to show that they were erroneous ; in fact you agreed in the main with what I said. And then followed my letter, succeeded by another period of suspense and gloom, such as I had gone through in autumn.

I felt anxious above all to secure your happiness ; but at the same time I saw that it was quite impossible to do so without giving up some of the most cherished convictions of my nature, which in honour I hold ; and, then again, I had every reason to fear that I could never supply the place in your heart which the dear ones at home so impregnably held. I made up my mind that, having gone through one period of tribulation, which according to your own showing I ought never to have had imposed upon me, I would not go through another ; or, for anything I could see to the contrary, through recurring seasons of such misgivings and want of confidence. I felt that, now, your comfort was safe and was likely to continue so, but that, in coming to live with me at Keighley, it was in many ways uncertain upon your own showing.

As well as I could I analysed all our misunderstandings, convictions and motives, reviewed the past, judged from it what to expect of the future, and felt it to be my solemn duty to withdraw from the responsibility of bringing us together. I felt convinced that this course was right for you as for me ; and, having come to that conclusion, the next thing was to carry it out. In doing this none will know the pain I have suffered, but I believe that the judgment of time and my own conscience will approve the step I took.

Again thanking you for the great kindness of your letter, I am, with every good wish,

Yours sincerely,
SWIRE SMITH.

This was the tragedy to which he could never refer lightly. Even now it was not ended, for the lady who did not know her mind could not measure the strength of his. He had to write nine letters more, incapable of writing one letter harshly ; for she begged foolishly that he would come to see her, and then that he would see her father.

The end came with his consent to see her father *if the whole correspondence were first put before him.* She did not face that judgment.

Acknowledging at last the return of his letters, he promised that the packet should never be opened by rude hands, and should be destroyed on the day he heard she was married. These promises were made at her request. Like her, he also looked forward to a meeting some day when their emotions should be less painful and more controllable ; and, blaming himself for lack of quicker insight—" for your principles are as much to you as mine are to me " —he assured her that they would then have much to say to each other.

They met again only once and that was after forty years She never married.

CHAPTER VII

George Smith's new house—Mr. Bright at One Ash—A Swiss tour with ladies — Stone-rolling on the Piz Corvatsch — *Punch* jokes — The marriage handicap — A model begging letter — Students' night—Smith and McLaren—Travel gaieties and habits—Perils on the Mer de Glace—Affection in gondoliers—" Black Monday " at Bradford—He buys a mill—Mr. Bright on making speeches.

HE carried on. That phrase, which meant so much in desperate situations of the war, serves very well for the emergency that shook, I think, his faith in marriage but not in womanhood.

George Smith, whose leisure was given to his horses and the proper study of mankind, had built himself a house more suited to his means than Wagon Fold. It was substantial if plain, and it stood nearly opposite the new Institute, in the centre of the town. The name of it was Low Field. Here his distinguished son was to live for many years, and to see his mother die at seventy and his father, that " genial John Bull," at ninety. Distinctions did not weaken family ties. As the father backed his sons handsomely, so the eldest son made the affairs of his brother and sisters his own, writing to them constantly and often seeing them. He was much concerned with the troubles of Sam at Huddersfield, because the artist, condemned to run a cotton mill, seemed never to know what might happen to him. More than once, during the last half-dozen years, he had helped him out of a scrape, or given him staid advice on account-keeping, or replied to some complaint of bad times with a " Be steady, boy." He was not to be shaken out of his own stride.

Among other bonds and duties, none helped him more than those owing to the friendship of Mrs. Duncan McLaren, a woman of noble temper who had his confidence. Her son, Mr. Walter S. B. McLaren, had come to him as an apprentice. Throughout the love affair she had been his wise adviser, so far as she could be without knowing the lady's incapacity; and, incidentally, he had visited John Bright at Rochdale at her suggestion, in her son's company. This was in the previous December. He made interesting notes of Mr. Bright's conversation and surroundings.

The house was about a mile from the station, on the outskirts of the town; it stood at the head of a carriage drive 150 yards long, and was built of brick, not large, the rooms downstairs being a drawing-room with folding doors that led to another, a dining-room and a library. We were met at the door by Albert and William Bright, perhaps 26 and 21 years of age respectively. They gave us a genial welcome, and chatted merrily on many topics. By and by Mrs. Bright came in. She is rather tall, stout, and of middle age. She wore an old-fashioned figured silk dress, plain. Her hair plain. Cheerful, but a little prim. Then Miss Sophie Bright came, a pretty blond girl not more than twenty, rather short, plump and very quiet. Her looks greatly pleased me. We had sundry chats about Walter's family and Keighley.

Mr. Bright presently entered. He seemed to lean a little forward in his walk, and was not so well fleshed as when last I saw him. His face was fresh and clear, his hair white and long, covering his ears, his collar of the old stand-up type, with a scarf and pin. His whole look reminded me much of Mrs. McLaren. He shook hands, said he was glad to see me, and sat down in the arm-chair, close by me. He made inquiries about Walter's family, and, these concluded, turned to me and asked about business, saying he was told that there was much more fluctuation in worsted than in cotton. I explained this by saying that the trade was altogether smaller; that half a dozen large buyers operating together could at any time secure an advance in wool or yarns.

He was astonished that we had no school board. When I explained the facts he said, "In my opinion Lord Sandon and those fellows don't care to push the Act at all." He also said: "If the Government had waited another year, they would have given time for public opinion to take shape, and a sound measure might then have been presented."

In the course of much talk on transient politics, he remarked that—

Many good men, when the Corn Laws were repealed, sat down as if the work of their lives was accomplished; and so it was with the passing of every good measure. Thus the Conservative ranks were and always would be recruited. Men liked to rest. He had himself a great dread of public speaking, and never did speak but when compelled to do so.

Thereupon, profound respect notwithstanding, his young guest attacked him on technical instruction.

I said, "I think you once remarked that you did not see your way to any system of so-called technical education—that in fact you were not prepared to support the establishment of technical schools from Parliamentary grants." He rather sharply answered, "Did I say so? Where?" I replied, "At Birmingham." "Did you hear me?" "No." "Because," said he, "I have often been reported to say things I never did say. My view, so far as I remember the conclusions I arrived at, is this: Give every child a good groundwork—and now I mean something far above what elementary schools have yet done—and leave the rest to individual enterprise and determination."

I said that technical schools on the Continent had developed new trades and revived old ones. Mr. B. said his experience showed that difficulties often developed talent more than advantages. He did not know that we had in England any of the schools I spoke of, yet in all great works of skill we had far surpassed other nations. He was by no means opposed to such schools: but he doubted the wisdom in a country like England, so rich in capital, of the State helping special industries.

I told him that in Chemnitz the weaving school was said to have done great things. In many of the mills fancy goods, such as had not been thought of here, were woven for the Eastern markets, which were once exclusively supplied by England. He had an impression that designs—say in France—were produced by some genius who had his assistants, and these started on their own account, and so on. It seemed to him that any one wanting to learn the weaving trade of Rochdale, say flannels, had best go into the mills, where it must be taught better than in any schools.

I said: "Suppose that people didn't want plain flannels, but flannels with a pattern in them, and you needed to introduce designs to meet the demand; wouldn't your superior weavers profit by a knowledge of composition, colours, etc.? And where, at present, could such knowledge be obtained?" He thought there was something in what I said.

Walter said that Mr. B. must come to see the Keighley school, and I am not sure that such a visit is not possible. When I rose to go he said he was sorry; he had enjoyed my company and he would be glad to see me again. He came with me to the door and shook hands in a most friendly manner. I left One Ash deeply impressed, and more delighted than any words of mine can express with the evening I had spent.

Within the next few months the debt was cleared from the Institute, and the school board, in a fight with the Department of Education, had designed the first elementary school in England on the class-room system. A universal reform was brought on as the result of interest in Germany.

The two friends who more than others shared his disappointment in love, his old chum and the young wife of that chum, planned for him a trip to the Engadine, for which he was readier than for commiserations. They took it with him in September. A lady Alpinist, Miss Grace Hirst—who soon afterwards left this country for New Zealand—laid out for them the route, delightfully described in a book on Switzerland from her pen; and the prospect revived him.

DEAR MISS HIRST (he wrote),—We shall carry out your directions in every particular *if able to do so*. I am anxious to see the Schyn Pass and to go forward by the Albula Pass.

As for the excursion from Pontresina, I was quite snubbed a few days ago at Bradford by a German gentleman fresh from the Engadine when I told him that we intended to "do" the Piz Corvatsch. He said, "Impossible." I said it had been recommended by a lady friend as a good excursion for moderate walkers. He said that the lady was making fun of me, and depend upon it she hadn't done it. My friend is a young man, so I let him exaggerate the difficulties, and then, as they say, "I took the change out of him." I said a German mightn't be able to go up Corvatsch, or even Snowdon for that matter, but my friend knew what she was talking about and *who* she was talking to; she had been up Mont Blanc and could as easily go up the Matterhorn or Monte Rosa. It almost ended in my being challenged to a walking match; but, as I would not admit of any limit short of forty miles, I bragged him out.

Two other ladies, a Miss Dixon and a Miss Taylor, together with a male friend, joined the party, and Corvatsch was climbed with three guides between 6 and 11 a.m. and "God Save the Queen" sung on the summit. Writing to Miss Hirst, after the three weeks' trip, he said:

One cannot see the poverty of the Albula without being impressed by the happy lot of all living things in the Engadine. We found your name in the visitors' books often, and in out-of-the-way places; I believe our ladies made special search for it everywhere; they seemed to think of you as the spirit of every mountain, dale and dell.

You know the way up the Landquart; one winds through the forest of pines and Alpine cedars, and then it goes up and up in a very monotonous manner. But at the top we found our breath to praise the almost matchless view. I could not have believed that any view could be so glorious. There was hardly a cloud and the breeze was a zephyr, so that we sat on the rocks and enjoyed ourselves to the full. There was something else we enjoyed. I dream of thick sandwiches and a lump of Gruyère cheese as among the sweetest morsels I ever tasted. While we stayed on that little pinnacle, which of course seemed to us to be the centre of the earth, we had no fewer than twenty-two tourists and guides there—clustered like flies on a sugar-stick; and I fancy that our party was responsible for the general lingering. The rest were all foreigners, and our part-singing seemed to please them. Many people would run away from " Hail, Smiling Morn " in a drawing-room who might listen to it with different feelings on the top of a mountain; and a Scotch song like " Annie Laurie " brought down the house, although not one in five understood the words.

Not the least interesting of our adventures was our descent into the Montarabsch ice cave. You know all about it, you have crept through the blue seams, and crawled beneath masses that looked as if they might at any moment embed you for ever as flat as a penny. And you have heard the wind echo, and the suggestive sound of the ice water as it pours into unfathomable depths. Very cold, very novel, and a wee bit dangerous, but intensely interesting. You will see no colour in New Zealand so beautiful as the blue of the glacier grotto of Montarabsch. We lunched on a heap of stones in the sunshine, and Ambuhl (the guide) drank sherry brandy and sang his best songs.

Of course, after knocking about the ice and peeping into moulines (he held the ladies), Ambuhl certified that we could do anything, and we arranged to climb Corvatsch next day. . . .

We all went to bed in good time, for we had a great work before us. At 3 a.m. I awoke and looked out. The fields were white with frost, the hills enveloped in big clouds. I groped my way down the dark stairs, and all but fell over the huge dog that wanders like a calf about the hall the whole day long. At 3.30 our guides appeared, filling the hall with garlic and tobacco. They bore ice-axes in their hands and coils of rope round their shoulders; in the dim light of the flickering lamps these fellows might have had some dread business doing. Then came the " inspanners " to the door, the bells jingling and the drivers cracking their whips.

As we rumbled over the bridge in dusky moonlight I own that I felt a thrill of excitement. By and by the Bernina and his brother peaks blushed crimson above us, and brightened to burnished silver; soon the valley was full of light. We began our climb near the glacier at 6 a.m. People say it is foolish to bear the fatigue and risk of mountaineering, the game does not pay the candle; but they do not know how it rouses dormant faculties, making us feel—for the time at least—that we have in us better stuff than dreams are made of. . . . The last slope was a little exciting. But the steps that Ambuhl cut were short and deep, there was no wind, and I think our three guides could have held us if we had all set off rolling together. We reached the top at eleven.

What a superb panorama! The next pinnacle seemed so near that two of us offered to make to it, but the guides laughingly told us we could not do it under four hours; so deceptive are distances over the snow.

I think you have said that your friend Miss Taylor has a weakness for rolling stones over precipices. She has my sympathy. To think of the cartloads of stones that I have rolled into such gulfs as the Via Mala! With what ecstasy I have seen the thundering splash at the bottom! Childish enjoyment? Very weak? Never mind, I am often both childish and weak, and perhaps I am happiest then. I remember coming over the bridge in the Schyn Pass, some 300 feet above the stream; we three boys had walked on ahead and collected a pile of stones, ready for our ladies. One stone would weigh fully a hundredweight, it took all three to lift it to the parapet. A carriage came by in which were two of the primmest and stoutest maiden ladies. For days we had noted their stiffness. But they saw the stone and guessed what was to happen; they hesitated. The driver was called on to halt, and the younger and stouter, saying "I cannot resist this," bounded out—and in her hurry failed to see a pile of large pebbles by the roadside and *fell over them*. I blush even now to think of my rudeness. I laughed right out, I couldn't help it. We all laughed; even the lady herself laughed; I laugh still to think of it.

But I am telling you about the Corvatsch. Our fun was grand there. One stone dislodged another and another, and away they all went bounding towards Silva Plana like a pack of hounds, taking huge leaps from crag to crag. Ambuhl besought us not to tumble down the whole mountain.

He hurried home alone, business claiming him; but this letter of many pages, completed two months later, shows what a habit he made of looking at life on the bright side. I find him sending more jokes than usual to Charles Keene. There was the naïve exchange of sentiments between the lady's maid and the footman, standing near a railway engine:

"Oh, John, if the boiler was to burst!" "Why, goodness, Maria, if it only did you would be singin' among the angels." There was also the well-known duologue of the impatient fare and the cabby (but this he had from Mr. Goldwin Smith): "Cabby, did you ever see a snail?" "Yes, sir!" "Then you must have met it, for I'll be d—d if you ever passed one!" The authorship of these *Punch* jokes is another revelation of the letter-book.

It would have been strange if a lively optimist, blessed with benevolent and enterprising habits, had turned his back on marriage after one glimpse of its risks. He did not do so. But, in proportion to the warmth and resolution of that spirit of his, the experience had been humiliating, and must have deterred him for years—I know of nothing else that did—from attempts equally serious. He was to meet many better women, and his kindness for all who were companionable was—shall I say?—inveterate. However, I have met no man so scrupulous of personal responsibility; and, with that, he had so much practical male sense as to be almost without intuition. Women's minds were, I suppose, more of an unknown quantity to him than even to most men. See what pains he had taken, visible in the long letter, to arrive at an exact knowledge of a woman's motives. He reached this knowledge surely, but only by experience.

It was possible to "fall in love," but there was little prospect of being carried off his feet, considering the overwhelming strength of his idealism. All his life was passed, one may say, in accommodating facts to that, or that to facts; so no man could have more cause than he to know the truth of Russell Lowell's verse:

> The'ry thinks fact a pooty thing,
>   An' wants the banns read right ensuin';
> But fact won't nowise wear the ring
>   'Thout years of settin' up and wooin'.

A letter to Mrs. McLaren shows how the tenacity of his ideals made a happier courtship unlikely, if it was to be deliberately undertaken. His conclusion was only that he had chanced upon the wrong woman of her kind, not that he had chosen the wrong kind of woman. He wrote :

> To be in any way responsible for breaking off an engagement is one of the things that I have always thought the most improbable in the world for me. My mother says that I made my mistake in ever entering into it. I suppose most of my intimate friends will say the same, and yet I do not think so at all. She was a teetotaller among other things ; and a good musician. Such a quality and such an accomplishment implied much that was in accord with my nature. Then she was described to me as *par excellence* a house-wife, dutiful and cheerful. My friendship with her confirmed this description.

So he only wished that the little lady had been ten years younger, to have had less prejudice. His ideal was still the "dutiful and cheerful housewife," nurtured piously. But all kinds of women do not grow narrower with years ; and he had yet to live many years himself, and to see much of the world, before narrowing creeds and conventions, Church or Nonconformist, estranged him from both alike, and left him to shape, as best he could, another notion of the wife who might have made him happy. The heyday in the blood never had its way with him.

Everything else went well ; and, to his unbounded satisfaction, that year there were more Keighley boys winning exhibitions to the Royal Colleges of Science and Art than any city in Great Britain sent up. For a proof of normal spirits, I copy the following begging letter, a model :

> DEAR ——, I looked through the subscription list of the Mechanics' Institute and could not find the name of your firm in it. I do not think that you subscribed to the building fund. I assure you that a donation will be thankfully received.
>
> Wishing to appraise your interest in the town and Institute as fairly as I can, compared with others, I have put you down in my mind at £20. I mention this as suggesting a minimum

rather than a maximum donation. At the same time I am well aware that beggars cannot be choosers.

With kindest regards, believe me, yours sincerely,

SWIRE SMITH.

When the debt in question was cleared off, there were jollifications. Mr. John Brigg, now president of the Institute, gave two receptions to some two thousand guests, the school of art being transformed into a suite of drawing-rooms and the lecture hall into a ballroom. There had been nothing like them in Keighley, and the gratified Committee resolved, very shrewdly, to hold a week of such jollifications every year, in which the whole town might participate on payment for admission.

Dancing had been suspect or taboo in most households and social intercourse scanty and rude, except for the well-to-do; but in these entertainments at the Institute—called *conversaziones* by some one fond of Italy (the English plural served, or the grand name was shortened to "cons")—the youth of the town learnt honesty and manners in some freedom. This fell in with the humour of my friend. He was to be seen on students' night making a proud fuss with an air of intrigue, much as if the young folks were children of his own; and on what was called the popular night the master spinner and his ex-apprentice might dance with girls working in their factory.

Mr. McLaren was exceeding expectations. He had conducted a small newspaper during the school board election, he sometimes spoke well at public meetings with his principal, and he showed a quick aptitude in business. Socially, too, he came into the circle of élite with natural ease, sharing its complaisant purpose and its amenities.

And then, in 1876, prudent men in the trade were aware of some shadow on it, always darkening. The war boom had spent itself. That was common knowledge. But there seemed to be more than that, there seemed to be some menace in the creeping shadow. As yet, it had only fallen upon those mills which spun or wove for foreign markets; Swire

Smith's own business had not suffered. He could plume himself upon having resisted the temptation to snatch at a passing chance. He was glad to have no more than forty-six spinning frames, four combs and three twisters—a modest outfit; and, even so, began to have uneasy thoughts. The export trade was not perishing because of some shadow on Europe as a whole, or on America: there was so such consolation. At Keighley he had a finger on the pulse of commerce, for a word with his cousin Prince, the machine maker, was enough to confirm an ugly diagnosis. There were far more looms and frames being made for other countries than for Yorkshire.

Here, then, was the sequel of what he had seen in Germany and France, a stubborn certainty of disaster, now imminent; and, though it had not touched him directly, it would indirectly do so. There would be keener competition for the home trade. There would be labour troubles. Nor was it impossible that the worsted industry should be reduced to a mere survival, if fashion ran on foreign goods designed with artistry

True foreboding. The industry was entering on a fight for life. Yet the prospect did not depress or worry him, it nerved him; and in December of that year Walter McLaren joined him as a partner. The Fleece Mills business became that of Smith and McLaren. One is no better able to imagine beforehand the actual anguish of such a fight than that of an expected war.

Meanwhile, he saw more of Switzerland and Italy. A pleasant project, suggested by the sense of obligation, occurred to his friend John Brigg and him; in return for unsparing help given to them in their German tour of 1872 they would offer two pleasure trips to Professor Louis Miall. "This they professed," says that companion, "was no more than a fitting reward for our educational explorations"; and Mr. Miall's memories of them both are grateful.

To go about foreign lands with two such friends, whether the thing in hand were business or pleasure, was a school in which an apt pupil might learn much, while even a dull pupil could not help learning something. Not to fritter away time on things that signify little or nothing, not to miss opportunities that may never recur, to be ready to make sacrifices for a comrade, not (in small things) to lament troubles which can or troubles which cannot be averted, are lessons that avail more than a great deal of fugitive excitement.

Swire's good humour and spirits were inexhaustible. The most trying incidents of travel—bad weather, hunger, unforeseen delay, or whatever else—only prompted him to fresh efforts. He might bring out funny Yorkshire stories or scraps from Mark Twain, or bits of poetry, or time-honoured songs like " Drink to Me Only " and " The White-blossomed Sloe," but I don't recollect that he ever drooped. As I write, there seems to come up before me his figure, the gusto with which he rolled out his music, and the pleasant smile. Charles Darwin said that we ought to acquire in our travels some of the good qualities of most sailors. Those are doubly fortunate who can acquire at the same time some of the good qualities of successful business men.

Things that signify little ? One is grateful, all the same, to find such things in the diary. For example, in Paris, a droll picture of the three travellers in an old cab with " a skeleton horse and an antediluvian man. How we did amble !—and there was actually a bell attached to the cab to warn people to keep out of the way." As to the qualities of successful business men, I note one of them. Every such diary of travel made by Sir Swire Smith was prefaced by an itinerary, by a list of places to which letters might be addressed from home, and by a memorandum of things to be worn and carried. Here is the memorandum in question for this Alpine journey :

Overcoat ; plaid. Extra pair trousers and boots. Slippers. Extra flannel shirt. Under flannel, drawers, two pairs stockings, nightshirt, scarf, woollen vest, gloves. Safety pins. Brush and comb, tooth-brush, razors, soap. Pens, paper, ink-bottle, note-book, sketch-book, cards. Court plaster, glycerine, magnesia. Drinking cup, flask (?). Matches. String, laces, straps. Veil, spectacles, opera glass. Needles and thread. Paper collars and fronts, handkerchiefs. Alpenstock. Books—Murray's *Switzerland*, Baedeker's *Language Manual*, Keller's map, Ball's *Alpine Guide*, Tyndall's *Glaciers*, *Romeo*, Tennyson.

This outfit was for a fortnight's go-as-you-please between Basle and Geneva, during which they "made some minor ascents and poked about among glaciers."

Mountaineers by profession and achievement might have so described their adventure, but one gathers that an enthusiast for beauty got on very well with two sober gentlemen in quest of knowledge. He indeed fell half asleep at the Waldstätter Hof while they discussed geology over a map ; but he was always up first in a morning, and once he got the others out of bed to see the sun rise on the Eggishorn. It was a finer sight than hornblende, serpentine and muschelkalk, "and M., with his rug round him and bare feet, looked a Father Ignatius." The diary has notes on the colouring of sky, peaks and valleys as it changed in faultless loveliness from 4.30 to 6.10 a.m. Then at Zermat, to his great joy, he ran across two old flames of his picnicking days (which were not over), and sang trios with them in starlight—he and they under the plaid—and breakfasted with them next morning.

We drew together the two tables and had the room all to ourselves. The morn was cloudy, and Caspar said it was best not to start for the Riffel yet, so we had all our songs and glees ; and villagers and guides grouped under the windows, and some of the servants loitered in the passages, to hear us. A music professor who seems to live on the premises came into the room ; he sat with great enjoyment, asking especially who was the composer of "O Memory," it was "superb."

Long after the time we had fixed for starting, our carriage had not come ; I looked out of the window once, and saw Boots in the street ; he winked, and said it would be round in a few minutes. At the same time I winked to him that we were in no hurry, and my wink was understood. But at last it came; and we struck up "Auld Lang Syne" and sang it with all our hearts, shook hands again and again, jumped in, and, with a wave to them as our mule joggled round the corner, parted from our friends.

Their visit to the Mer de Glace was not, however, without those "trying incidents."

We had hoped to get round the corner and see the meeting of the glaciers; but the moraine, where it joined the ice, was very steep and dangerous. Huge blocks of granite were merely perched amid the loose sand and débris, and were always likely to roll down upon us. It was out of the question to walk along the steep moraine above each other, for stones were frequently dislodged that would have crushed or injured any of us who had been in their way. For some distance we walked on the ice; but it was so deeply crevassed that we had difficulty in making progress and were glad to get to the moraine again. B. helped M. over the stones, and many a time his nerves were put to the stretch. It was not so much so with B. and me, for from boyhood we have been accustomed to test our nerves by climbing trees and leaping from rock to rock.

We came back as we best could to the point usually taken by those who cross the ice, and, as all seemed to be clear, we made a start. The track was not easy to make out, but at first our path was neither dangerous nor difficult.

Three-quarters across, the crevasses became more numerous and deep, and often one that it was not prudent to leap over cut us off. M. was not at all good on his feet. I went on before to find a way, and tried many ways before I saw a clear course. We helped M. by giving him our two stocks to hold, one standing before and the other behind him. One or two points were really awkward; and we had to cut steps and put out our strength, in order to make his position safe. It must have taken us near an hour to cross. . . . In due time we made our way along the Mauvais Pas, by the charming waterfalls, and then walked down to the foot of the glacier. I was surprised to find how much it had changed since Ben and Sam and I saw it in 1864.

All down the valley thick clouds gathered, and there was vivid lightning. I had my plaid, which I put about me and was prepared for the storm; but B. and M. had no extra covering. We had nearly three miles to walk. We did it manfully at a good tramp, the rain increasing and the whole valley sometimes lighted up. M. felt the rain run down his back, and all of us had our boots full; they were amusing about it. Then I chaffed them about their mackintoshes and umbrellas—a light mackintosh so useful, an umbrella indispensable, it comes in for sunshine as well as showers.

That night B. dined in his ulster overcoat, and a fine picture he was; M. in mine. What merry fellows we were notwithstanding.

Merry fellows, but not to be put upon. Mr. Miall tells how he was rid of a pestilent rogue on the Italian tour, amusingly. They were struggling up the ashy cone which forms the summit of Vesuvius, badgered by a crowd of ruffians offering help; and one of these began to walk just above him, so as to disturb the ashes and make his loose footing worse. Extortion. Mr. John Brigg was a serene gentleman with the handsome dignity of a sheik, tall and bearded. He crossed above the rascal in turn, and, laying a hand quietly on each of his shoulders, gave him a sharp push; whereupon he descended the steep cone with strides that became longer as his pace increased! The horde abandoned them.

It was another story in Venice, where Swire looked up the gondoliers he knew and swapped songs with them again, and fed them liberally as friendship prompted.

François' adieux were affectionate. Time after time he wished to be remembered to Ben and to William Briggs and their ladies, and then, when the time for parting came, he left his place in the bow and seized each of us by the hand, and kissed our hands most touchingly. When I paid him he went through another performance, and Giuseppe came and kissed my hand too. The little scene was amusing, but we had made friends of these men and it affected me, I must say.

That spring month in Italy was a time of very happy leisure, enjoyed as if there were no hereafter; for now he knew his way about, and his purse was fuller, and things at home were at all events in good hands. Besides, he was showing the rich scene to his companions. Nothing could please him better than that, at any time. So I find him taking his farewells with Byron's salutation in *Childe Harold*:

> Fair Italy!
> Thou art the garden of the world, the home
> Of all Art yields and Nature can decree:
> Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
> Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility.

Coming back over the Simplon, there was peril.

Often the snow cuttings on the Swiss side were fifteen feet deep, and at the second refuge after the Hospice we were called to a sudden halt; an avalanche had fallen. Five diligences in all were stopped, and it would take two hours to clear the road even if no more snow rolled down. I walked on to the scene of the accident, and, returning for my snow glasses, determined to be of some use if possible. I got a spade and worked for an hour as hard as anybody, but I was then fairly worked out. Under the action of the hot sun more *chutes* were falling; but, after hard exertions, the carriages could be got through, the wheels sinking to their axles and the horses to their knees. The men were excited, yet did not dare to make much noise; there was no cracking of whips; but the horses knew the danger and were full of mettle. They pulled like horses going with engines to a fire, and, once through, they whirled down the road at full gallop.

Mr. Miall's recollections of those pleasant days preserve an incident that followed the return home. A botanist, he asked leave to bring a class of students to explore Currer Wood, on a farm owned by George Smith; and, when they came, Swire invited the party to take tea with him.

An excellent rustic meal was served out to us by a man who had much the appearance and manner of an uncommonly old-fashioned manservant, and who treated us all with surprising familiarity, cracking his jokes freely. After tea I was feeling in my pocket for half a crown, when the fact leaked out that he was Swire's father. Both father and son, I think, greatly enjoyed my perplexity.

No doubt they did. In such mystifications, accidental and designed, the humour of Yorkshiremen diverts itself a good deal, playing a sort of jiu-jitsu with unwary victims; and George Smith himself used to tell with great relish a similar story. A stranger with whom he chatted while taking a Turkish bath—for about this time the baths and wash-houses were at last finished—spoke of Swire Smith and asked the old boy if he knew him. "I should do," said he. "I live i' t' same house." And the stranger said, "I suppose you'll be his butler, then."

There is a key to Yorkshire character in such humour. Men so careless of appearances take their pleasure in realities. The care for these is more than they disclose.

At a time when, in the worsted trade, all bluffs were to be tried out, Swire Smith had accepted a propitious partnership. This not only doubled the firm's capital, and gave him for the first five years two-thirds of any trading profit, but enabled him, by spinning carpet yarn, to secure orders from the Brights at Rochdale while ordinary spinners were at their wits' end for lack of business. For this purpose, before he snatched the time for that Italian holiday, he had bought a mill at Armley where such yarn was spun, and was running it as an adjunct. The merit of this extension was that he spun carpet yarn for orders, when other firms were making unsaleable stock. Going to buy his wool at the Liverpool sales, he would call at Rochdale for an order first, and regulate his buying by it.

But now the general situation had to be faced; carpet yarn was but a "side line." He returned from Italy to a "black Monday" at Bradford, the market paralysed by a great firm's failure; and yet it was necessary to leave Fleece

Mills for a larger factory, or the new capital would be lying idle.

As he had feared, the fashions demanded foreign fabrics, and English mills could not produce anything like these fabrics. A spinner, he was in this respect at the mercy of unskilful weaving firms. With a view to the extension, and to current needs, he had bought large stocks of wool when it was cheap; but before he could profit by that speculation there were other failures. The irresistible competition came not from Germany, but from France, mistress of the fashions; and his note on the sequel of the war between those two countries is memorable:

> The strength of Germany has become her weakness. From the war of 1870 every German went home in triumph. Every German felt proud and elated, relaxed his efforts, spent more freely, struck for higher wages and less work. To-day Germany is depressed beyond measure, unable to give employment to her people.
>
> The weakness of France has become her strength. She was terribly weakened and humiliated. Every Frenchman felt that his country needed his energies, he must work for existence. Since 1870 no nation has prospered so much or so developed its resources.

However, he was tied to "fight the course." One day, in Bradford, he heard an important man talk of buying a mill at Keighley, for which he himself had made an offer. Within a few days the firm of Smith and McLaren secured it. Their bid for it was £15,000, the exact amount of the new capital; and in January 1879, while the purchase was not yet completed, four well-known firms suspended payment in one week. A bad outlook. Many men sang the praise of technical instruction by this time, and those were loudest who had seen the French Exhibition of 1878; but there was small satisfaction in having been a true prophet. True, the Keighley school was a model imitated freely. He was constantly receiving deputations of school managers or replying to their inquiries. But all this might be too late for the present generation, and his only real satisfaction was to find the school assisting brilliant boys. An instance, one of many that have had national importance, is noted now.

> A youth stopped me to ask if I would accept a picture from him. He said that a few years ago he was a half-timer in my employ, and that I had offered to pay his fees at the school of art. He had accepted my kindness for a year, and now he wished to acknowledge it. I remembered finding out his talent in a visit to the national school. I now thanked him, and next morning he brought some paintings and drawings to my office, when I accepted a chalk drawing and said that I would frame it myself. He is training to be a drawing master.

This boy, the son of a blacksmith whose family were musicians, became in turn the Head Master of the Leicester School and the Principal of the Royal College of Art. He is Mr. Augustus Spencer, who lately retired on a pension.

But there were many things to make life gratifying at this time, though it pressed so hard that dances had to be neglected, and the Sunday school teachership resigned, and the resumed diary cut down to memoranda. The Bradford Chamber of Commerce made Swire Smith the youngest member of its Council. He was called upon for speeches and papers everywhere, on his pet subject, on thrift, on temperance, on the Afghan War, on the Eastern Question, and on general politics ; while in 1877 he had repeated the lecture on Venice in four places. There were personal gratifications too. He records that John Bright took a fancy to him—which was not surprising ; for he made journeys to hear the Tribune speak, saw him sometimes at home, and presented him with a loyal address from the Keighley Liberals. The old and the young manufacturer had common ideas about labour and most other things, as well as about free trade.

Once Mr. Bright gave him a talk on the technique of oratory. He had been speaking on America, when Mr.

T. B. Potter, his Parliamentary colleague, returned from a tour in that country. While he smoked a cigar after supper at One Ash—

I asked him if, in preparing such a speech, he wrote much of it in full. He said, "Scarcely any." The labour of writing was too great, and that of committing to memory intolerable. In his earlier days he did so. The attempt to memorize did not at all succeed, and once, when speaking with Cobden (I think on education) he forgot his speech and fairly broke down. His method for a great number of years has been, first, to understand his subject thoroughly—read of it, think of it, converse about it, till it is mastered—and then, said he:

"I make notes of the points and facts I wish to bring forward. Finally, I sit down and picture what I want to say, making skeleton notes on paper for the occasion, bringing in quotations and figures in their places, inserting important words or sometimes whole sentences, ending often with the words of the peroration. I do not write out the speech at all. Having made notes of my ideas, the words *come*; and, by trusting to my feelings, and the sympathies or opposition of the meeting, I am able after long practice to say what I try to say, and I can refer here and there to the speeches of others or to new thoughts as they arise."

He said that his great anxiety always was to make himself clearly understood and yet to avoid being diffuse. His own feeling was that his speeches were too long. It was a speaker's business to study the capacity of his audience as well as his own power.

I asked what preparation his famous speech on the Burials Bill had received. He said, "None. When I went down to the House I had no intention of speaking."

I remarked that he had referred but little to his notes, and that either he must have a subject well in mind or the notes must be very plain. He said, "Well, I'll show you my notes," and he took them from his breast pocket and handed then to me, saying, "If they are of use to you, you may keep them." I was overjoyed.

He told me that Cobden did not use notes at all, but he (Mr. B.) had often advised him to do so, as his speeches were unequal. Sometimes Cobden made speeches that were splendid; then again, he would often say that he wished some one would kick him before he began. Of the Corn Law speakers Fox was the most polished and effective. " He was far ahead of us. But I suppose we were good enough, upon the whole."

Miss Sophie, in walking up from the meeting, had told me that she always knew when her father had a speech on hand, as he sat at his table. He had a short, nervous cough.

I am much impressed with the simplicity of the household arrangements. Before breakfast this morning (19-12-79), the servants were called in—three of them—and Mr. B. sat at a corner of the table and read Psalm 103 in a manner I have never heard equalled. The voice was like the voice of a prophet.

CHAPTER VIII

Romance of a new factory—Ways with workpeople—" That man works at our mill "—Bad times—Grass in Bradford streets—Heckling—Lodore—Apple blossom and ladies' boots—Ruskin—School stories—Too much chivalry—A cry for help.

SPRINGFIELD MILL, which Swire Smith was to run as long as he remained in business, might have been built for him by a patron. It was new; it had cost £10,000 more than Smith and McLaren gave for it; and, as great care had been taken to build it well and to equip it with the best machinery, the partners would save £1,000 a year in power and wages.

The story of this building was a little strange: " One man soweth and another reapeth." The spinner by whom it was designed with a fearless enterprise was dead, leaving a cartload of empty champagne bottles in his cellar. He built a model mill and died, and then, to the edification of many admirers, he went into bankruptcy; though he had built a mill, he had not paid for it. This, in fact, was a man who had made money rapidly after the war, and had hoped to go on doing so; but he owed £30,000 to the Bradford Banking Company, who now, it seems, were glad to sell the mill for half that sum.

Smith and McLaren were commonly thought to have purchased a white elephant. An unfriendly local newspaper, the *Keighley Herald*, flattered them with the remark that " a Roman general who had lost a battle was rewarded by the citizens because he had not despaired of his country ": a sneer which perfectly appraised Swire Smith's temper, if he had lost no battle yet. The mill doubled his spinning plant, and with the help of his young associate he would have to double his business.

However, he did not attempt more. The two smaller mills were dismantled. It was sufficient that, if the worsted industry *were* saved and any golden age brought in, there would be plenty of room to build again at Springfield.

And what of his workpeople in these times? Well, he had something yet to learn, as all employers had, of the spirit in which legislation for their welfare might be contemplated. He was jealous of all such legislation pushed in between himself and them. But, for the same reason, he had refused to have anything to do with an association of factory occupiers, and, for stronger reasons still, with a national federation of capitalists. Such a federation, he told the promoters, would have more power for evil than for good. Capital could always hold its own. There was the spirit of future legislation, all the same, in the paternal relation in which he saw himself standing with his spinners and combers, who had no trade union. In two years the wage-rate had fallen by a third, and "hands, who would have given you two words for one, and required the greatest coaxing at high wages, can now scarcely be driven from the doors and will work for anything they can get." First, then, "we hope by paying top wages to get the best hands."

The firm did so. Many workers remained with him for thirty years. Then, although he believed that free competition must determine wages, he could help rising talent to free itself; and so the firm paid half the fees of any workers who cared to attend evening classes.

Next, he knew his hands personally, and thought to stand by the worthy ones in any special misfortune. They all saw him twice a day at least, coming his rounds, and he addressed them by their Christian names. Those who lunched in the mill knew that he took the same lunch, including a cup of coffee with the grounds floating. Many years later, he provided a rough afternoon tea. At three o'clock huge copper urns went round on trolleys, each wheeled by a couple of girls, and left a mug of tea with every worker. His very oversight of work, which was incessant, resembled a personal interest in the spinners ; for, if yarn was faulty, he would ask advice about it and talk intimately. He continually had it weighed up, so that it should not be too heavy or too light, and tested the "conditioning." The women and girls in the various rooms took turns at visiting Currer Wood on fine Saturday afternoons, and there, in those later years, he would join their picnic. He was delighted one day to hear a small boy in the street say to another, "See yo' ; that man works at our mill !" The older hands were pensioned.

A little while before the purchase Sam, the artist misfitted, had come home. His unfortunate cotton mill had been burnt down, at a loss only partly covered by insurance, and he had no desire to set up another business. With Sam's affairs his brother was no longer troubled.

But his own set him sometimes chafing. "If only trade would be good," he writes to a friend, "I would measure the earth ! I don't see the good of being a bachelor without a bachelor's privileges." Travel is ever his dream. "I am pushed back further and further on the shelf, and only brought off now and then for dusting." But he does not despair even of marriage, for "I often attend 'the means of grace,' and, though some may look coldly, there are others who forget my years (36) and increasing wrinkles, and who smile upon me as sweet girls *can* smile on those who *can* say soft words in their ears."

That Christmas he is, in fact, "footsore for days and days with dancing." Exuberance. Within a month of this, he also sits up six nights out of ten with his father, who has a "murderous earache."

Those times are within my recollection. They were such times as call for men of hope and spirit. I was a very young reporter on the *Keighley News*, and saw a number of sordid homes in which the women had only a few shillings. These were not typical, but their hopelessness was. The town was ugly and dirty; there was nothing cheerful in it but the Institute and the new schools—that is to say, nothing obvious. The cheerfulness of art was unknown, and that of Yorkshire "house-pride" subdued, though everything was cheap. There was an idle riff-raff in the streets. My father, a man with plenty of courage, stood in his unfrequented shop grimly. On Saturday nights, much drunkenness. Good-hearted men could only do the duties lying to their hands and make fervent plans for times to come.

Wherever Swire Smith spoke, he was much applauded. He now spoke well. He had a homely, straightforward manner, and wasted no time; and what he said, in a pleasant baritone voice, was heard by every one distinctly. Among public men then and later I heard no better speaker below the first rank; nearly all were worse ones; and there was none more evidently in earnest.

He kept his new mill going; but a great and permanent change had come for the worsted industry, and this he was only less slow than other men to admit. The new fashions meant a new level of taste. Yorkshire was a backwater to which it penetrated late; and, when it came, threatening to swamp and make away with the whole product of West Riding frames and looms, men said to each other, "Impossible! What we make is good stuff." It was a change not merely of patterns and colours, but of actual fabrics; France had begun to make ladies' wear of a kind that English combing and spinning machinery was not fitted to produce, and the old, stiff, serviceable gowns of our grandmothers, woven of alpaca, mohair and English lustre wools, were laid aside for it.

It was made from wools hitherto despised, wools grown in Australia and New Zealand; wools with a dull, short, crumpled fibre—oh, quite inferior to the straight, long, shining fibre that wore so well, and spun so well, and was so cheap—but it was dyed with anilines in finer shades than one used to see, and ladies said that it was soft and graceful. Sold first on the Continent, French fabrics now began to dominate the

British markets. It was said that we should see grass growing in Bradford streets.

No one had done more than Swire Smith to avert that calamity; and now in 1880, when things approached the worst, he fought very hard against those foolish advisers, men like the late Lord Masham (Mr. S. C. Lister), who wanted French goods kept out of the country. He did so although he was mainly spinning lustre wools, and would have profited for the desperate time being by that remedy. "Are we," he asked, "to be bound hand and foot to old Bradford methods and the old goods, whether they are wanted or not? I suppose nothing will revive Mr. Lister's drooping spirits but the return of the crinoline." He fought for better education in taste and technical skill, and was prepared, if he could, to adapt his machinery to the change.

In this way he came to be one of Mr. Bright's most distinguished henchmen, defending free trade; his view being that no good can come of burking competition, which must be fairly met and beaten. Besides, I find notes for his speeches prepared in Mr. Bright's way.

However, you are not to be entertained with old controversy; this is the story of a man, not of a man's politics, which only help to explain him. He could make no time for holidays now, but he made time for the election of 1880. Mr. Lister put up with Mr. F. S. Powell for his constituency, against Lord Frederick Cavendish and Sir Mathew Wilson, and that was not to be endured. It is still remembered that, wherever Mr. Lister went, he was ably heckled. I find in the letter-book a list of no fewer than forty-four baffling questions for him, and correspondence showing that they were systematically put round. There are also drafts of placards, very spirited. Mr. Lister was the biggest man in Bradford, but he and his colleague made a poor showing at the polls; their tent-pegs had been loosened while they slept. Many other Conservatives at this time did no better; and Swire Smith, pleased beyond measure, sat down one Sunday in his room at home, which overlooked a timber yard, and wrote letters of congratulation to all the public men he knew who had won seats.

With such cares as he had shouldered, another man might have grown prosy or worn an air of conventional importance. No one would have thought it strange. Seeing his conscientiousness in petty detail, and following from week to week the crushing anxieties of his business, I note a sense of strain. But then comes a letter to his brother, who is in Italy, and it tells of a break at Whitsuntide with all the old buoyancy.

John Brigg, L. C. Miall and I railed and drove to Grasmere, then on to Keswick and the Lodore Hotel. We spent the Sunday in seeing how the water comes down. We photographed it, crossed it a hundred times, watched the trout in it, and finally I bathed in it. This will give you an idea of the weather, for the bath was simply delicious. Then over the hill we went to Borrowdale, accompanied by a chorus of cuckoos, and back to dinner. After dinner the lake, under a perfect sky, lighted by a crescent moon.

I also attacked the drawing-room and persuaded two young ladies to play; then we ventured on "Oh, Who will o'er the Downs," and found that about a dozen of us could sing. I pleaded on the stair, even at 11 p.m., for the ladies to have one more sail, and, like Annie Arden at the cottage door, they hung a moment on my words, though, fearing chill and "What will people say?" they fled to their rooms after gentle good nights. Then some six of us—strangers to each other—serenaded them, and even made a respectable attempt at "The Image of the Rose."

Next morning, when these same young ladies took in their boots, they found them filled with lovely apple blossom. This they wore each evening afterwards, but none knew how the apple blossom came there. Now, Sammy, my boy, if you want to break any ice with any young lady, try her with blossom in her boots. Sing under her window the night before, let the flowers be lovely, and I pledge my hat she'll wear them!

On Monday I saw Ruskin—walking up Ambleside in a grey suit (long coat and grey wideawake). He wore the traditional bright blue stock and seemed comparatively strong. [Ruskin was in his sixty-second year.] He stepped along fairly erect and firmly, seeming to have many years of life in him.

In the midst of business, he could write a six-page letter to two small boy friends, sons of Mr. Alfred Illingworth, who were going away for the first time to school. It contained memories of his own life at Wesley College.

I had never been away from home before, and I felt it very strange when I went to bed in a room containing fifty-four beds.

We new boys were all told that we were to pay our " footings " : and what do you think was meant by paying footings ? We had each to run round the room three times in our nightgowns, while the boys pillowed us with all their might and main. Two big boys would stand opposite each other, and as the new boy rushed past, panting from the blows already received, one would strike him on the head with his pillow while the other struck his feet ; and unless he was prepared, down he would come on the floor, bruising his knees and sometimes his head, and all the boys would set up quite a chorus of laughter.

When I used to awake in a morning I longed to be back at smoky Keighley. I always felt saddest when I awoke before getting-up time. But when I was dressed, and had got to my work or play, then the homesickness would go, and I used to enter heart and soul into what was going on. I am afraid I was much fonder of play than I ought to have been, and I never lost an opportunity of playing cricket and football, and any game that was in fashion. . . .

In a school there are all kinds of boys. A big boy took a fancy to me, and I used to do his lessons for him. I was very proud to walk about the grounds with this big boy ; and he had more pocket money than almost any boy, and his hamper from home contained all kinds of nice things, and he used to give me a share. Other boys quite envied me, and I thought I was a very lucky fellow. But this big boy would break the rules and go out of bounds, and once or twice I went with him, and was terrified lest I should be found out.

One of the promises I had made to my mother was that I would not smoke. Well, but this big boy smoked, and he made fun of me because I would not try and smoke with him; and, worse than smoking, he liked something to drink, and would sometimes buy a bottle of wine or spirits and bring it to the school, and hide it in his trunk or desk. He tried to persuade me to drink with him, and I had the courage to say "No"; and then he called me a little duffer and used to laugh at me before other big boys, who were also his companions. The result was that I gave him up.

It chanced that, one evening, my so-called old friend and two others were caught on the stair at bedtime making a disturbance. They were taken before the Governor, and he found that they smelled strongly of brandy and tobacco; their boxes were searched, and bottles, pipes and other objectionable things were found in them. There is a true saying that a boy is known by the company he keeps, and my desk was searched too. Had there been anything there of the same kind, you may see what a stain it would have been on my character. Next morning when the school assembled (nearly two hundred boys) the Governor came along the passage, and we knew that something dreadful was to happen. I was so frightened that my heart almost ceased to beat.

The Governor stood at the Head Master's desk and called out the three boys. He told us all what they had done, and in our presence expelled them from the school, never to enter it again. We heard the cab rattle over the asphalt through the grounds. . . .

A rather severe dose of preaching is omitted. This might have served to show the Sunday-school manner, but it can be imagined. There was in those days more belief in original sin than expectation of original goodness.

The story of a less deliberate love affair, now perplexing him, shows, I think, that he missed a wife through being over chivalrous. To a young lady of one-and-twenty, among countless others, he had penned a charming letter of congratulation on her engagement to marry; and for some reason he had mentioned his own misfortune, "which you will doubtless have heard of." She was to take warning by it. She made him a confidant when they next met, and lo! she was in trouble like his own.

She had been perfectly natural and free with me, as with a brother, and I in return had been the same. . . We were alone in the woods, by the side of a beautiful stream. . . .

She said how strange that people who were so different should cast their lot together. Her hope had been for a husband fond of music, literature and the arts, one who, as a public man, could influence others, and who had a future of usefulness and honour. In my vanity I accepted the description as one—highly coloured—of my own tastes and aspirations. We sat a long time by the stream. I felt very happy. I gathered two wild rosebuds and presented them. She asked me to accept one back again. She spied a forget-me-not and gave it to me, and I gathered one and gave it to her. All this was done impulsively, but with feelings understood by both, too deep for words. I remarked that I had thought for some time she had a " sneaking regard " for me. She said she liked me very much: did I like her? I said, " More than I dare tell you." Then we both walked on, silent.

I felt a kind of terror at what had happened. I wished the present moments to last for ever. We joined our friends, with nothing more said.

For coming home at night two compartments had been engaged. A. and I got into one, expecting others to follow; but some got into a third one, and we were again alone. We were very happy, and talked very freely of what might have been. What a pity that I had not said before what I had said to-day! Had we not both been rash? It would not do to change; indeed she was quite prepared to go forward and make the best of her future. I did not ask for change. Passion grew stronger: might I give her a kiss? She said she had never been kissed but once by any one but B., and that was before being engaged. She did not say I might not. I said, " I will not kiss you," and I did not. Before parting we both promised to say nothing of what had happened, we would try and forget it.

In two days came a charming letter with thanks for the pleasant day; I was asked to visit them on the Sunday to dinner. I began to fancy that opportunities were being given for going further. Nothing happened.

Several days passed, and somebody else told me he was sure she was not happy in her engagement, it ought to be given up. Her hostess was of the same opinion, he said. I saw that I was in a perilous position, and she in a position of still greater peril. Not for years had my whole mind been so disquieted. What was right? To keep away altogether? To say I did not mean anything? Or to try and displace B.? I was disturbing A.: would it not be fair to say outright what I would do under given circumstances?

An opportunity soon came. A. joined a small party in a walking excursion and we got together. She first told me of a certain friend who had as good as said to her that if she would break off her engagement with B. he would take B.'s place. This friend was now engaged to another. Then she told me of B.'s irregular letters, sometimes very nice and again quite unlike letters from a lover. She had received one only two days ago which was so strange that she had shown it to her sister, who was quite surprised at it and asked if his letters were usually of that stamp.

I could only construe all this to mean that she was in a difficulty and would willingly get out of it if she could. That she liked me better than she liked B. I had not the slightest doubt; and, although I felt it my duty not to go to extremes (it would not be fair), I must at least make my position clear. I said, therefore—what she knew already—that I loved her, and added that, if in B.'s case the worst came to the worst, I should have something to say to her.

But the wedding day had been fixed and the guests invited.

We perfectly understood each other and felt very deeply our position. Over and over again she said how sorry she was that things were as they were. But she did not say that she intended to alter them. Four days afterwards I saw her again, and she reiterated her intention to go on. She was indescribably sorry. At supper I was the merriest of the party, but I had a heart rent in twain. I have had a blissful dream. . . .

Perhaps he would have pressed harder if affairs had not been desperate. How bad they were appears from a correspondence with his bankers. Although the invested capital of the firm was but £21,000, they owed £13,500 on bills against only £2,900 owing to themselves, and they had accumulated an immense unsaleable stock, estimated at fallen prices to be worth £37,500. This represented broken hopes. The wool from which it was spun had been bought for their new venture at eighteenpence a pound, and wool was now worth barely a shilling. Their overdraft stood at £20,800 and trade was dead. True, the bank trusted them, and by July they owed £3,800 less on bills, while their customers' debts were £900 more ; but the stock had been written down to £27,000. Loss on loss, and few customers to be trusted. Bradford men looked prematurely old, and " nowadays," he told a friend, " I scarcely ever sing."

It was at this pass in his career that the public work Swire Smith had done made a supreme call upon him. Recognizing this work, his colleagues in the trade said by a formal resolution : " Help us. Leave your business and go abroad to learn what you can from our rivals."

CHAPTER IX

Royal Commission on Technical Instruction—The notes—Sir B. Samuelson's indigestion—Unmentionable cure—Rhyme of the Seven Commissioners—Pigeons—The Phœnix Park murders and Lady Frederick Cavendish—First trip to America—" Keighley's hand in every land "—The dying mother.

HE was asked to join a Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, appointed by Mr. Mundella. It would be honorary work; not even travelling expenses were to be paid by the nation. What should he say?

His own efforts had directly procured this call for service. He had himself quickened the interest of Mr. Mundella in technical instruction, and had lately brought him to deliver prizes at the Institute school. He, more than any one else, had moved the Clothworkers' Company and the Associated Chambers of Commerce to agitate for such a Commission; he had introduced a debate at the Chambers' last meeting, and spared his partner to visit continental schools for the Company. The Bradford Chamber, which asked him to serve, had no other such fitting representative to put forward. This invitation meant, in fact, the triumph of his cause. But what of his business?

The period of which I have ventured to present Sir Swire Smith as a type will take a place in history much more important, whether for this country or for the world, than that of the Hansa League which covered 600 years. It is now ended; the world has learnt the use of machinery. But, when the Commission on Technical Instruction was appointed, what seems to have been undoubtedly at stake was the position of this country in the new age of machinery's universal use. We were to be reduced again to our natural advantages such as they are. A few men, of whom he was one, saw this to be inevitable and had grasped before the general body of British manufacturers the problem of our commercial future, that of making the utmost of those advantages. It was a problem tremendously urgent, as everybody now knows. Yet Parliament had so little sense of it that these men, if they wished to prove their foresight good, could only do so by a sacrifice of time and money which he, for one, might find ruinous. It was a test of Swire Smith's public spirit.

Ugly as the prospect was, he left his business in a young partner's hands and accepted service, the Bradford Chamber paying £100 towards his expenses. "Sometimes our surroundings encourage pride," he said in a letter of the time; "at present the humblest man is the owner of a mill." However, the work was to give him a national and continental standing, and none that he ever did proved more delightful.

The other Commissioners, with whom he was speedily on terms, were five in number. Named without the titles conferred upon them later, they were: Mr. Philip Magnus, B.A., B.Sc., representing the City Guilds; Professor H. E. Roscoe, D.L., F.R.S., for the chemical trades; Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, M.P., F.R.S., for the iron and machinery trades; Mr. John Slagg, M.P., for the cotton trade, and Mr. William Woodall, M.P., for potters. Swire Smith was younger and less known than any of them. The silk trade and agriculture were afterwards represented by Mr. Thomas Wardle and Mr. H. M. Jenkins, sub-Commissioners, while Mr. William Mather, of the firm of Mather and Platt, at Salford, paid a visit to the United States and Canada. They were fortunate in a secretary, Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave, of the Science and Art Department. Failing him, they would probably have had Mr. Matthew Arnold, an aspirant for the post.

I suppose it is not doubted that this Commission, with the well-informed efforts which it prompted, saved the manufacturing supremacy of Britain up to the time of the Great

War. Swire Smith's part in its actual work has not been known ; no one, however, will be surprised by the testimony of Mr. Redgrave : "The foreign sections of the Report were largely compiled from the notes of Sir Swire Smith." Happily for his colleagues, as well as for this biography, he had the note-making habit of a journalist. He jotted down everything as they went along, and at home made a fair copy of his notes in half a dozen books—many months' work.

But this was a less important contribution than his vivacious and shrewd curiosity, intensely practical and quite insatiable. His colleagues never saw him tired. They were all, in one degree or another, agitators like himself ; but it must have been very well that they found him such a travelling companion as he was, able to keep their spirits light. Only two of them had known him, and that slightly ; yet at the very outset they felt the pull of his initiative, for, seeing that most of them lived in the North, he was quick with letters proposing that they should visit the schools at Bradford, Shipley and Keighley first, and with an offer of hospitality from his friend Isaac Holden. They came, and were shown as a special curiosity of the time, in which to take scientific interest, Mr. Holden's conservatory lighted with electricity. They were of course to find Swire Smith equally keen for foreign sights and amusements.

He seems to have been too busy, for once, to make notes of these ; but I find a light recollection set down seven or eight years afterwards.

In November 1881, when the Royal Commission had spent a few days in Lyons, we left for Paris at 12 noon, too early for luncheon, and were not due till about 10 at night. We soon began to feel very hungry. I remember Mr. Slagg saying that, although his wife could eat very little, she must eat often ; and I had seen enough of Magnus to know that he ran down like an old-fashioned clock if he didn't get food. Here and there we managed to get a biscuit or a bit of chocolate, and so kept the wolf from the door for hour after hour, greatly cheered by the prospect of "Fifteen minutes for dinner at Tonnerre."

The time arrived, and we rushed from our carriage in that state of desperation which only men who have suffered similar pangs can imagine. The train was late and the soup was on the table. We took it with lightning speed. Then came fish, cold; then an entrée, veal pie or something of the sort; then a slice of roast; then the invariable *poulet* and salad—and pastry. Dish after dish was served and whipped away. With the last the bell rang, and we were summoned with excited shouts and gesticulations *en voiture*.

When we had got settled in our seats, Sir Bernhard Samuelson, with a countenance ashy white and a look of despair, said he feared he was going to have an attack of spasms. We were all very much alarmed. Mr. Woodall said that he had a small case of homœopathic medicines, and Sir Henry Roscoe, prompt at every service for a friend, could only express his contempt by the use of a big D. No, he had something better—perhaps not a perfect medicine but something that would do good.

Bicarbonate of soda. The bottle was rooted out from the depths of a big bag and exhibited by the dim and clouded light of the oil lamp, our only illumination. There was no water or other liquid, and no glass; but the doctor poured into his hand, say, a good teaspoonful of the powder.

"Now open your mouth," said he, and we all looked on in fear and sympathy. Sir Bernhard gulped, and screwed his face this way and that, and after a commendable effort succeeded in swallowing the remedy. "There!" said Sir Henry Roscoe. "Now, that will do you good, I warrant."

Unfortunately the patient still looked ill. He bitterly complained at last that he was no better, and Sir Henry said, "Then you must have some more!" Forthwith he turned over the bottle into the palm of his hand; and then we saw Sir Bernhard, with his mouth full, gasping, coughing, and all the time trying to swallow. It was a terrible time for the Royal Commissioners; but he was told to keep quiet, and gradually he did look a little brighter, a little more himself, and before reaching Paris we had the pleasure of seeing him restored.

As we began to get our traps together, I noticed Sir Henry Roscoe examining with much interest the contents of two bottles which he had in his bag.

He said by and by to me, in a subdued tone, "I *am* thankful that Samuelson is well again."

"So am I," said I.

"Have you," he said, "any notion of what I gave him?"

"Yes. Bicarbonate of soda."

"Well, I thought so too; but look here now—and don't for the world mention it!—I've administered nearly a whole bottle of tooth-powder."

About the happy terms on which these Commissioners worked, something is said in the biography of Sir Henry Roscoe and in a book on technical education published by Sir Philip Magnus. A *jeu d'esprit* in verse was written by one of them, "Seven Commissioners Royal are We" (seven including Mr. Redgrave), which I embody here, although it may have seen the light.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we
Who have gone abroad the schools to see,
To learn how they teach the A.B.C.
And apply it to works of industry,
And all for the sake of our good countree.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
And three of us add to their names "M.P.,"
  And one looks after our common weal—
  A well-known master in iron and steel
And maker of farm machinery.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
And one of us is a double-L.D.,
  A sociable friend, as all can tell,
  Who follows up every ghost of a smell
That leads to a la-bor-a-tory.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
And one of us hails from the great City,
  Hoping from Guilds to find the gold
  Our artisans in schools to mould,
And train them in ways of industry.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
And one is an ardent trader free
  Who swears by cotton and grinds at the mill
  Of political life, with so steady a will
That he couldn't go with us to Germany.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
Artistic, poetic and literary;
  And one can spin in musical tone
  An amorous yarn when we're all alone
That awakens no thought of the factory.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
And one is devoted to pottery;
  But, much to his credit, he'll ne'er decline
  To share the "cup" of sparkling wine—
In spite of his love of crockery.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
Including our friend the Secret'ry,
  Who never remembers to think of self—
  A lover of Art and judge of delf
Who can make his bed in the twigs of a tree.

Seven Commissioners Royal are we,
Who have ventured over the qualmy sea;
  And, having returned,
  One thing we have learned—
Seven Commissioners Royal we be!

There is, perhaps, no need to identify the Commissioner of the sixth verse, or to say in what ways he amused his colleagues. Between Professor Roscoe and him there was presently warm affection. When they returned from the first tour of six weeks in France and Northern Italy, he visited the Roscoes in Manchester; and among his letters of that time I find one to Lady (still Mrs.) Roscoe, which reflects his love for young folks:

I am sending a pair of Archangels (old birds) for Teddie, and two pairs of young birds (baldpate Jacobins and Archangels) for Dora. Tell them they need have no scruples about putting them in a pie when they are tired of them. I shall not feel hurt, particularly if I may help to eat the pie.

As for the dog, if he disappoints you, do anything you like with him. It appears that, as a pup, he used to run after the hens and was much chastised for it, and so you will find him timid and much afraid of a stick. But I think you will find him a sagacious and faithful companion. He was given to me by Mr. Laycock, of Bolton Park (the Duke of Devonshire's steward), and I have had him kept at a small farm of my father's. I say nothing of his face and his brown eyes, but I think that Dora will fall in love with them.

Next March the Commissioners went for a longer tour in Germany, where he was largely their guide. He had kept touch of English acquaintances made on the former visits; Germany bought yarn. The inquiry lasted into June, and incidentally he sent home some orders.

But the Commissioners were sharply saddened by news of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish.

It was not till their return that, having occasion to write to the Duke of Devonshire, an old patron of the Keighley Institute, he ventured to offer condolence, and much later that he wrote to Lady Frederick, though well known to her. The Duke's reply contained the sentence: "I do not think it will be possible for me, at my time of life, ever to recover from such an overwhelming sorrow." He was "deeply grateful for your most kind expression of sympathy, coming from one who had so many opportunities of appreciating both the kindly and sterling qualities of my dear lost son." To Lady Frederick Cavendish, who had a great esteem and liking for her correspondent, so that from time to time they exchanged letters to the end, his expression of sympathy followed the receipt from her of a memorial sermon preached by the Rev. S. E. Gladstone, her cousin.

It is impossible to make a younger generation realize the shock of a brutal and mistaken crime, as he and all England felt it; but the letter gives some hint of that. It must be remembered that Lord Frederick, amiable and courageous, had only set foot in Ireland—with a "message of peace"—on the day he was killed.

During that fatal May I was travelling in Germany and Austria with some of my colleagues; and on arriving in Vienna on Monday, the 8th, I found a telegram from my partner, Mr. Walter McLaren, which told us the dreadful news. We were horror-stricken, and hurried to the British Embassy to learn particulars. We were so deeply overcome that we telegraphed to those of our colleagues in England who were to join us that we had resolved to return home, having no heart for continuing our work; and we should have done so, had not our friends replied that they had made all arrangements and we must wait for them.

Deeply touched by her remembrance of him now, he said that often, since that time, he had been cheered by hearing of her own "fortitude under unutterable grief," a fortitude "which has upborne the nation in a trial in which sorrow for you has been the heartfelt feeling of all": and he told her of the honour in which Lord Frederick had been held by those who knew him best. The noble reply must appeal to all our women bereaved by the War.

St. George's Hill, Byfleet,
April 18, 1883.

Dear Sir,—You can well believe how such words as yours about my husband have to me a value greater than I can say. In my great desolation of heart, every word of true appreciation of him comes to me like a voice from the blessed past, and makes me faintly realize how "he, being dead, yet speaketh." I do indeed believe, with my whole soul, that what is good and pure and beautiful and godly in human lives can never die; but such thoughts are too often overwhelmed, and one can only strive to be patient and wait for the day when all shall be made clear.

When I think of our division of the West Riding, and of all the keen, deep interest we could not but take in it, and the many happy days we have spent among our friends, and when I remember his great love for it all and his pride in representing Yorkshiremen, it is almost more than I can bear that all is shattered and gone. And then I try and take comfort in the thought of the noble sacrifice to which he was called—a fit ending to his unselfish life of duty. Believe me, with many thanks,

Yours truly,
LUCY C. F. CAVENDISH.

The cost of their voluntary labour to the Commissioners must have been heavy. Swire Smith made, in all, four big journeys on the Continent, and was to be led into a trip to the United States; moreover, during four years he travelled on this business incessantly in England, Scotland and Ireland.

Early in 1884 the Report of the Commission was out. It made a sensation. The satisfaction he found in that, after being so long a voice crying in the wilderness and then one of a band of intriguers, may be imagined. It was his only reward, the fount of honour running small then. To his great joy, however, there was a knighthood for his friend Roscoe, in which he saw a very fitting and sufficient recognition of the Commission's work.

And his business? In spite of all, new hope had dawned for it during the three years of frequent absence and preoccupation. Great firms had foundered and banks with them; but he and his partner had added new machinery and found new openings, so that they did more business than ever before. Having taken stock for 1883, and made the half-yearly report which the bank demanded, and seen the other and more important Report issued, he made his first trip to America, a continent he had longed to see.

He went with Sir Henry Roscoe and the brilliant boy, "Teddie," to whom he had sent the pigeons and whose life was to be almost immediately cut short. They were first of all to attend the meetings of the British Association at Montreal, but they saw something of the States too, with introductions to various important people, a "grand tour" of 10,645 miles by sea and land; and, though greatly concerned with schools and business, they made it a pleasure trip. That it was only the first of many trips to the New World, he did not dream. But he was to be closely associated with American enterprise, and to have a great circle of American friends, who would love him as his own people did; so that one reads with a smile his staunch avowal, in a letter written after his return, " In spite of much temptation I remain an Englishman."

It is easy to imagine what he felt on seeing not only Sam, but his untravelled father on the quay at Liverpool, and how good the Yorkshire dialect sounded. The old man had backed him, but had never been demonstrative. It is certain, too, that he saw pride shining in the face of his mother, now in her seventieth year and frail, and that he took great pleasure in telling her of his important adventures. While abroad he had often had anxious news of her health, and in the nature of things he must expect to lose her soon. I have said nothing of how her gentle qualities had ripened, or of how many nights he had sat with her when she was ailing. These things happen uneventfully. But it is worth while to quote a tribute to this mother paid by Mrs. Duncan McLaren, in reply to Christmas greetings and news.

> There are not many like her who can fill her place. She has been one of the old school of women, beautiful in person, upright in mind, full of common sense and faithful in daily duty, making home almost more than comfortable, a pattern woman full of kindly charities. I often think of her when, with so much spirit, she undertook to teach sewing to a class of young women such a contrast to herself. What a blessed thing is a good sound education apart from much book learning! There is often book learning with a *wretched* education.

She had a good deal of family pride, and some of this her son privately inherited. There is a humorous allusion to it in a letter dated four years earlier:

> My mother has just now been indulging in one of those pardonable rhapsodies on the sweet music in the little word

"Swire." Some of us fail to hear the music: perhaps there is something in familiarity. My mother, I am disposed to think, sees more in a name—of course her own—than most people. I admit it is a name that I should not like to "doff." I am fond of it, because my mother likes it, and hope that it will never suffer dishonour or discredit through my wearing it; nor is its value lessened by your affection for it. Like the traveller who had been in many lands, and among strangers had made himself "not a stranger," I can say, "I was born where men are proud to be, and not without cause." For we who boast a respectable parentage and a good name look round upon these hills with pride and affection.

This, however, was by no means all. He felt very sure of the old country's merits and her future. What he had seen of other lands convinced him not only that she had fiscal advantages, but that British skill was as good as any: given the right training, with those advantages it must hold its own. And, chiefly, he knew all about his business now. Everywhere he had compared it with the businesses of rivals, setting off cost of production against prices, noting what was good or bad in other men's mills, ways and chances; and he was content. There had been nowhere anything to make him dissatisfied with his own four-story mill, twenty-seven windows long, its new machinery and good order. As for the machinery, indeed, he presented his cousin Prince with the paraphrase of a German boast:

Keighley's hand
Goes through every land.

For America, he shared the sanguine hope of Mr. Bright, expressed on the letter of a relative:

ALEXANDRA HOTEL,
March 6, 1880.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—I return your long letter from the States. It is very interesting, and the writer must be a man of observation.

The protective system of America will probably break down from its own weight. The "Mr. Welsh's pamphlet" spoken of was sent me by Mr. Welsh; it is feeble, illogical, and impertinent in its assumption of wisdom. I should have expected something better.

I am glad to hear the better tidings about your trade, and hope the improvement may continue and grow.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN BRIGHT.

And now, when all was to his mind so far as plans and purposes could be furthered, his mother died. I know few passages of English more affecting than his description of her last days and the death scenes, in a letter to Mrs. McLaren.

Although in a sense her reason had departed, and to a large extent also her sight, her nurses spoke of her constantly as the most considerate, the gentlest, sweetest patient they ever knew.

Towards evening she often became restless, and sometimes pleaded piteously to be "taken home." At such times she had an impression that she was being detained somewhere, and it was inexpressibly painful to see her grief and disappointment, while we were powerless to remove the one or the other. Generally, as we went in to her she kissed us and embraced us with the greatest tenderness, taking our hands in hers and chatting—although incoherently yet in tones of happiness and delight. It was sweet to be with her; her face so calm and beautiful, her voice so full of music and animation. She never seemed to betray any consciousness that her brain was wrong, or that the angel of death, whose coming in times of health she had always so much feared, was hovering so near her during all this time.

I think it was a mercy that she was not conscious; for in her humility she never felt good enough for heaven, and her love for her husband and children, whom she was leaving behind, would have filled her with sorrow.

About five days before her death . . . she had more pain and less food, and naturally her strength diminished. At seven on the morning of the 24th January (1885) the nurse called us, and said she thought her changed since the previous night. My dear mother still slept, though her breathing was a little irregular. It was thought that she would rally when she woke, and I went to the mill, calling at the post office on my way to telegraph to my sisters. At eight o'clock I returned, and found her still sleeping ; but when we were at breakfast one of the nurses asked us to go upstairs. We went, my father, brother and I.

Her breathing was fitful—there seemed to be a delay between one breath and another. We all stood round the bed, leaning on it, in terror and despair, while in her sleep she breathed her last. We watched and listened, called her by her name—she was gone.

In death she looked singularly beautiful ; her brow was smooth and clear, her face calm as in life, while the touch of bloom still remained on her cheek ; indeed she seemed to be asleep, not dead.

I am glad to tell you that my father bears up very manfully. But I am often touched by the way in which he alludes to his " Mary." Yesterday a distant friend sent a wreath, and the old man took it himself to the grave, in order to be sure that it should be properly placed.

It has taken me all my life to find that there was so much sentiment in him. On the morning of the funeral some workmen came early to bring the coffin downstairs ; and the man in charge, who had worked for my father in old days, came into the living room where my father and I were, and he said, " We have made all ready, and put the coffin in the room. She's a nice corpse." Whereupon my father said, " She always was nice, John." And John replied, " Oh, yes, George, she always was ; I've said scores of times that your Mary was the nicest woman in Keighley." And the two grey-headed men burst into tears ; and the workmen, who might have grown too callous by familiarity with the dead, left the house crying like children.

CHAPTER X

Speeches in seven towns—The Clothworkers—Mr. Silliman appears—Founding a land mortgage bank—*Iter Helveticum*—Compounding a felony—The business—Swire Smith and public honours—The sunny side—Scene on Bradford market—Mr. Silliman warned—With Sir H. Roscoe in Paris—Pasteur—Chamberlain and Churchill—At Studley Royal—Bright on Gladstone—Forster's "tears"—Secretary Fisk and Lord Ripon—Palmerston's one meal a day.

IT looked now as if he should prepare for a political career. Had he done so, and in the following year entered Parliament, there can be little doubt that he would have been distinguished at Westminster. Invitations came from several constituencies, notably an urgent one from the Eastern Division of Edinburgh, where he was told that it would be easy to defeat Mr. Goschen. But both partners could not give attendance in the House, or even fight elections at the same time, and he had already freed Mr. McLaren, who was giving attention to Crewe. For Crewe Mr. McLaren was elected. The master spinner, remaining an amateur of politics as of the arts, was reserved for a career more varied and picturesque.

Just now he found gratification in the calls made upon his leisure. They came from a widened area—from Exeter, Leicester, Luton, Rochdale, Stockport, Preston and Crewe; he could speak with authority and had more influence. At Belfast he spoke on technical instruction for the linen trade. When the International Inventions Exhibition was held in London, he wrote for the catalogue a brief history of textile manufactures and acted as a juror. He was very sincerely pleased by every appeal for help, large or small, when the help could be given.

One distinction took his fancy like a romantic honour.

Five years earlier, finding a delegation from the Clothworkers' Company in Yorkshire, he had invited them to see the Keighley school, and had so interested them that the Company gave £1,000 towards an extension, with an annual grant of £100 for management; and he had dined at that time in the Clothworkers' Hall. "The affair reminded me," he writes, "of the stories one has read of banquets that Roman emperors used to give, when distant isles and seas were ransacked for dainties, and the high cost of a delicacy only sharpened the efforts made to secure an abundant supply of it." He now received this letter:

CLOTHWORKERS' HALL, MINCING LANE, E.C.,
July 7, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. SWIRE SMITH,—I have the pleasure of informing you that it was unanimously resolved to-day: "That the Freedom and Livery of the Company be presented to Swire Smith, Esq., of Keighley, in recognition of his eminent services to the cause of technical education."

I trust that you will be so good as to come here at five o'clock on Wednesday, 21st inst., for the purpose of being "sworn in" and invested with the livery gown.

With fraternal greetings in anticipation,

I am, yours very truly,
OWEN ROBERTS.

He kept this among his epistolary treasures. The ceremony pleased him more than if he had been sworn for another purpose by the Speaker; for not only was it quaintly dignified, marking his success as a master craftsman, but the Master of the Company said that he had done more than any other man to stimulate their educational benefactions. On what a scale these have since been made, everybody knows.

Something more romantic had happened without a hint of its significance. In the spring of the previous year, this involved him in an enterprise by which, as time went by, his life was to have both its greatest enlargement and its most anxious passage, an enterprise which, against all his planning and inclination, diverted at last a great share of energy from the work nearest his heart and turned it upon the New World.

What had happened was the visit of an unknown American relative, a Mr. C. H. Silliman. It came about as the unlooked-for result of correspondence which he had kept up with a branch of the Swire family in Philadelphia. Mr. Silliman had married a lady whose mother's maiden name was Hannah Swire, and had seen some of this correspondence; so, being in Edinburgh on business, he wrote to Swire Smith desiring to make the acquaintance of his wife's connections. He was invited to give them for a few days the pleasure of his company, and did so. Yorkshire hospitality is free and warm; when this invitation reached him, Mr. Silliman, who came from Texas, was supposed to chew tobacco and spit at large, and possibly to wear a slouched hat, top boots, a six-shooter and a bowie-knife. He was, in fact, a cultured American. His own surprise at the kind of welcome he had may well have exceeded that of his hosts at Mr. Silliman's normal aspect.

> My good old father, who will perpetrate jokes to the end of his days, received him in my absence. As the stranger entered the room his merry eyes twinkled, and, seizing him by the hand, he said: "How are you, Mr. Wiseman? They tell me yo're called Silliman, but I can see plainly enough there's nought silly about yo'." Of course Mr. Silliman went crimson. But he took the measure of his man and laughingly said, "I see I've got to the right place."
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> I found them seated by the fireside, and my picture of the belted marauder vanished. Our guest was of medium height, slender, about thirty-three years of age, with a clear, pleasant and refined face, bright eyes, a lofty forehead, a carefully trimmed moustache and beard, and rather noticeably delicate white hands. He gave the impression of having spent his time in a professor's study; and so it was, for his career had been that of a student and professor in one of the Southern universities. But in recent years he had changed the class-room for the attorney's office.

It may be guessed that, fresh from America himself, Swire Smith found much to talk about, as well as reason to make the visit pleasant for an interesting stranger. How glad the dear soul now in her grave would have been to do that! Mrs. Silliman's mother must have been one of the children she used to tell about who, with their own mother and father, came to say good-bye once, and who were given little close-fitting Quaker bonnets to keep them warm on the long and perilous voyage to a new country. She remembered what a sorrowful parting that was; they all felt that they would never meet again. But the emigrants had prospered, and here was Mr. Silliman. Swire Smith introduced him to friends, invited people to meet him, took him to Bradford and showed him the country round about.

Mr. Silliman made himself very agreeable and won golden opinions everywhere.

It soon became evident that he had ends in view beyond finding his wife's relatives. He interested his new friends in the great natural resources of Texas, as a field for the investment of money. Farmers and business men out there were wishful to borrow, and would give the security of their lands and houses, and pay a high rate of interest—double the rate paid in England on such loans. He explained that he was hoping to establish a company in London for the lending of English capital on Texas lands, which company would be able to pay high dividends. And he invited one after another to join this company, to sit on the board, and in other ways to share in its advantages.

Everybody listened to the promoter. They were charmed by the pictures he glowingly painted. They applauded the idea and wished it success. They criticized it and had to own that he made out his case. But no one would join the company or put any money in it.

With an elaborate prospectus he did better in London, where there are circles accustomed to deal with strangers boldly; he secured some nominal directors. What was more, he had had at least conditional promises from Mr. John Brigg and a Mr. Mason. They were prepared to take shares if the board could be composed of men they knew and believed in, the success of such a venture depending evidently on sound management.

Their views were urged upon Mr. B. S. Brigg and myself. I had declined Mr. Silliman's overtures on the ground that I knew nothing of the character of this business, that it had no attractions for me, and that I did not feel disposed to give either time, thought or money to any undertaking away from my own town. But Mr. Mason went so far as to say that, if we would join the board, he would not only take shares, but use his influence with others to join also.

We had, by frequent intercourse, learned to appreciate Mr. Silliman's abilities and admire his character; and, having satisfied ourselves as to the stability of the company's manager in London, and of our colleagues on the board, we consented. We nominated Mr. Woodall, M.P., as another colleague and Mr. B. S. Brigg was appointed chairman.

This company, the Land Mortgage Bank of Texas, was floated with little fuss, and thus it happened that nearly all the shares allotted were applied for by personal friends of the two Keighley directors. It was at first an affair of only 50,000 shares with £1 called up. It made no great demands upon them, and Mr. Silliman was at home again, laying out this capital. In the general election of 1885 he was almost forgotten. But here was a new interest, likely in any case to rival that of Switzerland and Italy in time to come.

The earth is so beautiful that, to those who have eyes, there seems to be a sufficient compensation in its beauty for life's annoyances, and even for its tragedies. Mrs. McLaren, confined to her room by the care of a sick husband, and writing in a changed hand, was never more in sympathy with her friend than in saying so. She wrote from Newington House, Edinburgh, to thank him for the manuscript of a lecture on Bolton Abbey, which she had read twice over. This lecture mingled descriptions of natural beauty and old English life with " a history of the industries which have blessed our people " ; Ruskin had given him the point of view, and he was not to lose it. She said :

> One sometimes wonders how anything more beautiful than Bolton can have met the gaze of those with whom we have wandered there, in the higher life to which they are gone. Do they look upon this beautiful world still, but with spiritual eyes which cannot see aught that is sinful or impure, just as our *physical* vision is unable to see what is spiritual ? After pondering these things more earnestly as I near the end of my life's journey, I find myself hardly reconciled to leaving what has been so beautiful here.

For his part, he took his fill of it. At Easter he had seen the promise of spring in Surrey, driving with the Roscoes a four days' round in a Stanhope phaeton. In the autumn he went again to the Alps ; and his interest was mainly to watch the enjoyment of men nearly twenty years younger than himself ; like a father with sons, he began to live life over again.

The notes on this trip are amusing. They suggest that his unfaltering verve was tried by a touch of nicety in one of his young companions and a pose *nil admirari* in another, and was tried in vain. He knew them. They were the sons of other manufacturers, intimates of his. " H. began by sneering at poetry, and yet bought a book of sonnets in London. A good start. . . . Among the mechanical models of the Polytechnic (Basle) H. walked about with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, inspecting them. Said he, ' That's nothing ' ; ' That's a fraud ' ; ' That's useless ' ; ' As old as Adam.' It takes time to reduce the conceit in us. . . . W. (at the Eggishorn Hotel) sighs for Lucerne. The Alps are not in his line and their mountain hotels are disappointing, the cookery is not up to the mark. I think in a day or two he will appreciate the cooking." They will now remember how the optimist seemed not to notice these foibles.

" He was at his best," I am told, " making friends as we went, climbing the Breithorn in heavy snow, singing and vainly trying to lead his companions in song as we tramped along the roads or rested." Before long they were all boys together.

There is an extant witness to their merriment in the shape of a privately printed book by one of them, entitled *Iter Helveticum*. It affects a sober style. As promoter and organizer of the trip, Swire Smith is called the Premier, while the rest, as members of his Cabinet, are referred to by their official titles. I quote a passage to illustrate his busy knack of filling up time with diversions. They had reached the Théodule Pavillon at half-past three in the afternoon, too late to go forward that day, and, the weather being dull, they could see little.

> Our Premier conceived the happy idea that some good pastime might be had out of a clamber among the rocks around the hut. Some of the Cabinet boggled a little at so imperilling their (to them) precious necks ; but the Premier is a man who can well persuade others to his view, and we all joined him in his sport. Not wishing, however, to incur any risk, we took the precaution to be tied round the middle with the rope the guides had brought. . . .
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> In this way did we go up and down the cliff (which was some thirty or forty feet in height) several times, the guides always showing us the manner of climbing. . . . And then, by way of a climax, one of the guides, Peter, went up the cliff where it was steepest, nay indeed in some places perpendicular and at the top overhanging.
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> If I had not seen him do it with my own eyes, I would not have believed it possible that anything less nimble than a cat could go up where he did ; and my mind prefers not to dwell on what would have happened if he had fallen. . . . However, he lowered the rope for us to follow ; so first the Premier, being tied, went up and reached the top safely, and presently . . . we had all accomplished what we were told was worse than aught on the dreaded Matterhorn.
>
> After dinner we made the Premier sing for our delight and edification, which both here and elsewhere he was most willing to do.
>
> It is not for me who am not gifted with any knowledge of music, either naturally or by education, to venture on a

criticism of his singing ; but, if the true measure of success in that art be the amount of pleasure caused in others by its exercise, then I may with safety affirm him to be a very good singer ; for he chooses such excellent songs, and renders them with such heartiness and good will, that he would evoke applause even from a company of mutes. . . . " The North Country Maid " (they did not know its associations) and "The White-blossomed Sloe " are indeed songs written not for our age, but for all time.

Nor have the survivors of this trip forgotten how they dammed and loosed a glacier stream, gorged on bilberries, chased and nearly caught a squirrel, and saw the Royal Commissioner charged with felony. This happened when, in going down to Visp, he and two others plucked a grape each from a luscious bunch that overhung the road. An unaccountable policeman appeared, but without warrant or uniform. The diary says :

> He insisted on our going back to Stalden ; then he said he would go with us to Visp, where we should be fined. As we continued on our way while he demanded three francs, he seized my hat ; and I seized him and took it back again. Matters began to look serious, H. was all for pitching in. But the Lord Chancellor urged that we were quite in the wrong, and should let the man compound a felony ; so at two francs we settled with him. Then he went to his own or some neighbour's vineyard and brought us a bunch each, and we gave him another franc. I shall not soon hear the last of this.

And now, with the younger partner absent in London throughout the Parliamentary Session, it had become necessary that a new ally should join the elder, or he would be poor alike in patriotic service and in pleasures. He found this ally in his brother Sam, so long unoccupied.

The artist was not a broken reed. It is vital to the success of a spinning mill that the machinery, running for sundry kinds of yarn as orders come and needing mobile organization, should every hour be used to the best advantage. Nothing easier than to fritter away chances of profit-making. Sam, employed at first on salary, proved excellent at this internal management, however bad at driving bargains and keeping books and ignorant of worsted. For in the cotton trade, which he knew, internal management is almost everything. Easy-mannered and good-natured, he also got things done without friction, to the point of freemasonry. Thanks to that, and to speeding up, the mill spun 30,000 lb. of wool a week, and there was no pinching of wages.

Now, the kind of management remaining to be done by Swire Smith himself, the critical business of buying and selling, was not so incessant as in the beginning, though it required vastly more experience and knowledge. At first he had bought and sold from month to month. He was now launched upon seasonal transactions, with long contracts and credits, and at any time there might be work for a year or more in hand. True, he must always watch closely the price of wool, guard against shortage or undue accumulation, agitate for "particulars" if not for orders, keep the overdraft down, listen to all the rumours that might portend bad debts, inform himself abroad as to coming changes. He dealt not only with carpet weavers and hosiers, but with German exporters and manufacturers, and indirectly even with the little people on the Continent who, with machines no larger than a typewriter, made the braid for uniforms in their houses. Yet, on the whole, he was freer now than before to break away when chance offered.

He did so rarely. The adventures that fill so many pages because they are good to read about were episodes. He worked on. Why, indeed, had he called at Basle but to see a laboratory because the Institute school was to be enlarged? There was a new wing going up at a cost of £12,000, which doubled the teaching accommodation.

Among the blind the one-eyed man is king, and so it was with this enterprise, the model for so many others. The money value of the Government grants, exhibitions and studentships earned by its boys had already equalled the cost of building the school. To his pride the late Duke of Devonshire, president of that national association which brought about the Technical Instruction Act of 1889, said that the object of this body was to induce the country to follow the example of Keighley, which Professor Huxley declared to have " solved the problem " of such instruction. He was a member of the association's first committee, with the then Marquis of Ripon, Lord Avebury, Mr. Bryce, Sir Philip Magnus and Sir William Mather, while Sir Henry Roscoe and Mr. A. D. Acland, M.P., were its secretaries. When the Act had passed, he was to see millions of pounds laid out in similar schools, colleges and polytechnics and the work of his heart accomplished. Meanwhile the new wing was opened in October 1887, with 1,317 students on the books. The Master of the Clothworkers' Company opened it, and Lord Rosebery spoke at an enthusiastic public meeting.

It falls to be noted that three of Swire Smith's colleagues on the Technical Instruction Commission had now received knighthoods and Sir Bernhard Samuelson a baronetcy, while he, with unique claims to honour, had been passed over.

He was not indifferent to such honours. In some instances already, he had either used his influence with others or promoted a memorial, to urge the claims of untitled friends upon Prime Ministers. Was he disappointed ? I do not know ; there is only nothing to show it if he was. I do know that he strongly held that such honours should be true rewards of merit, and was slow to judge of his own merit. But, for some years, he now seemed to settle down, with no new hopes or prospects. Middle age brings a pause to many men. Swire Smith had his friends about him, very numerous now ; he knew the career of every poor lad from the school who had risen to any distinction ; and, as to marriage, he said that if there was anywhere a destined mate for him, he would certainly not know her when he met her. He writes :

I am beginning to think that one of the very best habits of life is to look always on the sunny side. To me, the past is a rich landscape beautiful with flowers and romantic with hills and dales and dells; and, to a sanguine mind like mine, the future is as a glowing autumn to the year. My ambition is small—to be faithful over a few things and to do a good turn to others while I may, knowing that I shall make this journey but once.

An incident occurred at this time which illustrates his manner in buying and selling. To appreciate it, you should understand that every transaction had its personal interest for him; that is to say, the men he dealt with on the Bradford market were not mere quantities, ciphers of an ever modified calculation, but acquaintances or friends, as in a club. There is no sure dealing without a shrewd estimate of men, and every mart has its code of honour.

Prices were firm, and he was selling to an exporter of German origin, who may be called H. He wished to do business; in spite of all, he had a heavy stock and overdraft again; and H. begged for "the special favour of 20 bales at 7s. 9d., complaining that he had lost money by us. At such a fly I rose. I would take his price for 10 bales, but he must give ours (8s.) for another 10." In a word, the spinner was ready to sell 20 bales at 7s. 10½d. a bale. Now, H. asked that this offer should hold good till he could consult his firm; and, as the market might either rise or fall in the meantime, "I said I would give him the offer till next day at my price, and he must give me an offer for the same time at his." Observe that 20 bales were in question. At the moment, however, H. had in his hand Swire Smith's conditional memorandum for the sale of half the quantity at 7s. 9d.; and he now declined to give an offer at all! Rather than bind himself to fair dealing, he drew out. "'But,' I said, 'you have already offered 7s. 9d. for 20 bales.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but you declined to take the price.'"

It was an unbusiness-like repudiation. The sequel came on the following market day, and made a sort of scandal.

Swire Smith's account of it, furnished afterwards to a couple of mediators, is as follows :

> He came to me on the exchange and in a very objectionable manner said, " Your yarn is offering abroad at 7s. 6d." I replied, " And probably by you, for I know of no one more capable of doing it after your conduct on Monday." He again said, " It is offered at that price, on my honour ! " In my indignation I retorted, " Your honour isn't worth that ! "—snapping my fingers. (I admit that the language was severe, but it was addressed to Mr. H., with whom strong language is habitual.)
>
> In a short time he returned to me in a rage. He said he would not have his honour questioned, and unless I withdrew the objectionable expression he would send me a writ, etc. I declined to do so, unless he would withdraw the repudiation of his offer. He repeated that when he offered 7s. 9d. I refused it, and I replied that we had not separated and the negotiations had not ended. He then proposed to refer the matter to arbitration.

The mediators, treating this affair lightly, condemned them each alike to pay a guinea to a hospital and said, "Shake hands." But all who knew Swire Smith will testify that they have known few men, if any man, slower to anger. It follows that the mediators were not so nice as he on the point of honour.

How did he stand with respect to the distant enterprise of Mr. Silliman, in which so many of his friends were sharers ?

It was on a sound business footing, and he thought it " a good thing," as they did. He had softened nothing for a guest ; he put to his neighbours none but business inducements, requiring them to judge for themselves. But the fact that he had been the link by which the Texas lawyer joined up a chain of interests between the Old World and the New made him doubly punctilious in all precautions.

A Texas farmer who went to the Land Mortgage Bank for a loan, with which to put buildings and stock on his new holding, had to give his trust deeds as security, and found that no loan exceeding half the estimated value of his holding would be granted. The bank's funds were kept in London, and the deeds must be received there before the loan was advanced Moreover, the land was valued not only by a Government official, but by Mr. Silliman. So far, so good. Yet agricultural values change. Farmers paid 10 per cent. for such loans, but the larger the margin of security the better. Swire Smith wrote to Mr. Silliman :

> Mr. Charles Lund has had experience in American land mortgages, and he says that many *official* valuers are known to be untrustworthy. They estimate land at more than its true value for many reasons. I have been told that it is the direct interest of all the official valuers to put a maximum price on land, and that land is frequently sold at less than half the value officially certified. Now, it is for you to guard against these possible impositions most carefully.
>
> I am sending you a publication called *Money*, with a scurrilous article writing us down. You will see what difficulties we have to fight against, and how in the past the public have been cheated and prepared for believing such nonsense. Every mistake will be magnified, and you and ourselves will be disparaged at every turn.
>
> Friends here say, " Your Mr. Silliman is sanguine, he will be tempted into ambitious things." " He will buy prairie lands," say some, " that are doing nothing." You will see how this idea is worked out by the writer in *Money*. Shrewd people here say, " Speculators buy land and simply keep it untouched waiting for a rise. A man buys at $1 or less per acre, and gets the land valued some time after at $3 or $4 ; then he gets a mortgage on it at $2, and waits the turn of events. Such a man can make a profit under a foreclosure and at the same time diddle the company holding the mortgage." It is said that immense tracts of land are held by land companies, and that our agent may fall into the hands of these companies, etc.
>
> Therefore be doubly cautious ; fortify us here with ample security for any moneys that may pass through your hands, and above all see that not only the lands you loan on but the borrowers also are sound. More trouble may be required with the best men and lands than the worst ; but, if you hasten slowly, and take no step that you cannot

stand by in every particular, you will best promote our interests and your own.

That, of course, was a private letter, addressed "Dear Herbert," the official correspondence being conducted by Mr. Brigg as chairman. Swire Smith wrote it, although satisfied of Mr. Silliman's probity and keen ability.

Already the New World held him by many bonds. One cannot say how many, because the story of his visit, sent in manuscript to Mr. Mundella, has been lost. But he was in touch with Mr. Edward Atkinson, one of the greatest of American free traders, to whom Mr. Bright had introduced him by letter; he had been in correspondence for years with Mr. James Dobson, a principal in what in its time was the largest textile business in the world; and now the probity and ability of himself and a group of Yorkshire allies were staked, as they discovered, upon the redemption of an American enterprise from British prejudice.

Happily they were well served. In little more than three years the Land Mortgage Bank of Texas commanded such confidence that a second issue of shares, at a premium, had raised its capital to £500,000, on which a 10 per cent. dividend was fairly payable.

All the same, he wrote to Lady Roscoe, glad of her husband's beneficent career and her happiness: "Life is the only true wealth—the power to enjoy, to work, to love and to rest. The richest are those who are doing the most good and getting the most satisfaction out of it. Other people are only climbing sandhills." Any pleasure he took in the new enterprise was that of establishing the "good thing" with the friend of his boyhood and seeing it shared by his circle. Good fortune could not spoil him. That view of life apart, he knew it to be always insecure, and so took it only as a set-off, balancing the disappointments and hard work. He took his occasional honours in the same way. Having opened the Baxter Institute at Dundee in October 1888, and been asked to stand for the constituency, he writes:

We have had a fine meeting, and I was made much of. But it is all over now, and I am again " one of the least of the little ones " in our old house at home.

With Sir Henry Roscoe he had a week in Paris, and met the great Pasteur. It was the Exhibition year, 1889. The Prince and Princess of Wales were there, and it was Roscoe's duty to arrange for their visit to the Pasteur operating rooms, not long enlarged for the treatment of hydrophobia.

Pasteur is little, old, grey, with short-cut hair and moustache, and wears a skull cap. He walked lame, rather dragging one leg after him (he has been paralysed). He spoke like a man in feeble health, very gentle and humane.

R. mentioned the object of his call, and the high esteem of the English people. We were taken into the operating room, and saw a number of people pass through, men, women and children, who were inoculated. The operator's assistant had a wineglass full of a milky fluid, covered with parchment like a jam jar, and he thrust a needle-pointed squirt through the parchment, filled it, and passed it to the operator, who took hold of the soft flesh of the loins under the ribs and made the injection.

Pasteur stood behind and explained the nature of the bites which some of these unfortunate people had suffered, and from which they must have died in terrible anguish but for this treatment. Some of the children were terrified by it, and screamed very loudly ; it was quite touching to see how lovingly he tried to console them.

It was very trying to watch. . . . He suggested that the Princess should be received in his drawing-room and see his portrait and his case of orders and medals, and should then visit his laboratories. She might see the operations performed if she desired it. I heard afterwards that both the Prince and Princess followed the whole treatment with great interest. The Prince gave a little Danish child a sovereign. He said that he would help on the movement in England.

Some political notes of this time, following the Liberal split on Home Rule and the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill from Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, show the humour with which he looked on and indicate his standpoint. In December he wrote to Lady Roscoe :

> Chaos has come again. Randolph—as it might almost seem out of pure mischief—has broken the sitting of Tory eggs before there was time for them to be hatched. I have seldom witnessed such a political sensation as we had on Thursday last, when the *Times* shot " the bolt from the blue." The Tories were smitten everywhere with paralysis, they positively *shook*, and we can see from all their papers that Randy was " the rose and expectancy of the fair state."
>
> Chamberlain played a part almost as serious with the Unionists. He said that with Randy's resignation the compact is at an end and Liberals had better put their heads together. Joseph's sojourn in a far country has not been quite long enough. I think he will have to show the repentance of the Prodigal, before he sees the forgiveness of the good old father he deserted.
>
> I spent my Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Drewry at Holker and had a long talk with the Duke of Devonshire. He had not heard from Hartington and didn't know what he could do. I said that, if the Marquis did go over, which I should look upon as a great calamity, there would be this consolation for us, that he would make Conservatism once more respectable. . . .
>
> Admiral Egerton spoke of Randolph with disdain, but said he was the favourite of society. The Prince of Wales and many others had made up their minds that he was to be Prime Minister, and they all flattered him and pushed him up, and accepted his actions as those of a genius who must not be judged in the same way as others. We shall see what we shall see.

There is a quainter interest in the account of a visit which Swire Smith had paid to Studley Royal in November, Lord Ripon wanting a talk about the Technical Education Bill.

> I was ushered into the small drawing-room, where tea was waiting. The windows were hung and the walls covered with silk damask curtains, light blue. An Indian carpet. A cabinet of beautiful china went almost the length of one wall. The usual family portraits, by old masters. We had a pleasant chat about the Bill.

Lady Ripon joined us at dinner, plainly dressed in black. On her right cheek she has a scar, larger than a five shilling piece. It is a sore that does not quite heal, but one soon gets accustomed to it, although I have heard that it gives her considerable anxiety, causing her to avoid some social occasions.

Lord R.'s aide-de-camp in India, Mr. St. Quentin, and Rowntree, fresh from Ireland and full of incidents. In a tour of Cashmere the Viceroy and staff had more than one thousand servants; they had two sets of tents and furniture, and as they arrived at their journey's end each day they found all in readiness for them. While they slept the tents for next night were carried forward. Sometimes (this Lord R. told us after Lady R. had retired) they would pass scores of coolies in charge of night commodes, on which they would be seated, while they wore the crockery on their heads.

Sunday a wet morning. I walked with Lady R. to church. No servant in her household could have been more plainly dressed. A black serge gown, a black bonnet with a small crimson ribbon, a rough ulster (made at Guiseley from spiral yarn), strong boots, a stout umbrella—and away we trudged through one of the finest avenues in the world.

She chatted about her recent visit to Hawarden, as much interested in telling me of it as I could be in telling of my visit to Studley. Sir William Harcourt, John Morley, Lord Brassey and Stuart Rendall had been there. Gladstone and Morley had had an animated discussion on the state of the London poor, Morley very emphatic in his denunciation of all forms of Socialism; with which, in some aspects, Mr. G. had shown some sympathy. There were certain moral claims to which, he had said, Morley did not give due allowance.

I told Lady R. of Bright's version of the difference between him and Gladstone in their treatment of any question in a speech. "I have always thought," said Bright, "that I go along the coast from headland to headland. G. does the same, but if he is intercepted by a river he traces it up to its source and returns down the other bank."

A small congregation and a very slow preacher. St. Quentin said that when he first saw this clergyman, on Lord R.'s return from India, the man read an address of welcome at the entrance to the hall, and he had never heard a man who could so "put tears in's voice." But he went through the whole sermon at church in precisely the same tone.

There is a great lack of the sense of proportion. I mentioned the newly made J.P. who went to study an eminent judge. He had afterwards to deal with a drunken Irishman, and said in his gravest tones, "Prisoner at the bar, you will have to pay five shilling and costs, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul." Forster has the same fault.

At dinner Lord R. talked very freely. About the Alabama arbitration, he said that when it began Secretary Fisk took him to a sofa and said, "Now, we can soon settle this matter. Here's Canada just across the border; hand her over to us and we'll not ask a cent from you." Fisk fought with great tenacity for every point of importance.

Of Mr. G. it used to be said in Palmerston's time that G. would never be able to form a Cabinet, because he could not control his temper. Nothing could have been more absurd. He respected his opponents. When he found that they had the best of an argument no man gave in with a better grace. Lord R. could always tell when he was going to do so; he waxed more earnest, argued more fiercely, and, having given more and more reasons why he should not surrender, surrendered. Lord R. often said to Northbrook, "Now for it, he's going to give way!"—and he did.

On two occasions, in Cabinets of which Lord R. had been a member, the smaller men had averted war. One was over the Danish question ('65 or '66), when Palmerston and Russell were both for war against Germany.

Lord Pam took only one meal a day, but that was often a great one. Lady R. said that she once sat next him at a Mansion House banquet and ticked off the dishes he took. He tried them all. When asked "Venison or mutton?" he selected the former after some hesitation, asked for more, and then sent for mutton. Lady R. laughed, and Pam, who merely said he was hungry, enjoyed the joke.

Pam was a wretched speaker. In council he would not argue much. He expressed his view strongly, and might stick to it; or, if the sense of the Cabinet was against him, he would say, "Evidently such and such is the view—pass on to next." He often moved the estimates without any speech whatever.

This did not mean that he was slack about them. When Lord R. was at the War Office in Russell's administration, Lord John would hardly look at his estimates: Pam, on the other hand, would go over every item and discuss it. He had filled the same office and knew the details.

CHAPTER XI

Florida and the New World—President Harrison—Memories of the Civil War—The Alcazar—Phosphate rock—" Town booming "—New friends on the Indian River—The prairie at dawn—Founding Denver City—Prince Kropotkin—Pelion on Ossa—Offered seats in Parliament—Mr. Carnegie sings.

THE call of the New World, when it came, was both urgent and unwelcome. On a sudden, in the first months of 1890, all went amiss once more with the affairs of a good but not an easy man. First his partner, with other use for capital, asked to be released from the business, and at an awkward juncture Swire Smith paid him out. The firm became " Swire Smith and Brother." Then an American venture took an ugly turn, involving his credit. In helping to save this venture from shipwreck, the threatened consequence of other men's folly, he was to accept a handicap for the rest of his career.

For embarking on this venture Sir Swire Smith never quite forgave himself; but the story of its retrieval is an honourable chapter.

The success of the Land Mortgage Bank of Texas, an enterprise embraced against his will, had brought from unknown men in Florida proposals for the establishment of a land bank in that State also—proposals that found him less averse from such undertakings. The Florida Land Bank was founded in the spring of 1889. Its articles omitted no precaution that prudence and a firm experience had approved in the case of Texas. More than that; the unknown men had been found on inquiry to have good standing, and they furnished two-fifths of the £50,000 required. One of them, honoured in the *Florida Year Book* among public-spirited and substantial citizens, was a pillar of the Christian Church and had run a savings bank. There was, on the face of things, no more serious risk in one enterprise than in the other, save that the land and climate of Florida were different from those of the neighbour State, and would require a special attitude in the manager towards borrowers. As for this manager, there was the same opportunity of judging him as there had been of judging Mr. Silliman ; he brought over the proposals.

The business of worsted spinning is of necessity speculative. In the light of Mr. Silliman's success, and of the sure dispositions by which it was procured, the lending of money on mortgaged land may have appeared by comparison a safe husbandry. So far as they could, Swire Smith and his nearest friend were at least determined to make it such. The new bank was launched ; and friends who had at first been chary of supporting them subscribed more than the balance of needed capital within a week.

They themselves, of course, invested firmly in the new enterprise, as in the old, but that readiness of others was a compliment. What, then, was their uneasiness when, after six months, the American promoters proposed to reduce their holding from 20,000 to 8,000 shares !

The motive ? It was at once important to know more of them. Discreet inquiries were entrusted to Mrs. Alfred Illingworth, then travelling in the States with her two boys ; and she was unable to reassure the English directorate. True, the manager, who was again in London, answered all questions frankly, so far as could be judged. But the two friends did not hesitate : they must themselves visit Florida, and the 12,000 shares abandoned must be taken up.

With his trading capital reduced, in a time of bad trade and falling prices for yarn, and with very insufficient contracts to keep the mill running, Swire Smith left his business for a two months' absence in Florida and Texas.

There were elements of comedy in this visit of inspection. Representing half a million of money, the friends were everywhere received as magnates, not without being amused by it; and they must have seemed the most agreeable of well-wishers, modest and amenable men. They had been prepared, evidently, to enjoy a pleasure tour. The chairman was accompanied by his young wife, a lady of quite uncommon beauty and vivacious charm, and it was a real pleasure to meet them. Of course they wanted to see what a great country they were out to help, and what its citizens were doing. One imagines piquant interviews, preconcerted with astute inquiries and very pleasantly business-like; Mr. Brigg debonair and suave, his breezier colleague just a little ruthful.

From a manuscript of 420 pages I cull some American impressions. At Washington they saw President Harrison, on a Sunday.

> The only feeling suggested to my mind by his appearance was one of pity. He looked jaded and ill. His face was very pale, and his eyes were dull and heavy. There was no buoyancy or cheerfulness in the President of this great Republic. With all his vast possessions, with all the powers, the homage and the regard of the wealthiest people on earth, he is denied the shirt of a happy man.

Twenty-five years after the Civil War had ended—

> We were often struck with the vividness with which that awful war is remembered in the South. I spoke with many who can never forget and have not yet forgiven. Whole States were rendered desolate; the slave-owners in scores of thousands were ruined or reduced to poverty; bankers, merchants and farmers lost all they had and, leaving luxurious homes, were compelled to begin life again at the bottom. The worst sufferings to forgive were not those endured on the battlefield.
>
> During a railway journey in Texas I heard a southerner express himself with great bitterness against the northern dominance, and he went so far as to say that, in his opinion, it would have been better if the rebellion had resulted in a separate government for the South. All who took part in the conversation were southern men, and some had fought

under Lee and Jackson ; but I noticed that not one had the hardihood to confess agreement with that opinion. One man said, " I have no love for the North, but I am for the Union heart and soul " ; and another sagely remarked that, like Artemus Ward, he " never argied agin a success."

Florida is not an El Dorado. Frosts destroy the orange groves at times. But there are phosphates, and the coast is a winter resort of very many thousands of rich Americans. The city of St. Augustine, once the most important of the continent, was 350 years old, romantic with Spanish memories. There had been an outlay of princely capital there, in the construction of magnificent hotels. The travellers were impressed ; and, to Swire Smith, the luxurious beauty of a tropical flora made the kind of appeal he never resisted. He had strict business in hand, and did it ; but hear him quote verse and describe what he saw.

In the realm of flowers, a perfumed land,
Girt by the sea, by soft winds fanned,
Ravaged by war in years of old,
Its former glory a tale long told,
    Stands the quaint old Spanish city.

We passed gardens ablaze with flowers, and our driver, taking us under outspreading trees in blossom, acacias, oleanders, others that I cannot name, broke off sprays and threw them into our lady's lap as if they were of no account to anybody.

We dined at the Alcazar, a stately Moorish palace with a cloistered quadrangle where there was cool shade and a softened light. Beneath the cloisters there were bazaars displaying gems and precious stones, gold and silver filigree, and other miracles of handiwork. The court was a tropical garden musical with birds and the murmur of fountains, under the softest of azure skies. Yet this hotel is eclipsed by the Ponce de Leon, where money has been poured out like water with the intention to rear and furnish the handsomest hotel in the world.

Unlike us, the Americans seem to love and enjoy hotel life for its own sake. It is not beautiful scenery, but " the good hotel in the foreground" that attracts them everywhere. There must be plenty of visitors to make the place lively, and it is a joy for ever; morn, noon and night they revel in it.

In the entrance hall Shenstone's praise of inns is beautifully set in mosaic in the pavement; yet the dining hall is 150 feet long by 90 feet wide, and there are seats for 800 guests. One smiles at the mottoes on the gold ground of the ceiling, Spanish proverbs with our own: "Change of pasture makes fat calves," "The ass that brays most eats least," "Old friends and old wines are the best."

The fact is that there are no people on the face of the earth who compare with Americans in light-hearted spending of money on making themselves comfortable. To folks at home what they pay to the railways and hotel proprietors during their winter visits to Florida would be an astounding revelation. There was a private suite of rooms described by our conductor as the bridal apartments. "What is the price of these rooms?" I asked. "Forty dollars a day," was the reply; and, on naming the sum afterwards to some American friends, I was told that the price was by no means excessive.

From the phosphate kings, driving behind fast trotters with them, or trudging over hot white sand in a glare like that of glacier ice, he heard tales of how they "struck" deposits.

There was Mr. Albertus Vogt, tall, grizzled, handsome, with a hair-trigger temper, but immensely cheerful and generous, calling his negro servant "Mem" and talking to his horses. Mr. Vogt on the eternal verities was good to hear: "Surely, if the Almighty had sense to make the world, he's got sense to run it without so many book-keepers. I don't hold with bothering him for miscellaneous favours." There was Captain Brown, mopping a perspiring face, very enthusiastic. "Ah," said he, "no living man knows how much of the pure stuff there is under this forest. I mean to surfeit Europe with phosphate rock for a hundred years." Greatest of all, there was Senator John Dunn, who employed the first chemist to make an acid test and bought the first option on Dunellan land.

At Jacksonville the travellers had a characteristic reception:

> In an American town the citizens unite to "boom" it, to make it felt—to attract railways, people and capital. We were met by senators, judges, bankers, colonels, merchants and reverends in legion, and they all brought their wives with them. Our host's family took care that we should not escape an introduction to every guest, and every guest gave us a cordial welcome to Florida. The ladies said, when my lone condition as a bachelor was referred to: "Ah! Is that so? Well, Mr. Smith, we must find you a wife before you return." The judges, bankers and landed gentry talked about the prospects of the States and city, never forgetting that America is the greatest country in the world.
>
> We had shelled oysters—a dozen on a plate—sandwiches, fancy cakes, jellies and fruit. I think champagne was served; but the popular drink was iced lemonade in little tumblers. The flow of talk was incessant, and I found that beauty lived with kindness; while our lady was always the centre of the most animated group in the party. We had music, to which she and I contributed; the National Anthem was sung for us with great enthusiasm; and there was a glowing account of these proceedings in the next day's paper.

That sort of thing was encountered all along. But it was neither receptions nor the bizarre appeal of prodigal enterprise by which, in the end, a corner of his heart was captured for "the greatest country in the world." There was, properly speaking, no capture at all, but a gift. He gave to nice people here and there his friendship. Even now, quite early in the tour, there was a pretty instance on the Indian River, where, on a sunny morning, the upper deck of a pleasure boat steaming from Rockledge to Kissimee was occupied by happy groups.

> Our lady was soon in conversation, taken to people's hearts because she spoke with such unqualified praise of American women. She joined a group of four who were beguiling the time by singing, *sotto voce*, some glees from music-books; and the rest of us soon joined her.

And what delightful harmony they gave us! These ladies, of whom we were privileged to know more later, were returning with an older friend from their winter residence at one of the little settlements south of Rockledge. Three of them were sisters. I think the climate must leave little to be desired, for their cheeks bloomed like peaches. The American part-songs they sang were new to us, but Harriette (Mrs. Brigg) gave a fuller tone to the alto sometimes and I grounded them with bass.

In their enthusiasm they claimed some English songs from us; and the captain, who had joined our party, insisted that "this thing should not be done in a corner." He had chairs arranged for us, shaded by the deck cabins, and other chairs in front for the audience, and his eyes twinkled with glee. "Didn't you know," I heard him saying to the passengers, "we give a concert on the St. Lucie every morning after breakfast? Come and hear for yourselves." Of all the ship's company, our captain, sitting on the bulwark, seemed the happiest. After some more American glees Harriette sang "The North Country Maid," and he didn't think he had ever heard anything that pleased him more. I sang "When all the World is Young, Lad." Then Miss Russell, the friend of these pretty sisters, gave us a quaint and beautiful students' song, "Over the Banister," singing perfectly its sweet romance of a "Good Night" and a proposal.

But I could not enumerate the songs we sang, for the jolly captain kept us going. "Now what next?" he would say. "Let's have an English song!"—and I gave such old favourites as "The Lark now Leaves her Wat'ry Nest" and "The White-blossomed Sloe," and we all sang together "Ye Banks and Braes," for Burns's lovely song was as familiar to these American cousins as to ourselves.

Our music floated over the shining surface of the river, and oarsmen ceased their rowing to listen, and many a signal was waved from the houseboats and fishing-craft that gave life to a beautiful scene. "Why," he cried at last, "yonder's Titusville, and our concert's not half over! I see nothing for it but to put back." And then he made a little speech. "Well, my friends, it's not often I have to express regret at nearing port, but to-day I am honestly sorry. We have had some beautiful singing, and I guess we shall hear the echoes of it many a time. I want to ask as a favour just one more tune. Let us finish with 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

So we all joined in the hymn; and I thought it had never sounded so sweetly as that morning, under the open canopy of heaven and with the kindly feeling of a hundred passengers who were strangers to each other, but of one kindred.

This Indian River captain is a salient figure; but—a word in your ear—it was Swire Smith who prompted the approach to that group of four, singing *sotto voce.* When he met them again, they were friends, and he improved and kept their friendship and that of their people.

The two directors left Florida reassured as to their investments. There had, it seems, been nothing nearly so alarming to my friend as a rumour of mosquitoes, of which he was infinitely more afraid than of air raids in London thirty years later. At New Orleans he awoke in a panic, mistaking the hum of the cathedral clock. On the other hand he had feasted on unnumbered ripe oranges, "from which the juice flows as if one had cut an artery." Besides, it was a marvellous flowery land. He would never forget its magnolias and water lilies.

He and his fellow travellers, met by Mr. Silliman, now set out for Texas. On a long railway journey west, the prairie surprised him like the sea or Switzerland.

We had travelled all the previous day and through the night at a speed of thirty or forty miles an hour, coming only upon villages far, far away from each other. It was somewhere between five and six o'clock in the morning.

I went into the open at the rear of the car, and saw the sun, which had just risen, gilding the pine-tree tops. The prairie is said to be monotonous and without interest. It was impressing me beyond description by its immensity and majesty. Fleecy clouds overhead, where the soft light touched them, were flecked and dappled; the melting clouds about the sun were amber and gold. The line by which we had journeyed while we slept, dividing the forest, dwindled and vanished to nothing. I do not know if I am blessed with an undue share of sentiment, and I think not; but I confess that a lump came in my throat and I was deeply affected.

I think it was the space that impressed me, and the quiet beauty of a world that, except for the railway line, had hardly been disturbed by man during the ages. Our engine and rattling cars appeared to be wakening a sleeping planet. Flocks of small birds rose from the dewy grass, the turkey buzzard wheeled ahead, prairie chickens whirred like partridges. And the flowers! Clusters of blue and yellow and crimson, a pattern ever changing and limitless, under the glorious day.

I thought of home and my friends, and I sighed to think that they could not see this scene, and realize with me that here is a wide continent offering its virgin soil to the gloomy and sallow crowds that fill our old-world cities and die for lack of space in which to move and of air to breathe.

Texas was picturesque with human interest. Late as it had been to be settled, the cowboy days were almost over. Those wilds were being subdued by hardy colonists hastening to make the most of the dark soil's fertility. Such men and women are good to see; and our Englishmen, talking with them in their shacks or among their clearings, very much as if these people had been their own tenants, were heartened by their welfare and courage. All promised well for them. The value of these lands must rise, for it was ten times lower than that of lands in the older States. Foreclosures were scarcely known here.

Now and then an old hunter, carrier, scout or Indian fighter told how things had changed.

Mr. Jewett's age was 54, and I would not desire to see a finer man. He said that he was one of a party of ten trappers who in 1858 took their wagons out west where white men had never been before, 1,300 miles, and hunted buffalo and dug for gold in Colorado.

A man named Denver was chosen as their leader, and one evening they pitched their camp and said, "Here we will found a city, and we'll call it Denver." They secured 160 acres of land each, free on condition that they would farm it, and wrote letters to the eastern papers describing the paradise they had found. Mr. Jewett made himself a carrier and merchant. He crossed the prairies, mountains, forests, rivers and swamps of that 1,300 miles in all sorts of weather, daring the Indians, the backwoodsmen, and, what was worse, the terrible blizzards of winter and the cyclones. He was often in peril of starvation. Yet he made that immense journey forty-six times, taking to the eastern cities gold, hides and horns, and bringing back clothing, tools and provisions.

He kept his 160 acres of land till 1864, and then, as he wanted money, he was glad to unload for $2,400. They would now be worth $500,000. People had often said to him—as if he had not done his best in the circumstances—" Why did you sell ? " He could only reply, " Why didn't you buy ? "

Oh, for dollars to buy good land in Texas ! At Fort Worth, Henrietta, Dallas, Waco, San Antonio, Austin and many a smaller centre there was busy enterprise and hope, and there were men who had made fortunes. But the travellers were lenders, not buyers ; and, after all, when a new city fails to " make good," fortunes are lost.

It was sufficient to leave Texas, like Florida, without misgivings. It emboldened Swire Smith to take his companions on by way of Kansas City to Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, there to improve acquaintances made on his former tour, to see his friends the Dobsons, and in Chicago to find a welcome from those Indian River ladies and their parents, whose name was Hartwell. The trio even pushed out to Montreal and Toronto.

But what a load of responsibilities remained, to be carried by a man of business who shirked none ! Already there had been a change in him, due, I imagine, to this accumulation. He found reading difficult. In going out he had tried Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and thought it good ; but he notes with some bewilderment that, however excellent a book may be, he cannot take an interest in it for more than an hour at one sitting. A bad symptom ; he could hardly acquire new ideas. The business habit of mind made concentration on his own ideas easy, but not on those of other men. I find this letter of Prince Kropotkin's :

17, ROSBOROUGH ROAD, HARROW,
April 10, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—Please receive my very best thanks for the pamphlet on the Technical Education Bill which reached me to-day. I am so sorry not to have had a knowledge of your paper when I was reading the proofs of my *Nineteenth Century* article; otherwise I should not have failed to reinforce my argument by the authority of yours.

But—is it not striking to see that all the basis of your conclusions—foreign competition—has been so carefully avoided in the discussion?

As to technical education, I watch with the greatest interest the movement which is going on in this country in that direction. But technical education, I am afraid, will not help Britain to regain her former position. Everywhere—even in my own country—efforts are made for spreading it. It will be a boon for humanity, not an arm in what they call the struggle for existence, understanding by that struggle a real struggle, not a co-operation of nations for achieving the greatest possible welfare of humanity.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,
P. KROPOTKIN.

I am sure that this letter, with its hint of a wider point of view than my friend's own, perplexed him. He did not reply. Yet, as a free trader, he believed the struggle to be part of that very co-operation, and only had not thought this out.

He was piling Pelion on Ossa. No matter that the labour of mortgage bank correspondence fell to Mr. Brigg (who had retired from business): he set about the American notes, from which I have quoted, as if to make a book. The post brought countless offers of directorships, requests from American friends to float this and that venture, snares from which he escaped only at the cost of much letter-writing. Nor could he leave his friend without help. When Florida loans were found to have been granted on freer terms than Texas loans, he had to write "This must not be"; and, as always, he wrote copiously. There was treble reason now to decline Parliament, though invitations came from Doncaster, Central Hull and East Bradford, after a general inquiry from Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., who thought he might represent both Liberalism and Labour. He had already resigned from the school board and some other bodies.

The top was piled on Pelion when Mr. Brigg required help in founding the Florida Syndicate, to work phosphate rock on 77,000 acres of Senator Dunn's lands, which were offered cheap. They founded it, even when money was "tight"; but their own holdings were heavier than either had intended, and the toil was prodigious. His splendid health ran down, and for the first time, in February of 1892, he was confined to the house. It did so although he had not neglected holidays, but with younger men again had climbed the Unter Sabelhorn and the Dom; and a bad attack of bronchitis alarmed him.

The sequel was another visit to Florida in March, for six weeks. It need not be described, being a business visit of inspection and consultation. However, it was important not only as such—determining what ought to be done with the new property, and leading, besides, to the purchase of a sort of Riviera site on Jupiter Island—but important because, on the return trip, he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie and his sister-in-law, Miss Whitfield, people with whom Swire Smith was to be intimate.

Like many another, this acquaintance was sought. Nothing, after all, interested him more than men and women, and if they were persons of character and achievement he might take pains to know them. On a voyage he made a practice of looking down the passenger list and selected his quarry, as many people do with less eclecticism and good sense. In going out he had read up *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, with a view to a chat with Mrs. Hodgson Burnett; then, by some casual act of politeness or sociability, he had found means to introduce himself. Returning by way of Philadelphia to look up friends, he had procured introductions to Mr. Antony Drexel and Mr. G. W Childs, finding them well pleased to show him their establishments. In the case of Mr. Carnegie, when he came to look at *Triumphant Democracy* there was in that book much that appealed to his own temperament and outlook, and made him aware of the Pittsburg magnate's warmth.

A touch of humour marked the upshot. His own note reads baldly: "Introduced myself to Mr. Carnegie, and had a long walk with him and his wife. Talked of John Bright. He thinks that John Morley is the one man to write Bright's life." Mr. John Brigg, junior, who was Swire Smith's companion on this trip, as he had twice been in Switzerland, says: "Before the first evening was over Swire had him singing with him 'Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut' over their milk and soda, although, as he confided to me, Carnegie couldn't sing a note."

And they were both teetotallers!

CHAPTER XII

Swire Smith as a story-teller—The load of hay—The breeches—" Holdin' your own "—Ratting—The gloomy farmer—" It's an old un "—Going home from market—Dean Lefroy and the Rev. Newman Hall—Some sayings from a commonplace book.

THIS is the picture of a man on pleasant terms with his fellow-creatures ; and yet, in relating events, I have passed lightly over one of the pleasantest signs in such a man. His dramatic faculty made Swire Smith a great story-teller.

Something must be said about his characteristic stories, although they cannot be enjoyed as if heard from his own lips, told with the breezy and offhand cheerfulness that put his listeners in humour. For, in a very valid sense, they were his own ; that is to say, though not invented by him, they had his recognizable imprint and showed the play of his mind. He had found the best of them neither in books nor in smoke-rooms. Racy tales of Yorkshire character and life, they had been told by his father or by other humorists of that exorable and laughter-loving race from which he sprang ; and he remembered them because he loved the rôle of entertainer, and, as the years passed, because he found them useful as fables. He could either keep a table merry or point a speech with them.

At election times, people were sure of good fun when Swire Smith was called upon to speak ; and his fun was nearly always part of the argument.

There was a typical instance, when Mr. Chamberlain declared on a sudden for colonial preference, and embarrassed Mr. Balfour. The moment was one at which they led allied parties that were independent of each other ; and Swire

Smith suggested that Mr. Chamberlain would be sorry for his precipitancy, "like the farmer's lad that upset a load of hay in a lane." The lad appealed for help to another farmer, who gave him some dinner before lending a hand, and found him strangely slow to eat it. "Come, thou'rt makkin' poorly out," said this friend in need: "what's wrang wi't?" and the lad answered, "Nowght. But mi father'll be mad." There was never such a thankless lad sat down at table; he would hardly wait for pudding, and kindness only made him cry. "I *know* he'll be mad," said he, trying to get away to him. The farmer lost patience. "I think thou'rt varry soft," he said; "I've known thi father all his life, and a quieter man I never met. Finish that puddin'." And then the boy broke down completely, and was asked, "Wheere *is* thi father?" "He's—he's under th' hay!" . . . Like Mr. Balfour.

Or take the story of a reckless young fellow who found half a sovereign in a trousers pocket, when he thought there was nothing left. He came home "unco' happy," having royally spent it, and in reply to long-faced questions told his luck. "And, by gow," said he, "we've had a reight blow-out. We'd beef; an' chicken; an' ham an' eggs; I doan't knaw what we *didn't* hev—an' summat to wesh it down wi'. Grandest bit o' luck I've hed for mony a week." His father stared hard. "Here!" he started up. "What's ta been doin'? Thou's getten my breeches on!" In a speech on Tory expenditure this went very well.

And such stories were never told *ad captandum vulgus*; no party man was ever much more diligent than Swire Smith in working up a brief at election times. Before he spoke, he had been at his desk making analytical notes of opponents' speeches; they were to be answered point by point, anxiously, like a case at law. The occupation was a habit, and he took pleasure in it. But those laugh that win, and, after all, the Liberal party had little to fear in the North West Riding. Telling blithe stories, he seemed to say so.

There was a popular one about a shy country courtship, a story of which the only relevance was in the last word. The couple had been walking out for years, and the young man " got no forrarder." " I don't know how it is," said a flagrant bachelor, " but we're all a bit awkward at first. He hadn't a word to say for himself. Just think of it—a nice affectionate girl, and I daresay they'd walked many a mile. Talk of the patience of Job—ah, we never know, none of us. But one night they sat down on a bank, and the moon was shining, and somehow he ventured to put his arm round her, and she let him do it. So in a while he said, ' Mary ? ' ' Yes, John.' ' Do yo' think I'm makkin' progress ? ' " The coy, drawling reply, being mimicked shamelessly, brought down the house : " She looked up into his eyes—just for a moment, you know—and she said, ' Ay ; yo're holdin' your own.' "

I cannot recall the occasion, but it was one of those junctures—common in politics—when one thing is wanted and another offered. He stated the alternatives and shook his head. " It won't do. It reminds me of the parson who didn't like to see a man out with two dogs. ' Surely, my man,' he said, ' two pigs would be better for you.' ' And a bonnie fool *I* should look,' said the man, ' goin' rattin' wi' two pigs ! ' "

Most of us remember that, when the powers of the House of Lords were to be curtailed, Liberal hopes ran high. The Home Rule Bill was to pass, and the way to be cleared for many a blocked reform. Swire Smith's hopes ran higher than most men's. " They don't like it," he said. " Even the wisest legislation can't be expected to please everybody. When wet weather came at the right time, the farmer said, ' This rain'll fair *lift* things out o't' ground.' But his friend looked glum. ' I hope not ! ' says he ; ' I've three wives buried i' yon cemetery ! ' "

The homelier the tale, the better. As a free trader, he had to argue against a succession of attempts to revive protection, introduced in each case under a new name—retaliation, fair trade, colonial preference. He met them with many hard facts and one story. A boy had been taken upstairs by his father to see the new baby. "It has no hair," he said as he looked it over, and then "Father, it's no teeth! " They thought it a fine child, but he knew better. "Father, ye've been done this time," said the boy; "it's an old un."

But of his homely tales, one of the best had no political application that I know of, althought it may have served the turn of women's suffrage. It was about a farmer who had spent his day in the market town, and who felt, as he climbed into his dogcart, that he had quite possibly forgotten something. "Let's see," he said to himself. "There's an ounce o' bacca—an' a—hic !—stone o' Hindia corn—an' a muckfork—ay; I hev 'em. An' some snuff for t' gronmother. . . . Hic! Come, I think that's all. Gee up, mare!" But he had a long way to go, and the misgiving haunted him. Outside the town he stopped to look under the seat and behind him, and to go through his pockets. He said: "Damn, I doan't feel reight! But theere's t' muckfork an' t' hencorn—and I've snuff, an' bacca. What else beside? . . . Well, it's too lat' now, an' I care nowght! Fol-de-rol-iddle-O!" He drove into the fold singing, and his daughter came out to meet him. "Eh, father!" she said, "whatever hae yo' done wi' mother?"

Swire Smith's humour played upon everything he had to do with or think about, so that he could never talk like Sir Oracle, or become either a crotchety person or a bigot, or be caught by superstitious follies, or in any way go to extremes. For example, being a teetotaller, he spoke more than once at temperance meetings; but he could tell with great relish the story of the Scotch barber who cut the minister's chin. "It's the drink, Sandy," said the minister. "Ah, weel," said Sandy, "it maks the skin varra tender." So with matters of sentiment, such as love and religion.

There are very respectful descriptions of negro services in the second American tour, as there had been of revivalist scenes in Keighley when he was thirty; but, for his own part, he was not pietistic. His only real creed was that a man must do his duty in life. That was vital; and so, being at Zermatt in August 1891, he records this conversation:

> I was seated opposite the Rev. Newman Hall and next to Dean Lefroy at the Riffel Alp Hotel, and Dr. Hall related in sensational language the trip of a steam launch above Niagara. It is a trip made daily. But he said that, sailing down from Buffalo, the launch got into the current of the Falls. It slackened speed, and yet they went down stream at a great rate. The engine was stopped altogether, but their pace did not abate; and, looking ahead, he saw that the water had, as it were, fallen away. It was an awful moment. But the helm was put to larboard or to port, the engine started full speed, and the gallant little craft, quivering with the effort, gained a creek in view of the final rapids.
>
> "Were you very much afraid?" I asked.
>
> "No," he replied, "I do not know that I was. I trusted in Providence."
>
> "Ah!" said Dean Lefroy with some relief, and said no more.
>
> "But," I continued, "if anything had gone wrong with the engines or the steering gear, your trust in Providence wouldn't have saved you from destruction."
>
> Mrs. Hall frowned, and so did the Doctor. "I trusted in Providence," said he.
>
> I felt rather wicked, and a story came to my mind. I said, "Did you ever hear of the bishop crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard ships, who made that his text one Sunday in the saloon? The captain was present and seemed much impressed. That night a really terrible storm arose, and people who were alarmed begged the bishop to find out for them what was the actual danger. The captain said, "Well, my Lord, I've done all I can for you. This is a case for putting trust in Providence." "Good heavens!" said the bishop. "Is it as bad as that?"
>
> I looked slyly at my clerical friends, but they did not see where the laugh came in. Others did.

Though he had stories by the hundred, I doubt if he ever remembered one well that had not appealed, however lightly, to his common sense and eyé for human nature.

However, the frivolous ones might come at call, and no one trying a match with him found the end of his stock. That stock was surprising.

The surprise alters for myself, as I see what pains he took with it, and with everything else. The stories were all written up in commonplace books, and even titled and indexed. I wish it were possible, with a biography, to include the contents of these commonplace books—passages of rare beauty from the poets, great sayings, the store of a balanced and well-furnished mind. Mr. E. V. Lucas would admire them. The books were kept and filled for use, whether with tales or nobler matter. The uses made of them might either be important, as in public speeches, or—more commonly far—familiar and gracious, as when he had gifts to make, or a toast to propose, or some nice letter to write. His friends knew him by these attentions—

> Little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone, or despise.

The diligent labour of collection only served, however, to help a good memory; and as with stories, so with quotations from favourite poets, he found them at call. "Many have been the delightful contests we had in capping each other," says Mr. Mallalieu, M.P., who knew him later; and I have myself heard him recite whole speeches from Shakespeare—with a fine verve—on some casual provocation. But, from these private anthologies, I may at any rate give a few excerpts, chosen because they show his mind.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—*Meng-tse.*

Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; lend a hand.—*Optimistic Club, Cincinnati.*

It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong. But it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—*Epictetus.*

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; look for what is good and strong and try to imitate it; your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—*Ruskin*.

Elevate the race: the great men will find themselves.—(*Who said this?*)

Happy is the man who gets his punishment on the spot.—*George Meredith*.

I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.
—*Ellen Thornycroft Fowler*.

These were sayings jotted down because they expressed his practice or belief, as the case might be; and with them there are many that show his love of music, women and country.

CHAPTER XIII

A Dream of Jupiter Island—Mr. Carnegie's theology—News of the Pittsburg riots—Edward Atkinson—Governor Hogg of Austin, Texas—The Mortgage Bank—Anxiety of a good angel—A four-in-hand jaunt—Steeton Manor—Florida "an old-age pension"—Grave irregularities—Mark Twain talks—Disaster.

MRS. SILLIMAN, proud of her English relative, had prophesied that he would find a rich wife in America and settle there; and she said that her prophecies all came true. He knew better. But America had taken hold on his imagination. It appealed to his imagination, I think, as much as to his interest.

There was, for example, that piece of lovely foreshore in the transatlantic Riviera, on Jupiter Island, which might be purchased if no time were lost, and which, it seemed, was the last bit of good land left wild along a balmy coast of pleasure-seekers. There should be a fine hotel there. What unsurpassable bathing, and what fragrant shade! Mr. Silliman, who had proved a Wiseman in fact, held an option over it; and the thought of some day seeing a happy group of friends on Jupiter Island, and making holiday with them, had caught my friend's fancy. Why not hold the site and prepare it? On a littoral where the surplus wealth of the great northern cities was poured out freely, that would be no great business for a company. He had a quotation for the hotel portico; it should be Thomas Moore's verse, much in his mind, because Mrs. McLaren, in her brave old age, had sent it for a New Year greeting:

The happy, grateful spirit that improves
  And brightens every gift by fortune given;
That wanders where it will with those it loves,
  Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

In all this enlargement of life, with its burdensome sequel, that play of imagination was not the snare. Imagination never blinded Swire Smith to facts if they were calculable, nor bemused him to omit precautions. The burden itself, as time showed, was not greater than he and a loyal friend knew how to carry. But hitherto he had delegated no responsibility. While now shirking none, he could not exclude a principle of joint stock management. The snare lay in that. Enterprise at such a distance and on such a scale is, after all, foreign to the strictly personal ideal of public service. It demands that all who share in it shall be guided, with their consent or without it, by that ideal—a demand that states the master problem of our times.

A man of heroic temper was trying to impose his ideal as if it were common. He had come, as a master spinner, to lead his own people in the strength of it ; he had then taken up joint stock management by a sort of accident, staking both the ideal and the leadership in a great-hearted way. And one enterprise brought on another.

The burden had its compensations, personal always. One of these lay to his hand on returning to Keighley. Mr. Holden (soon afterwards Sir Isaac Holden), his fellow manufacturer and senior friend of years, had become the first member for the Keighley Division ; and he was not only a shareholder in most of these ventures, but a man to whom Swire Smith owed much kindness. So did many others. He was quite widely honoured for a good and simple life, as well as for inventions connected with spinning and for a generous use of money. Swire Smith had found in Mr. Carnegie a man of the same quality who wished to meet him, and he brought them together at once.

It was a meeting of equals. Mr. Carnegie had not yet grown rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It took place at Sunningdale, and pleasantly forged a new link in the friendship made on board ship ; so that the Carnegies were not content until Mr. Smith, too, had been entertained by them. Their return visit to Oakworth House (with excursions to

Keighley and Haworth) was followed, in July of 1892, by a stay on the part of both Yorkshiremen at Rannoch Lodge.

He seems to have listened respectfully to his elders, greater men. By this time already, all three knew something of each other's interests and notions, but there were yet surprising things to be recorded of Mr. Carnegie.

Mr. C. does not believe in the Trinity, and doesn't hesitate to say so. He will be honest, even as to his beliefs. The Almighty as revealed in the Old Testament is diabolical. Christ is a beautiful character, but as the Son of God impossible. (Mr. Holden agreed.) He does not say that there isn't a God; there may be a Supreme Being who can give immortality to man, but as yet he has not revealed Himself.

On Protection he takes the line that every nation *has* protected its infant industries, and it was wise to do so. He would cease to protect when strong enough, protecting least the material representing least labour, first freeing raw materials and going upwards.

To-night (July 24, 1892) he was in good spirits, discoursing on some subtle points in Burns's poems and quoting them much to our enjoyment, when Malcolm brought in five telegrams (from Kinloch Rannoch—eleven miles). "Goodness!" said Mr. C., seizing them and going to the light: "what can this mean?" He tore them open and dropped the envelopes; Mrs. C. also came to his side.

"Ah!" said he. "I feared this"; and Mrs. C. began to read that Frick had been shot in the office, and stabbed. Miss Whitfield and the Misses Lauder sobbed as message after message was read out. One was from Frick to say that his wounds were not very serious, and that on no account must Mr. C. return, he could direct proceedings from his room. Mr. C. did not say much. He had feared that some crank might try to murder Frick, why had he not been protected? Mr. Holden and I did our best to lighten the gloom, but he was evidently cut to the heart.

Next morning.—He said to me that he had known nothing of the Pinkerton men; that whole business had been a complete surprise to him. He had also known nothing of the firm's refusal to employ union men; he fully recognizes the legality and justice of trade unions, and his article on the subject is probably as good and fair as anything written. Had he been there, he would have met the men and offered arbitration.

Of course he and his colleagues will now have to fight the battle through, which he will do, unhesitatingly sharing the responsibility of their actions.

Reassuring cables followed, so that it was possible for the guests to enjoy themselves. They walked and drove. They fished for trout, and the ladies made *al fresco* tea for them, and in the evenings there were Scotch songs and such games as Halma and " Authors." Once Mr. Carnegie recited; another time he took them aside to hear some chapters of his new book on capital and labour. His partners, Mr. Harry Phipps and Mr. George Lauder, arrived from Knebworth and Dunfermline, but " seemed to view the situation with great calmness and fortitude, not being in a position to criticize men on the spot who were doing their best." Other guests came and went, not interrupting the run of amusements.

In such an atmosphere and amid delightful scenery, Swire Smith found himself very much at home; he heard no conversation that did not interest him, and he could swap Edwin Waugh with Burns and his English songs with Scotch ones. The ladies of the party, Mrs. Carnegie, Miss Whitfield, the Misses Eliza and Annie Lauder, a Miss Graham of Wolverhampton, were unaffected and agreeable; the men, of his own calibre. Above all, his host and hostess were plain people, proud of their origins, like himself, and cherishing the same tastes and homely sensibilities. It was that pride and those lovable sensibilities which made it natural that, after amassing wealth at Pittsburg, Andrew Carnegie should come back to his own country.

Another compensation for anxieties was the visit paid to himself by that brilliant Boston publicist, Mr. Edward Atkinson, staying with his daughters at Ilkley. These were pleasant guests. He arranged a picnic to Bolton Abbey in their honour, and on a summer afternoon led them over the Brontë country. No writer on economics had had more influence with him. His copy of *Taxation and Work* is pencilled on almost every margin; and when that book appeared, a few months later, he wrote that in his opinion it was a really great one.

> The power of your analysis has greatly humbled me, by demonstrating how very elementary is my knowledge of the subjects with which you deal. I suppose it is impossible that such a book should reach any large proportion of the masses; but thinking men will see it, and I am sure it will carry conviction to those not blinded by prejudice or warped by self-interest.
>
> The trade of Bradford was so largely American that the tariff acted like a bombardment, and several firms tottering from other causes were overthrown. But I think we have seen the worst of McKinleyism.

His own firm, however, had lost £3,000 in bad debts, and not only his brother-in-law, Mr. Lupton, but the great establishment of Sir Titus Salt and Sons at Saltaire had gone down. True, the careful conduct of his business, in the mill and on the market, kept it sound against all odds. But it was now that he had to get phosphates mined for the Florida Syndicate, and that he founded for Jupiter Island the Indian River Association. Mr. Brigg could not take these matters over. He himself was the only English director who had visited the phosphate lands, or had seen the group of properties which the new Association bought.

By incessant urging, he caused two sites to be worked for sample phosphates by contractors, and showed that the syndicate was not one of those wildcat schemes by which Florida had been disparaged. By means of interviews and letters he got the Association together. Hopes undoubtedly ran high. For four years the Land Mortgage Bank of Texas had paid 10 per cent., putting away £60,000 as a reserve. The Florida Bank, in its third year, had paid the same dividend and was issuing new shares at a premium, with an eye to its reserve also. If close management could only be enforced from England, he and his punctilious ally might believe with a good conscience that £1,250,000 of Yorkshire capital had been well invested.

Early next year he was again in America for nearly three months. People said, " Swire looks on the bright side too much " ; but now three men of a standing equal with his own went with him, who would surely satisfy the croakers. They were Sir J. C. Horsfall, Sir Prince Smith, and Mr. William Sugden of Cullingworth, large investors—still untitled like himself, but formidable.

Two untoward things had happened : the sample phosphates that came to hand had been mixed, and the Indian River Association had been disappointed of certain bonds which, with the rest, it was formed to acquire. Small annoyances. With such men to share responsibility, he found the trip an unqualified pleasure ; for it gave pleasure to them, confirming his report and showing them his American friends. All the same, this trip is touched with a mordant humour. Although the bolder spirits they moved among—exploiters and builders of a young country—were men who, like them, went to church on Sundays, kept a social rank and carried on traditions, there were contrasts.

Mr. Stieff said, " Are you a fair sample of Keighley men, so shy and so reserved ? " I answered, " Yes." " Then God help the balance."

At Austin Mr. Wooldridge went with us to the Capitol, and we were introduced to several members of the House of Representatives and Senate. They smoke and sit in shirt sleeves, with their feet on the desks.

Had a long and pleasant interview with Governor Hogg. He said, " Walk in, I'm glad to see you. I'd have been here earlier, but I've been to what we Americans call a tooth carpenter, and he has put a pine wedge between two of my teeth." As we went from his secretary's room to a lift in the hall, adjourning to his parlour, we passed an orange stall and he said, " Put me up a few oranges." On entering the parlour he turned them out on to a table and rolled or threw one to each of us. " Have an orange," said he. We then talked of Texas and land laws.

Their manners differed, but on business and religion they consorted like brothers, though, to be sure, business was the stricter bond. In regard to phosphates, low prices must in any case have made it so. A farmer was remembered who had built his house of phosphate rock at unawares, complaining that his land was stony; but now—

Mr. Wells, who is trying to control the output, said that many companies were like the water turtle whose head was shot off by an Irishman and it still moved. "Ah, sure," he said, "it's dead but it doesn't know it."

The plenipotentiaries made a firm arrangement for working phosphates; they provided for the sale of Indian River and other sites on commission, and the planting of ten acres with pineapples; and they bargained with a railway promoter.

What interest there was in all their verifications, keen estimates, precautions! What solid satisfaction in the Texas venture, with its archives at Fort Worth! Of 2,176 mortgages 500 had been already paid off, and three-fifths of these out of savings; while farms on which they were granted had increased in value by from 10 to 100 per cent., as sales proved. In this partnership of Texas and Yorkshire there was something grandiose; the letter-books of the bank filled 49 volumes of 1,500 letters each, and signified a rigid system. In a vault, there were insurance policies and copies of all the deeds sent to England. How much better it was, under this system, that men should be helped to farm their own land, than that they should become mere tenants, paying to their more fortunate fellows (as some did) a third of their hard-won crops! That was dignified by the illusive name of "share farming."

Governor Hogg said: "If you find a rogue, a land-grabber, a man who won't work and earn his living honestly, that man is against me. He knows I'll give him no quarter. Some of the railway companies are not honest. They've robbed the State, and they hate me. I am determined to stop thieving."

It was good to hear such talk; their withers were not wrung by it.

Of the interest taken by Swire Smith in the United States, his investments were not more the cause than the effect. He had read its history, followed its economic life closely, mastered some of its problems in politics and trade, seen the best of its schools, visited its scenes of greatest enterprise—and all with as much attention as he gave to details in Texas and Florida. Whether his colleagues had liked it or not, they would have had to go north and see the great cities. Captain Wingate gave them shooting at Gulf Hammock, and he was a fair shot; they rode in buggies delightfully, and he loved a good horse; they sailed the rivers, with what diversions you are aware; they serenaded friends. But all that was incidental, and treated as a prelude to greater things.

It is proper to expose a secret of this animation. The reader must understand why, with all Sir Swire Smith's humour and charm, it was at bottom serious; why there was nothing in it to divert him from the main chance; why it amounted, after all, to a bustling interest in things extremely practical, so that, however cheerfully, he had many irons in the fire. The *mot d'enigme* is important. It is that, as I have said once before, he could not think of business apart from life, so that business itself appeared to him romantic, as life did. Instead of merely asking, "How do I stand?" he was keen to know how it affected everybody. No secret could be much simpler; but, having it in mind, one may appreciate his reflections.

By making food cheaper, an improved harvest enables the people to use money for other purchases. The man who breaks up the land and makes wheat grow is more useful than the man who discovers a gold mine.

The effect of our loans to American farmers is to cheapen food and clothing, by enabling men to get out of the soil what would otherwise remain in it. They have been able to offer much more of their corn, cotton, etc., in exchange for manufactures and all other labour. Cheapness of food and clothing is equivalent to a rise of wages. Thus they have not only taken more manufactures, etc., but the development of their land in Texas and Florida has, in effect, raised wages in England, in so far as it has enabled English people to buy corn and cotton for less money.

The American farmer is the wealth-maker of the nation, and the hardest worker.

In short, business properly managed was a means of doing good.

It is a conception so rarely found in a promoter of companies that even his good angel might look on with anxiety. It was her own ; good angels can admit no other. The world will not be happy without it. True, the man who cannot think of business apart from life must be very sure that he sees life largely, and sees it whole : for he cannot think of life apart from business. But that, as I conceive, was not her cause of care. To enforce the brave conception on such a scale, my friend might need more strength than she could arm him with ; to fail would need courage. But of this good angels have enough and to spare.

He came home to huge arrears of correspondence and other work, and found that English investors had been scared so badly by the failure of some large banks in Australia, and of a big American company, that, with one accord, they buttoned up their pockets. The mortgage banks, in spite of paying well, must wait for more capital. Debentures falling due for repayment were sometimes not renewed, and had to be taken up. Financial scares are like bad weather, there is no help for them ; so he was glad of his mill, and only wished he had the means to buy wool freely for a rise that he saw coming.

A small honour awaited him. He was made a Justice of the Peace at Mr. John Brigg's instance (Mr. Brigg being chairman of the local Bench), and took it dutifully. His letter to that gentleman said :

I am sure you have been personally at much trouble in obtaining this distinction for me, and for your efforts I cannot too much thank you. But you have always been good to me, far beyond my deserts. This new dignity and the work that it involves ill accord with my natural tastes, and I am afraid you will find me an inefficient and an inattentive colleague. But when real work has to be done you will find me at your side.

To the end of his life, however, Sir Swire avoided trying offenders when he could. They were often people known to him, for whom his humour made allowances, and to punish them gave no satisfaction. His own way was to forgive men, simply taking care that he was not bitten twice.

The Carnegies could not see too much of him. That June (1893) they were making a four-in-hand journey from London to Cluny Castle, and he did not refuse their invitation to be of the party. Mr. C. S. Smith, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, with his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps; Mr. and the Misses Graham were other members of it. They had June weather and were very jolly. Joining them at Shrewsbury, he was in time for a run to Chirk Castle and on to Chester, whence they skipped to Kendal by rail and there found the coach again for Bowness.

June 27th.—A very pleasant dinner party at Chirk. I read several sonnets from Wordsworth—"Tintern Abbey," etc.—much appreciated by the ladies. How fond of poetry they are, and how much they know! In this I think they much surpass our English ladies.

June 28th.—Called at Hawarden and heard Mrs. Gladstone's orphans sing.

June 29th.—I sat next to Mrs. Carnegie on the delightful drive to Bowness, and we had lots of singing. Mr. C. said that his firm makes over 1,000,000 tons of pig iron a year, and they would think themselves badly off if they did not make more than £1 a ton profit. I gather from other sources that his share is 53 per cent. I said, "If you don't mind and build more free libraries, you will not be able to escape being a rich man." He said, "I have big things yet to do at Pittsburg; but perhaps in a year or two I may be able to do something." I replied, "We shall be putting you alongside the Duke of ——." He laughed, and said he thought he was in a much better position now. Afterwards Mr. Smith said to me that Carnegie told his manager he came to England to escape worry. The manager said, "And think what we escape."

Mrs. S. says very funny things sometimes: "I sometimes long to be in a ten-acre lot alone, to laugh my fill." A lovely evening—perfection.

July 3rd.—Carlisle to Dumfries. We were very merry as we touched Scotland, and our songs made the welkin ring. Lunched a few miles beyond Annan in a stackyard. The farmer's wife had lunch with us, which she enjoyed. At Dumfries walked to Burns's house, and monument in the church, where there are martyrs buried. "It was here," said the sexton, pointing to a seat by a pillar, "that Burns sat." "Did he often come?" asked Mrs. S.

At dinner C. and S. gave reminiscences. At thirty-three C. decided to retire from business, being then worth over $250,000, but the offer he had was so good that he took it. Of my Irving imitation, Mrs. S. said, "He out-Irvings Irving!"

July 4th.—Lunched in the Duke of Buccleuch's park in sight of the castle, our horses on the road with nosebags. We sang "Our Country, 'tis of Thee," in honour of the day; then some of our favourites and "Auld Lang Syne." As I was about to leave, Mrs. Carnegie struck up "Will Ye no Come Back Again?" An affectionate parting.

At last he and his brother were building a house, established bachelors. His friends of later years were to know this house as Steeton Manor, and to love it for the warmest of plain-mannered hospitality. But the first plan was not ambitious.

All he seems to have desired was a place where Sam and he might sleep at alternate week-ends when they wanted fresh air and quiet. It was built alongside the old farm buildings, and he called it a lean-to. Little mattered in the day-rooms but an ingle nook and a library. All the same, it grew in the hands of the architect and builders, and with a solar over the square porch, and long mullioned windows, and a parapet recalling Haddon Hall, it came to have good architectural pretensions. And the situation was superb—a knoll backed by the wooded hillside and commanding a lovely wide sweep of Upper Airedale. It was three miles out of the town. The skies were not dimmed with smoke there, clean winds blew from the moors, and artists say that Airedale is the greenest valley in England. Moreover, he built the house substantially. "It ought to be firm and sure," he wrote to a friend, "five hundred years from now; perhaps it will be the only monument"—he forgot the schools—"that I shall leave to posterity."

But when he asked Mr. Hampden Sugden to draft plans for it, his father, hale and sturdy at eighty, proposed to end his days at Lowfield, and neither brother thought of leaving him. The old man was rare company, and liked that of his sons. He put the case with some humour: "Swire and Sam's t'maisters i' this house—and I do as I like." Even at that age he rode daily, and in winter wore no overcoat. After eighteen miles in the saddle, going to Skipton market, he would be cracking jokes at his club till bedtime. Once he was thrown by a mettlesome cob on the highway. He rode it home, his face disfigured but all his bones sound, and slept as well as usual; after which he was seen to look at himself in the glass. "Well!" he said: "I'm a bonny beggar!" The fall was another joke.

As long as he lived to share their lives and interests, Lowfield must be the home; and the truth is that Swire Smith built, as he invested, for the future. *Respice finem.* "I look on Florida," he said, "as my old-age pension."

An expert who had been found to put down plant and work phosphate gravel for the Syndicate, reported it of splendid quality and sent some cargoes. How much of it there might be in the 77,000 acres no man knew, and Professor Shayler, of Harvard, said, "If we had to give up iron or phosphate, I would say, 'Give up iron,' for we could get on better without it." In the worst event, the land bore timber worth its purchase money.

Nevertheless, it seemed impossible to establish good relations with directors on the spot, who failed to observe the practice of business men as we know it at home. At one time their monthly accounts in the Florida Land Bank were three months overdue, and Mr. Brigg pressed in vain for either explanations or remittances. The Bank indeed paid 10 per cent. again, and added £5,000 to its reserve; but conceive the position of its Yorkshire founders, met every day by their friends with the inquiry, "How's Florida going?" and unable to answer frankly! To friends one should be able to show letters, confidentially. What anxiety they were bound to feel, at a time when business in America was held up by the uncertainties of legislation on the silver question and the tariff, and good men were being ruined! They could only keep £25,000 idle in London, and hope for the best while they multiplied correspondence. Swire Smith wrote in a way to quicken the imagination of dull minds, yet with perfect temper; and in February of 1896, putting aside all other business, he sailed once more, with Mr. John Brigg.

On the very eve of their departure the manager of the Indian River Association, being in England, came to tell them of irregularities against which he, too, had been fighting. One man at least, a director in these ventures, was involved in heavy speculations. Other directors, his friends, appeared to have been less than strict with him. These irregularities are not material for the present story, and I note only that our travellers took with them, at the instance of Mr. Prince Smith, a young Englishman who was later to play a part in redeeming things—Mr. W. Moore Angas, of Darlington. But now began the test of courage.

> Our friends were affectionate in their farewells. My dear old father, who was evidently sincere, over and over, and with great heartiness, *wished me luck.*

Even so, I have the impression that Swire Smith enjoyed the voyage in springlike weather. It made him acquainted with Mark Twain, for one thing—"seemingly a man of sixty; bushy grey hair and moustache; low collar; walks with a shambling gait."

I saw Mr. Clemens leaning against the bulwarks, smoking, and apologized for introducing myself, I was familiar with his friend Andrew Carnegie. He said (as Americans usually do), "I'm glad to make your acquaintance," and shook hands.

He travelled through Scotland in the early seventies but did not write on it. He had started, in London, to go about unknown, and freely write his impressions of cities, hotels, railroads and people; but in three days he became so depressed from loneliness that he called on his publishers and said it was no use, he must know *somebody*. From that moment he had been so hospitably entertained that he could write nothing—for whether he criticized or praised he must bring in his hosts. Still, he had always thought that he could say many things more or less original about England and Scotland.

Had he never had a fling at Ruskin? Never; but recently, in Florence, he had written some things which, he thought, represented his views of R.'s criticism of the Old Masters and might be useful and entertaining. His wife and daughters wouldn't allow him to publish them. Even from the standpoint of a man who knew as little about art and architecture as he did, he thought there was plenty to be said about Ruskin.

Speaks slowly, almost with a drawl. He amused me by a story of German etiquette, how he once dined at Mr. Phelps's with Count Secondorff (or some such name), the household representative of the Dowager Empress. He (Twain) was chief guest, but he didn't know it; so when dinner was served it was somebody's duty to go first, and they all waited. In the end they had to go in in a crowd. At table his place was opposite Phelps, and the Count was on Phelps's right; the Count *must* be chief, he thought. When dinner was over, no one would rise. It was awkward. They got into the smoke-room, and sat and sat. He was dead tired. So were the others. But nobody left, and he felt mad about it; but Phelps said it was all owing to his own stupidity.

Considers Edward Atkinson one of the most level-headed men in America.

There was a little rough weather on the third day out; and, though a fair sailor, he makes the wistful remark, "A few small things make all the difference between Mount Pisgah and the gloomy wilderness." But he played at quoits, and Mark Twain came on deck.

We walked about till lunch-time, more than two hours. He said that when at work he averaged 2,000 words a day—sometimes less than half that, sometimes 6,000 words or more. His wife was his best critic. He believed he was the laziest man on record; but he could work 8, 10 and 12 hours without effort. Advice: Shut yourself in a room lighted only by electric light. But he has written a magazine article three times over, not more than one page of the original available. Net result eight pages, and you are paid for eight pages. Better work on a book.

Professor Fisk told him at Florence that he went mad with overwork, and that he never worked so many hours. "But what were you doing?" "Revising a dictionary in Arabic, and confirming my meanings by looking up authorities." "There's the difference," said Mark. "I only write lies that require no confirming."

In writing a book he has the method in his mind, but does not make a skeleton. In preparing a lecture he builds the skeleton—without any jokes on it—and commits it to memory. The jokes grow as the lecture is repeated, and at last it is ready to be given in the big cities.

He said Chauncey Depew is great at effects, but is America's finest after-dinner speaker. He makes two kinds of speeches, and so do all the better orators—one carefully prepared, every word, for the greatest occasions; the other prepared only in part. Depew contrives to be late, and times his appearance to get the best applause. Suppose he has carefully prepared a few sentences. He will begin by making some allusion to what has been said and conclude with those sentences. The audience goes wild with admiration and says, "How wonderful! All on the spur of the moment."

Mark Twain was the one writer who could have told the story of what had happened in Florida. My friend, face to face with it, found the story "terrible."

His notes contain no judgment on men's acts, as they waste no time in regrets and forecasts: he was a general coming on the scene to find a breach in the line, with dispositions to be made instantly, and he made those dispositions. Nothing could mitigate the ruin wrought on the orange groves of borrowers by a great frost, the effect of which seemed to be that, since August, there had been no interest paid to the Land Mortgage Bank on loans; but something might be done for the management of the Bank, the Syndicate and the Association, in dire peril from graver and avoidable causes. The general had, as it were, to supersede subordinates and at the same time to hold them up for the emergency. Subordinates? They had been equals. Very fortunate in the authority he at once assumed, they made no open question of it; and in a few days he had completed masterly arrangements with legal effect.

But it was a lost battle. Those arrangements were only for a retreat in good order; and, plan as he might for a rally, there was little left for him and his friends but to pay first the price of that disaster.

CHAPTER XIV

"Terribly cast down"—An honourable directorship—Sir Isaac Holden and gold mining—Mr. Morley at Cluny—A millionaire pickaback—The worth of song—To Germany again—Prince Hermann commends a sausage—Mr. Carnegie's loan—Candour at Liverpool—The surprising knighthood.

I TOUCH lightly on a tragic disillusionment. He outlived it, as his nearest ally did, to be rewarded with "all that should accompany old age, as love, honour, obedience, troops of friends." But the Florida Land Mortgage Bank could not be saved from liquidation. He had only secured its assets; there was no income to meet the interest on debentures, and it takes four years to restore orange groves killed to the ground.

Knowing what my friend suffered, I may not be expected to copy the restraint with which he spoke and wrote of men whose conduct had disappointed him, and who, while admitting it, blamed an "act of God." But to judge them is beside the purpose. Enough to say that he could not shield them, even to save his associates, nor forgive himself his own part in the venture. That was an error of judgment, and the painfulness of it was that so many friends whom he had thought to benefit were hurt by it. "I am terribly cast down," he wrote to Mrs. Silliman, "and I don't think I shall ever get over it while I live. Since I saw you, I have often wished I had never been born." What now shines out is the integrity of two men who were hit hardest. Their holdings were crushingly heavy. He leaves a note on the subject, which is eloquent.

Ben and I always intended to sell some of our shares, but not because we did not consider them safe. The last issue

> was made at 50 per cent. premium, and we might have sold then; but we did not wish to hinder the sale of the company's shares. Afterwards we did not offer ours because, seeing the financial difficulties of other American companies, we determined not to weaken the Florida shares by selling at less than 30s.
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> We could have disposed of them easily at a good profit *after* the frost, but it was out of the question to take advantage of any one at that time.

They saw the trouble through, submitting to reproaches; and I have the honour to show the behaviour of a public man who, from this time, served under the great weight of his losses, the drawback to his influence, and the claims always made upon his vigilance by those American enterprises good and bad. He was at a loss from first to last of £60,000, but never ceased to watch over them.

There was unjust blame to face. Too sorry to contest it, he found it bitter, and not so bitter for himself as for the blameless friend who had lavished ability in the strict conduct of these businesses. True, the two men's integrity was known, and those few detractors who were cynical had a rebuff when Mr. Brigg was appointed one of the liquidators by vote. But they flung angry imputations of neglect, incompetence and careless avidity. There had been nothing of the sort; for the irregularities discovered were of such a kind as no precautions possible between equals can prevent. That was clear enough to men who were not beside themselves. The real imprudence—for which every man concerned had to blame himself more or less frankly—consisted in sharing the management of a risky and distant enterprise with strangers, however well accredited; and that is common. It now ceased; Mr. Moore Angas took direct control in America for the Bank, the Syndicate and the Association. But loyal and good servants had to be sacrificed to a wholesale mistrust, including the very informers. My friend wrote to Mr. Angas:

> Not a day passes but I feel that, if I were not bound hand

and foot, I would be by your side in Florida. For some time past I have felt like Job of old after he had been delivered into Satan's hands, and messengers came and told him of his children being murdered, and his barns burnt and destroyed, and all his property taken away. I am afraid that I cannot meet nakedness with Job's philosophy and resignation. Probably there is no one but Mr. Brigg on whom this business hangs, a worry by day and a terrible dream by night, so continually as upon me.

Next month comes a call for the Bank, which means, for me and my father and brother, over £11,000—with a call for a like amount next year. It comes just as we need all the capital we can get for my private business. Our new warehouse is completed, and the big accounts come in for payment. We have an immense stock, and although there are large orders on our books we cannot get our customers to take it. And I am finishing my new house, which I must furnish if I am to make use of it.

What think you, O Angas, of all this? Is it not enough to drive a fellow crazy in face of what has happened, and of such further news as you have lately been sending?

Well, he was not driven crazy. He did not even change his attitude to human nature. Big as the cloud was, he "turned it about." I find this characteristic note on a talk with Sir Isaac Holden at Oakworth:

Stanley Brailsford went to South Africa a few years ago, looking for a place where he and his family could settle. "See what they are doing at Johannesburg," said Sir Isaac. (It was 1875.) He gave Brailsford a letter to Mr. Farrer, a young engineer, son of the late Dr. Farrer, principal of Woodhouse Grove school. Farrer had started at the beginning in gold mining in Johannesburg, and knew the country well. Brailsford got *much* information from him, saw everything and came back enthused. Said Sir Isaac, "What you put in I will double." Farrer acted for them and they formed a company, in which his London brokers joined, with other large financial houses. Then came the Johannesburg panic, and everything *went to smash*. They held their money and waited, while Farrer made investigations. The best mines were offered for an old song. They went in and bought thousands of lots (a "lot" representing a mining plant), and Sir Isaac has a great many founders' shares that are worth, I think he said, more than a hundred times what he gave for them.

Man must hope, and the advice to hold on in Florida was given not only by Sir Isaac Holden but by Mr. Carnegie. Moreover, there was the refreshment of another visit to Cluny Castle, where, among pleasant people, he met Mr. John Morley. Imagine the almost superstitious solace derived from finding these verses (which he promptly copied) on the wall of his bedroom there:

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
  O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterday
  Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let to-morrow mar thy rest
  With dreams of coming ill:
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
  His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world,
  Put out each glaring light:
The stars are watching overhead—
  Sleep sweetly, then. Good night.

That was his comfortable hostess; and he seems to have been so little troubled by forebodings that when, next day, he "had a great talk about Florida and Texas," Mr. Morley found his conversation "most refreshing," and said it was much more interesting to be among such men than with certain "swells." Little is recorded of their discussions on politics; only that "Morley liked the Yorkshire members" and did not like Mr. Cowan. "Beware," he said, "of those fine-speaking men." But they "fought their battles o'er again"; and Swire Smith was as curious as his host about schemes for the establishment of international peace, though he could never agree with him on tariffs. The battles were those of that year's election; and the Yorkshire members included Mr. John Brigg, who sat in Sir Isaac Holden's place now, that worthy being an octogenarian.

One gathers, too, that, getting on in years, three temperate men were a little vain of their physical fitness, with some excuse. In the absence of a gillie, Swire Smith carried his host across the Spey; while Sir Isaac, on returning to Keighley, thought little of walking up the steep hill to Oakworth in hot sunshine. Here is the pickaback story:

> Carriage and gillies were a considerable distance down the valley and on the other side of the stream. As it seemed unnecessary that we should both get wet in crossing a shallow stream, I suggested that he should mount on my back and I would carry him over. He said this was impossible, but I insisted that I could do it, and I would like to be able to say that I had carried a millionaire on my back. The humour of the situation decided him, and I started off quite valiantly.
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> I reached the middle of the stream and then—my foot slipped on a mossy boulder and I wobbled! Indeed I very nearly fell headlong into the water. However, my precious burden clutched me tightly, and I managed to regain my footing and bear him safely to the other side. It is a saying of Mr. Carnegie's that millionaires who laugh are rare: on that occasion at least, he was among the rare ones.

I remember how it baffled the cynics, and disgusted some of them, that such losses as those of Florida should seem to be taken lightly. While their dismay was fresh, my friend gave public addresses on music and on books, confirming mistrust of him. He was always, I think, to be esteemed more highly by strangers than by the bulk of his townspeople, who supposed great men to be dull, if not sad; but the men disgusted were hostile to culture—it diverts attention from the work of life, which is to make money. He had appealed to this notion in behalf of technical instruction: was it accident that in the lecture on music he opposed it directly?

When it was suggested to one of our most prominent citizens that the freedom of Keighley should be conferred on Mr. J. T. Carrodus (a native), he said, " What's he done? What brass has he brought into Keighley?" But what is my apology for not knowing French and German? In my youth I gave to singing the time that would have made me conversant with languages. Can you give pleasure to yourself, and in doing so contribute to the pleasure of others? Then never mind, you do the better thing. I venture to think that in my travels I have won more pleasure by song than I should have had profit by languages.

O fellow! Come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

If, at any rate, he put work first, saying that you must know your work and do it very well, Swire Smith believed with all his heart in diversions; and this belief saved him when writing letters 2,000 words long to Mr. Angas, retrenching, straining every nerve. Had not the boyish belief in diversions procured most of his friendships, now priceless? Friends are those who share a man's belief in himself. Mr. Carnegie went so far as to visit Florida, and then to ask him for the whole story, which he had not paraded. "Keep up," said he. "It will be ten years before things come fully round again, but don't despair; we shall never see trade in America worse than now." This was in 1896.

At Buckhurst Park, the Carnegies' place in Sussex, he met that Whitsuntide Mr. E. P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States under Harrison; Sir Edwin Arnold; Colonel Hay, author of *The Life of Lincoln*; Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Garrison, the widows of famous generals. From that time forward he was expected at Cluny or Skibo every year.

Nor did he ever cease to watch the German competition, in his own trade and in others. As a spinner he had nothing to fear from it. His sales to Germany had increased more rapidly than his sales at home. But, in spite of technical instruction, our weaving firms were still beaten in certain cheap lines of dress goods. He must know why. Mr. W. T. Stead had boomed a book called *Made in Germany*, in which the cry for protection was renewed. Had the German schools been able again to "go one better"? Burdened with debts, the moment his mill got into full work he was off at his own cost once more, with Sir William Woodall and Mr. Redgrave. With good credentials they visited exhibitions then being held at Stuttgardt and Nüremberg, and saw the factories of other towns. But this time he found nothing new to emulate save German adaptiveness. There were still 14,000 handlooms in Germany.

His notes on the journey have an interest that could not be foreseen. The military system, which he viewed as a handicap on industry, was praised by employers. They said that it made men respectful, orderly, amenable to discipline. While he noted a lack of self-reliance and independence, they were content to have their labour cheaper than ours, and did not complain that army service should make it less efficient for a time, as well as lessen the supply. Very well, then; we had only to hold our own. So long as our skill was as good as theirs, we could beat them. But things were said which, however innocent, look sinister now, like the visiting card of "Dr. Max Graf von Zeppelin" kept in a note-book; for example, by Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, "We have not enough land to keep our people," and by Count von Caprivi, "Germany must export manufactures or men."

He answered, "Go on, you are foemen worthy of our steel." It is as if he had been taken literally. Even the democratic manners of an amiable prince make strange reading:

> Prince Hermann was most civil and affable, inviting us to lunch. Afterwards we met him at the Exhibition, while

looking at a sausage machine. They were chopping the meat, making up the sausages and cooking them. "Have a sausage with me," said the Prince; "you will find them good." He handed us each a plate with two, a bun, and a knife and fork. There was no escape.

We attended a meeting of small employers, who had just dined; and I was placed opposite him. We sat at a long table down the centre of a cellar under the Exhibition, with many little tables. He said to me, "We all drink beer to-night," and the beer was brought in white mugs. People crowded in and smoked and drank. He is evidently popular, and answered their salutes by taking off his hat. Our healths were drunk; Woodall, who replied in English, was very well received; and at midnight the Prince walked with us as far as our hotel. "You pay us a great compliment in visiting our Exhibition, and we greatly appreciate your kindness."

But this was twenty years before the War. The visit was paid, in fact, at the suggestion of one of Swire Smith's German correspondents, Herr von Diefenbach of Stuttgardt, who knew quite well what he and his colleagues had done to promote technical schools on the German model.

At long last, he heard privately that his name stood high on the list of public men likely to be honoured with titles. It was an encouragement. If the honour should come through his political opponents, it would be the clearer acknowledgment of services. That it should come now, in the face of detraction, would be gratifying doubly. It had been mooted by the Master of the Clothworkers' Company and Sir Owen Roberts, their secretary, who were aware alike of those services and of his conduct as a director. He could feel no scruple. Moreover, those political opponents in Lord Salisbury's third Administration included his old friend and fellow-educationist the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President.

A more intimate gratification surprised him in the following year, affecting his financial standing. It came at the worst pinch. Just when, by mobilizing all resources, he had paid the second huge call made on account of the

Florida Land Bank, Texas dividends failed for the time being, and so did those of the Florida Syndicate with its phosphates. America was in a pit of depression. Then a call was made on shares in another land bank, so much less important that it has escaped mention—the North Western Land Bank at Seattle. The call in question was an ordinary call on shares not fully paid ; but how to meet it ? For borrowing money, he had no security that could be pledged.

While he cast about Mr. Carnegie drew him aside, and, knowing nothing of it, offered a loan ! They were on a coaching tour in Caithness and Sutherlandshire.

> I told him that, if he would hold the North Western shares, I would give an undertaking to meet all liabilities and pay 5 per cent. till they were redeemed. " No," said he, " I'll not have any security. I believe you will meet your obligations, and what will help you will be time. Tell your bank they must let you have the money at 3½ per cent., and that if they won't, my bank gladly will, with my guarantee. Surely my name is good enough for what you want. Tell them that without being asked I offered to help you. That's far the best way ; it will show them that you are not without friends, and so help you generally."
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> Of course I thanked him with all my heart ; and I record this as the biggest act of unsolicited generosity that has ever been shown to me. The fact of his ability to help hardly comes in, for he has innumerable suppliants.
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> Such offers are seldom made ; and this is another proof of the value of friendliness, and of making oneself agreeable to others. There is something, too, in being *square* to them, and in not speaking slander or listening to it. Mr. C. has for a considerable time been telling me things that he would entrust only with near and dear friends, and I am determined that his friendship shall not be misplaced.

It was a gratification, too, to be asked to give out prizes at the Liverpool School of Science, Technology and Art for the second time.

He never said soft things on these occasions. Facts " are chiels that winna ding," and there is no gain in burking them. There were 67 British technical schools in course of erection, there had been 70 built within ten years, and he confessed that he had supposed we were overtaking Germany. He had been mistaken. His address, therefore, was a comparison of Liverpool facts with German facts:

> And if, in this comparison, I may seem to speak disparagingly of your city, you will remember that patriotism consists, not in hiding our faults, but in trying to remove them. In some of the German States of equal population, there would be from 9,000 to 10,000 students as compared with 2,300 at the secondary schools of Liverpool. In Hamburg, which has a smaller population, but, like Liverpool, is engaged in the shipping industry, there are 80 secondary day schools and 8,000 students attending technical schools. I have no hesitation in saying that the town of Stuttgardt, with one-tenth of the population of your city, far exceeds Liverpool in facilities for higher and technical education; and so it is throughout Germany.
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> Such is the educational socialism of the country, and so complete the organization, that there is no child born, however poor, but has a chance of the highest intellectual training he is capable of. At every step he is cheered and sustained by the greatest scholars of the land; and, should he climb to the highest culture, he is welcomed by the brotherhood of those who fill the honoured seats of learning. The progress of Germany is undoubtedly the outcome of this education, and the seed is being sown for a still larger harvest.
>
> It is for us to meet the challenge while it is not too late. Those nations do not permanently hurt us that compel us to put forth our best efforts for the intellectual improvement of our people. The competition is a noble one, the surest means whereby the arts of peace may be cultivated and the material prosperity not of England alone but of the world secured.

This passage is instructive. He was opposed to any socialism but that equal opportunity of instruction, on which he strenuously insisted; and he was opposed to protection chiefly because it seemed to burke the challenge. All his public work whatever tended to one purpose. Preaching the rigour of the game, he did what he could to train and equip others for it.

The matter of a knighthood seems to have been half forgotten—for the Queen's Jubilee had passed—when on May 19, 1898, he makes the following entry:

> I drove from Steeton, arriving at Lowfield at 7.10 a.m. Frank gave me a rather large batch of letters, and as I walked on to the mill I turned them over. One letter was in a strange hand, marked "Private," and in the bottom left-hand corner of the envelope there was an "S." I did not like it, and I said to myself, "What the devil is this about? I hate letters marked 'Private.' This is a begging letter." Then I looked at the back and saw that a small coronet was stamped on the flap, and beneath the coronet, as a part of the die, the letter "S" again. I thought, "This is some swell wanting information about technical education." I proceeded to cut the envelope open with my penknife.
>
> What was my surprise when I read:
>
> FOREIGN OFFICE,
> *May* 18, 1898.
>
> MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me great satisfaction to be authorized to inform you that the Queen has been pleased to approve of your receiving the honour of knighthood on the occasion of Her Majesty's approaching birthday, in recognition of the eminent services which you have rendered to the cause of education in this country.
>
> Believe me, yours very faithfully,
> SALISBURY
>
> SWIRE SMITH, ESQ.
>
> A feeling of nervousness came over me, and I was a little agitated. I said, "Well, this is wonderful, but really I would rather it hadn't come. But I will accept it; and I must do my best to meet its responsibilities."

CHAPTER XV

Congratulations—Danger of bachelordom—At Osborne—Luncheon and the "dubbing"—Skibo—Beaufort Castle—Highland sports—A rich man on Faust—Mr. Carnegie's enthusiasms—Earning and spending of millions—"I'll keep out"—First £10,000 for an English library—George Smith's note of hand—Services—The Bright statue—What to do with snapshots—Death of George Smith.

THE honour was announced in the Birthday List, but not conferred then. As usual, it had been offered alternatively by letters patent or by "dubbing"; my friend would have been unlike himself not to choose the latter way of receiving it, and the ceremony did not follow till August. Meanwhile there were hundreds of congratulations. They came from his colleagues of the Technical Instruction Commission, from the heads of schools and colleges, from many public bodies and from the host of friends far and near by whom he was loved or warmly esteemed.

He was a good deal embarrassed, but evaded no personal reply to escape the labour of writing. As to the embarrassment, it was characteristic; for, although it may be that honours are seldom better earned, they are unlikely ever to be conferred on persons of more ingenuous modesty. Lady Bective, an old friend not yet named (she had helped the Keighley school with prizes), teased him: "*You* don't value the compliment, I know! but all your friends do." It was, however, this modesty which made and kept him a democrat: and the congratulations rang with too much sincerity to let him do less than value highly a distinction which brought them showering.

They insisted that its bestowal was merely just. Sir William Woodall, rejoicing that it came "not, as is so often the case, as the result of persistent intrigue, but as a recognition of invaluable and unselfish service," reminded him that a title would give more authority to his opinions. The aged sister of John Bright wrote :

NEWINGTON HOUSE, EDINBURGH,
June 13, 1898.

MY DEAR SWIRE,—I ought to have been among the first, rather than the last, to congratulate you upon your life's work of faithfulness to duty and far-seeing wisdom having been acknowledged by the Queen and the Prime Minister, and so warmly appreciated by high and low as it has been. In this they have honoured themselves. Burns told the Queen 150 years ago that she could not make you what you are, as that was " aboon her might." But the gift of knighthood she has bestowed upon you is valued by all who know you because it has not been given on account of wealth, or military distinction, or party politics, for which too often State honours are conferred, but in recognition of your God-given powers having been so freely and generously used for the good of her people and your country's welfare. I rejoice with you and your father for this—a proud distinction.

I was not then able to write owing to illness—I have been long ill and am still very weak—and this letter, in consequence, does not do my heart the justice I could have wished. Your loving, faithful, lifelong services have not been for the public alone ; they have been as true, as self-denying and as beautiful in your home life. In the recognition such a life has elicited, no one rejoices more than your old friend of many years,

PRISCILLA BRIGHT MCLAREN.

To this I am sure he replied amply ; it called for condolence. But what was to be said to such a letter as that of Mrs. W. D. Hertz ? An old Bradford friend long established in London, Mrs. Hertz was the large-hearted and cultured lady to whose memory Mr Edward Clodd has paid a tribute in his book on Professor Sully, and in whose *salon*, he says, " one met Frederic Harrison with other leaders of the Positivist movement, and, besides these, everybody who was anybody." She wrote from 40, Lansdowne Crescent :

My Dear Sir Swire Smith,—I write that trifle, " S," three times with quite especial satisfaction, and never suspected before that the sibilant could sound so pretty.

You have been a knight in spirit all your life, combating ignorance and evil with energy, doing valiant deeds in behalf of progress, extension of knowledge, cultivation of the moral graces, enlargement of freedom and furtherance of the general welfare. So it is most fitting that the Queen should, in the eyes of all men, label you knight. But there is one thing wanting to complete the promotion— a Lady Smith to shed additional lustre on the title. Sir Robert Giffen, much older than you, has lately married for the second time and is supremely happy. Shall you not do less and likewise ?

My kindest regards to your niece. I often think of my pleasant visit to your beautiful house.

Ever your sincerely attached and old friend,
Fanny Hertz.

His Boston friend Mr. Edward Atkinson took an easier tone :

I am beginning to credit myself with a very remarkable insight and foresight in respect to the quality of men, and therefore to point out to my English friends that to be my friend may become a very important matter to them. First, Louis Mallet, knighted ; second, Sir Lyon Playfair made a peer ; third, Sir Thomas Farrer made a peer ; fourth, Robert Giffen knighted, and now Mr. Swire Smith also knighted !

I congratulate myself, and also yet more I congratulate you, on the recognition by others of your merits. How shall I emulate you ? I have been addressed as Esquire, Reverend, Doctor, Colonel, Corporal, General, Jedge and Venerable. The other night I received a new title. A young Irishman came to ask me to lecture in the basement of his new church near us, and in the urgency of the case broke out, " Father Atkinson, will you come ? " But I shall never be a peer, or even a knight.

Frankly, my congratulations are very cordial ; there is a merit in titles that are won.

As if in preparation for the change in his personal estate, the house had been at last finished, and stood with sufficient dignity on its hillside. There was no Lady Smith to be its mistress, but the niece referred to had been lent to the brothers by his favourite sister, Hannah ; she kept house for them, and she was never, fortunately, to be displaced. She became a very gracious presence at Steeton Manor; artistic, fond of books and gardening, a bright auxiliary. And he was reconciled to bachelordom. True, if he had to go through life again he would try, he said, to take a " saner, truer and nobler course " ; for, at the best, a bachelor could not " be a fully developed man—his natural tastes and instincts tend to contract instead of expanding, and usually he becomes a rather selfish person." But, on the whole, he had got along fairly well.

He was still to do so. Astonishingly young in heart, he had the happy habit of taking a fresh interest in everything and everybody about him ; so that, however wisely, he saw life with young eyes. There is good evidence of this in his account of the " dubbing," which might almost have been written for young readers.

On Saturday, August 6th, I appeared in levee dress at Waterloo station for the special train leaving for Southampton at ten. There were several military and civil officials in addition to the knights, and we were taken charge of by Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, of the Queen's household. (He adds a list of the party, twenty gentlemen.) At Southampton the Earl of Pembroke joined us, and conducted us to the steamer, the *Duchess of Kent*, which took us to Cowes.

The Regatta had been held during the preceding three or four days, and many of the ships were gaily decorated with flags. There was an Austrian man-of-war, and the new warship the *Crescent*, commanded by the Duke of York. The Prince of Wales is living on board the *Osborne*, which has been so fitted with an awning with glass that, while reclining, he can see all that goes on. The official in charge of the boat assured me that he was watching us as we passed. Landing at Cowes, we were received by more officials of the household and were conveyed in, I think, six carriages to Osborne. So far as I remember, the liveries were black, the carriages plain landaus, the horses pairs of greys ; in one case only was there a postilion. Boys in groups cheered us as we passed.

At Osborne we were first conducted to a large room, and placed our coats, hats and umbrellas on a table in charge of an attendant. The clothes brushes might have done duty for half a century. One of the Lords-in-Waiting invited us, on behalf of Her Majesty, to inscribe our names and the date of our visit in her birthday-book. Luncheon was announced, and we made our way along a tiled vestibule and through a spacious hall, with views of the sea from its windows, to the Indian Room. Here there were about six Ladies-in-Waiting (of the Queen and the Duchess of York), with still other officials, and they sat here and there at the table so as to be interspersed among the strangers.

The room is about 60 feet long by 30 feet wide, with a deep bay window half way down it, opposite a fireplace. At one end there is a balcony with a front of Indian woodwork, sufficiently large to accommodate musicians. There were Indian screens under it, and there was a handsome Indian screen before the fireplace. The ceilings and walls are of elaborate Indian plaster work. The floor was covered with Indian matting, cool and restful. In the bay window stood a large table used for side dishes, with a fine silver-gilt box on it, and masses of flowers. There were standard lamps of coloured glass (in small pieces) round the room; I did not see brackets or chandeliers. The luncheon table was unusually wide, and the centre was filled with growing plants and ferns and grasses. Nearly forty persons lunched, and I counted in the room sixteen waiters at one time, wearing powdered hair, red coats and, I think, silk stockings, except one who was in Highland costume—he seemed to have charge of the wines—and two or three who were in plain black, wearing medals.

There were no menu cards. We began with cutlets and haricot vegetables. Entrée dishes contained, without divisions, on one side boiled and on the other mashed potatoes. There were also green peas and cauliflowers. Roast beef, roast mutton and entrées were served, and in among them lobster salad. There did not seem to be any order, and I fancy the waiters brought round what was handiest. I saw certain dishes offered to others that were not brought to me. Fancy pastries and puddings were offered in variety: cheese and biscuits; lovely fruit—peaches, grapes, bananas, greengage plums—and, to finish, delicious coffee and cream. I noticed that one knife and fork only were set for each guest; the forks were silver and the knives had silver-mounted handles. Steel knives were served for dessert. The dinner service was not showy—mainly white china with a small ornament. The dessert plates were fretted in the character of old Leeds ware, and I think they bore the Royal arms.

After coffee we rose, and the ladies in a group withdrew, the rest following. In the corridor one of the Lords-in-Waiting asked each of us his title ; and he put on the breast of each of those who were to receive orders a small hook on which the order could be conveniently hung by the Queen. Then we walked back to our ante-room, obtained our hats and gloves, and each put on the left-hand glove. We were next arranged in single file, the knights last in alphabetical order. I should have brought up the procession, but Mr. H. C. Fischer's name had been accidentally omitted and he was behind me.

As we waited in the corridor, all chatting very pleasantly, two of the ladies came towards us with two little boys, of three to four years of age. They were Prince Edward and Prince Albert—Prince Edward, who was to be the heir to the throne. They were very charming children. They began at one end of the line and shook hands with each of us, enjoying the fun of doing so. They handled one of the hats with a plume of feathers, and Prince Edward said to me, " Are you a knight ? " While this little incident was diverting our attention, a band on the front lawn struck up the National Anthem and we were summoned to Her Majesty's presence.

We entered in single file a rather small ante-room, and walked round a table to a door leading to the Queen's room. At first I could not look into this room, but soon my turn came. Sir Marcus Samuel, who was in front of me, said to the Gentleman-in-Waiting at the door, " When shall I go ? " and the reply was, " Count six after the one before you has gone." I entered from the doorway as soon as Sir Marcus had taken his place before the Queen.

The room was not large. At the further end, in the centre, the Queen was seated in an arm-chair. On her right was the Duke of York wearing an Admiral's uniform, and close behind him the Duchess. On the Queen's left, a little behind her too, the Lady Ampthill attended. Immediately in front of Her Majesty, there was a cushion on the carpet or rug which was spread before her, on top, I think, of another carpet.

I approached the Queen as Sir Marcus was retiring backwards by a door to my right. She looked straight into my face, and I observed that she slightly lowered her head and rather winked her eyes, as if to see me more distinctly. She wore a small white cap and a black gown, and I was surprised to see that her face was pale. When last I saw her, ten years ago, it was rosy, almost florid. She also seemed to be feeble, and fully up to her eighty years.

Sir Spencer announced my name, Mr. Swire Smith. I reverently bowed, and drew near, kneeling on my right knee and holding my hat under my left arm. The Duke of York handed the sword to his grandmother, still supporting its weight. She tapped me with it on one shoulder, then on the other, and held out her right hand. I placed my hand under hers and kissed it. Her hand was very small, and white, and soft. She then, in a clear voice, but not loud, said, "*Sir Swire Smith*"; and I rose, again bowing, and paced backward out of the room.

As an old journalist, I pay my respectful tribute to the cool vigilance and precision of his observation. He adds that, as the guests resumed coats and umbrellas, cigars were offered to the gentlemen in uniforms and cocked hats; and I find that two days later he forwarded a cheque for £26 8s. 2d. to the Lord Chamberlain's office as fees due to the Earl Marshal and Heralds of England and Scotland.

The Duke of Devonshire, who, as he guessed, had been his backer, saw him at Keighley and told him how things had nearly miscarried. There had been such an array of names in the Jubilee list that Lord Salisbury struck out all but a few, those of men to whom he was committed. The Duke afterwards rescued Sir Swire Smith's. "I was glad to be able to do it," he said, "but I thought at one time that I should not succeed. You see, these honours are almost invariably given for political services."

The knighthood made no change whatever in Swire Smith, or in his manner of life. He seemed always to see himself like another person, with a good deal of interest but no special partiality; much as he saw Osborne. This accounts for the fact that he now took fresh interest in his uncourtly forebears, and noted down, after talks with his father, some of the droll things told in the Introduction. The traditional tale of gentility in the Swires he did not follow up, knowing how much to ascribe to his mother without believing that. I think he approved the Chinese notion, that a man honoured for his work gains the title for his ancestors.

About this time it looked as if Scotland had come in for the reversion of his American and Italian fervours; for in 1898 he was not only at Skibo for the first time, but twice at Beaufort Castle, rented by the Phippses, and in the following year gave an address at the Glasgow College and saw the Lauder Technical School opened at Dunfermline.

At Beaufort he met Lord Lovat, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Dr. Jex Blake, Professor Mahaffy, Father Nugent, Mr. Yates Thompson and some New York people, but I do not know that he formed any new friendship. There was shooting, riding and lively dancing. The Castle, too, had a pleasant seat. However, at Skibo his reflection was, "How like our own men these are!" and for Andrew Carnegie, now beginning to abound in benefactions and a gay humour, he had affection. Besides, he wondered at him. This plain-mannered little sturdy Scotsman, unspoiled by such fabulous wealth and so warm-hearted! Something like hero-worship touched their intercourse.

> We marched round in procession to the pipes before dinner, a large and merry party. Afterwards a dancing board was brought in, and Angus Macpherson in splendid style danced the Highland fling, the sword dance and a sailor's hornpipe. I had to sing several songs, and gave "Abner" (the Irving imitation—by which on another occasion Mr. Morley seems to have been convulsed). The fun went rather fast. . . .
>
> We had a lovely drive. Mr. C. was very confidential, and I think he is the *most* remarkable man I have ever met. The Pittsburg business has nothing like it for magnitude; it employs (subject to my defective memory) about 30,000 men, or men and youths. At Homestead the wages average \$3 a day. The firm made a railway of their own, about 140 miles, which has reduced their freights £600,000 a year.

The amount they still pay is simply fabulous. They have gone on improving their machinery in every process till now they are more than $1 a ton ahead of their cheapest competitors. They could undersell any steelmakers in England at their own doors; and before long they will make steel from furnace to wire in one process. For years their methods were pooh-poohed by men like Lowthian Bell, who now confess themselves fossils. Their profits this year will be over $13,000,000. George Lauder told me that the natural gas used in the works saves them 2,000 tons of coal a day; they bring it ninety miles in one-foot drain pipes.

When Uncle Lauder came to Skibo, he said, "Andrew, the romance of it! To think of your early struggles as a poor boy, and now you're to possess this Castle!" "Ay," said Andrew, "the romance of it. I wonder if there has ever been its match. Why, I could buy a Skibo every month, and maintain it too." There was no boasting in this, for it would mean less than a million sterling a year. "Could I prolong my life and retain my vigour and health, I would willingly pay £1,000,000 a year to either Power." He thinks Faust didn't make a bad bargain.

He has the most diversified knowledge of any man I have met. He seems to forget nothing. And I never met a man of such enthusiasms: this is the best of worlds—if fine, "How delightful for the flowers!" if wet, "How splendid for the ducks!" Skibo is just perfection; put 0 to 80,000 and he wouldn't be tempted. He thinks he'll borrow the money at 2½ per cent. to pay for it and save 3½ on £80,000=£2,800 a year.

While we fished, he was like a boy. He sang and recited, and flared up at himself when he missed a rise. He made fun of Angus and Hall, gave them advice, chaffed me about my title: put myself in his hands and he'll find me a wife. Miss S. was just the one—he could do it. Her mother was the Westminster of Pittsburg. I kept changing the subject, but he went at it again with great glee.

We lunched on the moor, and chatted about Margaret (the baby). He wouldn't have his money fooled away, he wouldn't leave a fortune to children. Let them work, as he had done. "But," I said, "you must *leave* your money; you can't spend it as fast as you make it." He talked of what he meant to do.

The Duchess of Albany had expressed a wish to know them—to call—but they gave no encouragement to the suggestion. " You cannot half do it. You go in, or keep out altogether. I'll keep out." He had such friends as Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer and John Morley; these men were good enough for him.

He came with me and Hugh Morrison to the station, and I forgot to say good-bye.

Sir Swire Smith and Mr. Carnegie had characteristics in common. My friend's humility of mind, inferior boldness and freer diffusion of interests made a greater difference in their careers than in their temperaments, or even in their views. He submitted even to a little of the Laird's match-making, more pawky than felicitous.

As their intimacy became known, he was approached on behalf of institutions and causes hoping to benefit by Mr. Carnegie's liberality, which in America had been conspicuously shown. What he did, however, in the first instance, that of an appeal for a library from Fort Worth, was to say, when showing it, that he " could not pretend to take advantage of Mr. C.'s kindness to beg for anybody." The help he gave to worthy applicants, as when Sir Henry Roscoe sought it for London University, was to suggest the form in which an appeal seemed likeliest to succeed; and I think he never failed in doing so. His tact had a reward. The first library given by Mr. Carnegie in England was offered to Keighley, in 1899.

The talk turned on technical education at the dinner table, and I spoke of several of our students who had risen to positions of distinction and honour. Mr. Carnegie declared that my story was like a fairy tale, and forthwith made me the offer of £10,000 for a library. " I should like," he said, " if Keighley would let me, just to go into partnership with her. Your town has been doing a great work. I remember what Professor Huxley said about it years ago."

Most men, I imagine, would have come home bursting with the news, and spread it; but he could be secretive. He nursed a joy, and left Mr. Carnegie to announce it in his own way. Then he wrote to him in a glow:

I could scarcely get along the street this morning for congratulations, and the telephone has been busy all the day. I wonder if your ears have burned, as I think they would have done if you had heard all the nice things that were being said of you. And yet—I should not be surprised if at this moment you are making a big drive at the links, or peacefully gorging yourself with raspberries, without a thought of Keighley! Ah, would I were with you.

His view was that the library completed the school—crowned the edifice he had done so much to raise. "A library," he said, "is the continuation school through life, for education ends with life only." He was therefore full of pride and gratitude; nothing would do but to present the freedom of the borough to Keighley's benefactor—the first freedom for the first library. So in the following year he had Mr. Carnegie down to distribute prizes, and the freedom was presented in a casket of his own planning, and the new freeman came to Steeton Manor. But this was not the end of it. Struck by the fact that one half of the 1,100 students were workers attending evening classes, Mr. Carnegie went back to Pittsburg and founded there the largest technical school in the world.

As a pioneer of such schools, Sir Swire Smith had in the same year to give out prizes at the municipal school in Birmingham and the Merchant Venturers' School at Bristol. He was also made president of the Association of Technical Institutions, and in London gave an address to its members at the Mercers' Hall.

Since the Florida disaster began to be realized, five years had now passed; and it is good to think how, in spite of it, events had augmented the pride of a gallant father in extreme old age. The full gravity of it was, of course, never told to George Smith. Calls upon some of his own shares were paid out of the business account, so that he might think it done with, and go about as his way was. At eighty-eight he was still full of spirit and a sturdy figure. Only memory began to fail him. By an ironic chance, the site chosen by the Borough

Council for the new library took in provisionally the ground on which his house stood. He put it that he had his notice to quit. And one may wonder if he did not guess the extent and complexion of his son's difficulties. Trade was very bad; in 1897–8 the mill had not made profit enough to cover depreciations. Did he not know, at least, that even the Texas Bank had been unable to declare a dividend for three years, and shrewdly observe that Florida was hardly mentioned? There was much of his own fortune invested in the business; he had backed it with loans from time to time. Well, he had almost done with it! One morning he sat down to a sheet of notepaper, and, not being a great scholar, produced this note in a fairly clear hand on the third attempt:

LOWFIELD, KEIGHLEY,
February 15, 1900.

DEAR SWIRE,—All money that I have advanced to thee I give to thee.

Thy affectionate Father,
GEORGE SMITH.

One feels the strength of him in that simplicity, and it is nothing that the writing trembles, trailing down the page. He never wrote much better. "All money that I have advanced to thee I give to thee." There was possibly less nurture for a man's courage in Mr. Carnegie's help at need, or in the knighthood and many congratulations, than in that little note.

Outlive the blow as he might, Swire Smith was altered by it. In five years he had had wakeful nights. What haunted him—unkindly, like a keen ingratitude—was the mystery of certain men's misconduct, men he had judged very worthy. "I thought myself," he writes to Mr. Moore Angas, "a fair judge of character." But he lacked the insight ever to imagine himself, even for a moment, as using another person's mind: for that he was too stable. He therefore suffered, as he had suffered in a love affair, from the necessity of recalling every word and act of these men, in order to be sure of a judgment; and he was not only humbled bitterly, but never free of the thought of friends' distresses. He had " carried on," and life brought its compensations. I note, however, that, under the strain of those broken nights, his penmanship had become a little cramped and shaky. The heart went out of his adventure as a man of business.

But not out of the man himself ; he was in no way embittered. I suspect that it pleased him all the more to be useful, especially by such little private services as reassure a public man about his influence, and bring immediate gratitude.

A Principal was wanted for the Royal College of Art. That institution had merited some of the banter poured upon South Kensington by Mr. W. S. Gilbert ; it was mainly a college for dilettante. His protégé, Mr. Augustus Spencer, whom as a boy in his mill he had caught painting butterflies, was in the running for appointment, and had made all sorts of practical reforms at Leicester as head of the art school there. The very man ! A word to the Duke of Devonshire, who knew that story, might make another thing of the college, and put a feather in Keighley's cap. So I find Mr. R. L. Morant (afterwards Sir Robert Morant) writing : " Your personal note to the Duke about Spencer has done the trick, so far as any one thing can be said to do things in this complicated world." Two days later the young reformer cries, " Hurrah ! You have pulled it off again. I know how delighted you will be to hear of my appointment. God helping me, I will do all in my power to make the College a success."

In that instance there was much to follow. In another, more conspicuous at the time, he was the means of obtaining redress for a national dereliction. There was no statue of Mr. Bright in the hall of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Carnegie wished to offer one anonymously—a replica of the fine work done by Mr. Bruce Joy for Birmingham—and asked Sir Swire Smith to arrange for the gift, securing an appropriate site.

There were strange difficulties. First, Mr. Carnegie had suffered a rebuff in respect of his earlier offer of a bust of Cromwell. Then the appropriate site had been lost; on a protest by Mr. Bright's family, an inferior statue had been removed from it, but the offer of another had been declined in some dudgeon. There was, however, an irresistible correctness in the tact with which, having made himself acquainted with the personal factors in this impasse, Swire Smith approached Mr. Akers Douglas, a political opponent; and after some months of negotiation he was able to place the commission with Mr. Bruce Joy and install the statue—"to plead like an angel 'trumpet tongued' against the deep damnation of the Corn Tax."

He had often the satisfaction of doing good by stealth, and a sly humour used to mark his satisfaction. The truth is that in this exercise of personal credit, never abused, he had found a *métier*; and it is better to be a more important man than one seems than to seem a more important man than one is. Enough that friends were sometimes in the secret.

There was a friend at the Glasgow Technical College, another old Keighley student, the Professor of Engineering, Mr. W. H. Watkinson. That brilliant practical teacher, now known for his work on the famous "hush-hush" boats and other service in the War, had owed his appointment to Swire Smith's backing, as he was partly to owe his appointment to Liverpool University. He had come into the "fairy tale" told at Skibo. You will imagine that, in the visit to Glasgow mentioned a few pages back, there had been nothing much prouder than to find him there, doing great things. He and Mr. Alfred Fowler, Sir Norman Lockyer's right-hand man at the Royal College of Science, once a Keighley half-timer, were notable *alumni*. In 1901 Mr. Carnegie made his first gift of £25,000 to the Glasgow College, and the backer of all good Keighley students had to let Mr Watkinson know a little of the inwardness of that benefaction Here is his letter:

SKIBO CASTLE,
October 5, 1901.

DEAR WATKINSON,—Accept my thanks for the Glasgow paper. . . . I had previously seen the news, and my heart had been filled with pleasure. I am here on a short visit to Mr. Carnegie; and he told me, when I came, that in considering the claims of the College he was reminded of my address at your distribution of prizes two years ago, and of my statement that Glasgow was the beginner of the technical education movement one hundred years since, but that, after doing splendid service, it was falling behind. . . . I would not have mentioned this matter, but I feel that it emphasizes my congratulations to you personally, and to the Council of the College . . . I am very glad that the few seeds I sowed at your meeting did not all fall by the wayside.

Yours sincerely,
SWIRE SMITH.

By that disclosure (not made without leave) he gratified no vanity, but sought to strengthen Mr. Watkinson's position as his nominee.

He had also found a new hobby—photography. Henceforth on all his travels and friendly visits he was furnished with a kodak camera. He made a most wasteful use of this plaything, for it is a deplorable fact that, with so much to say for technical skill, he never quite mastered the instructions issued by the makers. His niece Mary, whose camera he borrowed in the first place (I think it must have been for the last trip to the Continent), tells how, before starting, he did a little practice under her tutelage with the shutter down, and seemed to get a fair notion of distances, lights and exposures. In those days there was a roll of fifty films, and he came back exulting over fifty snapshots, some of which might have to be treasured; but the developer found nothing there—he had never raised the shutter. All the same, this hobby was delightful. He possessed the means of pleasing his hosts and other people with souvenirs of jolly moments, and even a new means of scraping acquaintance.

It revived the days when he had hunted up quotations for birthday gifts and valentines, inasmuch as a good picture should be worth a posy; and so he spent happy hours in mounting and embellishing snapshots. Discriminate and do your spiriting gently, you may pay some pretty compliments that way. There were a few friends to whom he could send a verse of Milton:

> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love.

There were younger friends of the same sex who would not resent, or mistake, the playfulness of:

> 'Twas a kin' o' Kingdom Come to look
> On such a blessed creetur.

Or the portrait of one worthy public man might go to another inscribed:

> One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die.

For people or for scenes, he had found no better use to make of the poets; and, apart from all that, he was filling albums.

The Roscoes entertained him at Easter in 1902.

And then in April, a month always welcomed by him, there were certain heavy days to be gone through; for, having lived to nearly four score and ten, the rare old man who had been his proudest, first and greatest backer took leave of children and grandchildren. But this was done good-humouredly, with no fuss, his voice and look being still heartsome. There are no recorded last moments, as in the mother's case. He was ill; when they came to see him he praised them—" grand lasses," " good lads "—and one day he was dead. More pride than grief about that parting.

But it was the passing of a Keighley generation of which he had been the last survivor, and it awoke public memories. There were crowds to see his funeral. To his eldest son, the most touching sign of respect and sympathy was that the students of the school turned out to form a guard of honour.

CHAPTER XVI

Idiosyncrasies—A lively bachelor—Two proposals and a puzzle—Derelict mines—A romantic matriarch—Friendship for the States—America's future—A compliment.

SIR SWIRE SMITH was sixty years of age. He passed with strangers for a man on the sunny side of fifty, and in doing so deceived no one, for he was as young in physique as in spirit. Most men at forty-five are worse for wear than he now appeared to be after the labours which had won him public honour. I describe his personal appearance as it now was, because it is remembered so by his friends, having changed little, if at all, in the fifteen crowded years that remained to him.

He was fair, with a clear skin that looked warm and healthy but never florid. He had as much fair hair as in his teens, and wore it brushed smooth on the small, energetic head. Neither spare nor stout, he was firmly fleshed, muscular without special development, light on his feet, and not more than five feet five or six in height. He had small feet and hands. When walking, he gave the impression of being quick and sturdy; but his step was rather short. If he walked with a companion, either he took an arm, or you were gently elbowed while he talked, with a sort of nudge. That habit and the voice conveyed his warmth; as to the voice, it was a rich and pleasant baritone, very manly. The portraits are all too serious; they fail with his glance, which was full of life; for, apart from a constant keenness in the blue eyes, his face was generally impassive, and always so when he told a story or chaffed you. Then they twinkled for an instant, shrewdly pursed. There is just a hint of this in the portrait by Mr. Solomon which is reproduced as a frontispiece, but the amiability there seen in a pose appeared only in flashes; he dropped his jokes and compliments like asides, mercurial with a look of serious purpose. The look, with a certain bustle in his manner, was any stranger's first clue to him. He seemed brisk, but sober and imperturbable. Beware of him when he said least, demurring with a question now and then, as if doubtful of his own mind.

How warm his heart was, the reader knows by this time as well as I do. Seeing that he was twice again refused in marriage during these years of stress and disillusionment, a fact belittled only by the chronicle, I confess that he begins to touch me with something of that regretful admiration which is felt at last for Cyrano de Bergerac, less prudent and less personable. There is the more greatness in his bearing under odds. He seems to have been fated.

For he was neither eccentric nor unattractive, and no man ever affected women to warmer friendships. To be sure, I note two things—that after the first cross he had felt sure that he ought to have met the lady ten years earlier, and that, keeping the heart of a boy through everything, he now addressed proposals to women younger than himself. But I do not pretend to account for such a bachelordom. He was singularly engaging, and, to women he found likeable, charming. There was a breezy wholesomeness about him. The face might be long, and the ears proportionately large; it was long because the full brow was rather high, and the chin rather masterful in spite of a dimple. But it was certainly the face of a pleasant man, even in repose. At sixty the forehead was hardly wrinkled, though there were sober lines of concentration over the nose, and little humorous lines about the keen, light eyes, and studious folds falling to the mouth corners above a full moustache. Nothing told his age, and you were conscious of his animation and strength, a buoyancy in reserve that meant kindness. He neither took stimulants nor smoked, but concerned himself a good deal about other little comforts, less for his own pleasure than for that of his friends. That is one of many ways in which he was "human."

An American lady who knew him fairly well thinks "his virtues were so solid and so many that they had to be twined about with all the simple charms to keep him from austerity."

Was that feared in him? He was only austere with himself. No one heard him say a harsh word about others; and, when a woman refused his love, he not merely accepted but sought her continued friendship—which is not a common sequel. What is more, he was no prude. Free social intercourse and the sense of humour had made him as well acquainted as most men with the comedy and broad farce of sex, as to which there were plenty of good stories and quips in his catholic collection. There is, after all, no strange austerity in a man whose commonplace book contains the riddle entered by a lady, "Why is kissing like creation? Because it's made of nothing, and God knows it's good." Such as there was in my friend served only to keep him balanced and honest, while many-sided: tell Swire Smith of other men's too amorous peccadilloes, and his worst comment was a grave "Tut-tut!" or, more regretfully, a "Dear, dear!" They should have known better than to "pass the line," but who is fit to blame a fellow creature? In his wooing there may have been too little passion or too much worldly wisdom, I do not know; but the portrait of him would be incomplete on its human side, as he himself would have been less lovable, without this stroke. I am in his debt for too many laughs not to know its value; and I do not think his virtues will suffer in the general estimation because, in that miscellaneous book, the account of his knighting is followed, for example, by this diverting "limerick:"

There was an old lady of Cheadle
Who sat down in church on a needle.
    Though deeply embedded,
    'Twas luckily threaded—
And promptly pulled out by the beadle.

A lively bachelor is not to be pitied. Sir Swire Smith knew how to live, which is as much as a man may hope to learn whether single or married; and he lived so well, no one can say that marriage might not have narrowed his activities.

His own opinion was that he had missed his way. It is only the bachelor soured and discouraged who does not sometimes think so. But, seeing him neither discouraged nor soured, one had to doubt that opinion; for, when a man accepts his limitations with no more fuss than to say, "I'm a duffer," it is hard to think them important. In any case he might try again; for, as he used to quote, "God made the world and rested; God made man and rested; God made woman, and since then neither God nor man has rested." The non-success, indeed, made him rather a puzzle to his friends, because he never spoke of any disappointments but one (and of that seldom), whereas he was fond of womankind. The puzzle is now the women.

At his father's death he went to live at Steeton daily, leaving Lowfield—which the library spared after all—to his brother. There was a division of the old man's personal effects by lot. So they avoided bickerings. He drove in and out, and he installed a telephone, against which newfangled and debatable convenience he had up to this time rebelled. The house had been furnished gradually; money was "tight." But there had been ivy growing on it, there was a garden leading to the wood through bowered arches, and in the quiet porch a hen laid eggs on the mat.

That gradual furnishing of the house, room by room, meant that it had taken six years to recoup the firm of Swire Smith and Brother for a loss of £18,000 on its Florida investments, and that in two of those years the firm had made no profits. His own and his brother's calls on their personal investments in Florida and the North West had, at the same time, been met by one device and another. But now he saw daylight. In spite of all, the business at Springfield Mills had been developed so as to save them.

There was, by common consent, no man of sounder judgment than Swire Smith in the Bradford trade, and none with a wider and more exact knowledge of it. He could look forward to the end of his career without much misgiving, though he would need to work at a time of life when luckier men were free to enjoy themselves.

Well, he liked work. Why be envious? " 'Tis the same to him who wears a shoe as if the whole world were covered with leather."

Albeit the heart had gone out of his adventure, it was not in Sir Swire Smith to cut a loss indifferently. There were assets; and he was curious, not to say at last fidgety, to know what might be made of them. The Syndicate lands would certainly do nothing without attention. That was the moral of eight years' sitting tight; and there was always a possible rival of Palm Beach in Jupiter Island. Once more America prospered. So when a letter came from Mr. Moore Angas, sitting tight and faithful, to suggest that directors should go and talk over developments, he had to inspect the relics of an unsubstantial dream. A co-director, Mr. Fred Moore, was willing to go with him: and in March 1903, taking also his niece, he sailed in the *Cedric.*

People object to throw good money after bad, though one arrow may find another; but in any case it was a pleasure trip. Apart from business he foresaw his welcome. And, arrived in New York, he was furnished for the rest with an unusual letter of introduction " To all whom it may concern," of which letter he felt much prouder than of his title:

> I wish to recommend the bearer, my friend Sir Swire Smith of England, one of the most earnest workers for genuine good, especially in the educational field, whom it is my good fortune to know; also a real friend to the United States. Any attention shown him will be gratefully appreciated by him, and by
>
> Yours very truly,
> ANDREW CARNEGIE.

But those relics! Is there any single object more dismal and grievous than a derelict, on sea or land?

Nothing can ever have been more flattering than the prospect of phosphate mining when first presented. B.'s calculations showed 10s. a ton profit, and he was confident that at Palmetta alone we should be busy mining as long as we lived. Sales of 20,000 tons showed on paper £10,000. Yet before we had gone far the quality so depreciated that shiploads delivered at Hamburg were thrown on our hands, and had to be sold at ruinous prices. When Angas came on the scene he complained of inefficient machinery and methods. We responded, but lost more and more. We dropped all our capital and much of what we had borrowed on debentures, and gave up phosphates in despair.

Then the Juliette deposits were prospected, and described as the richest in Florida. "You have," said our experts, "a solid block of 500,000 tons all available, and if you work it you will retrieve all your losses and make a mint of money." But we couldn't take up the project. A separate company was formed with a capital of £16,000, and a splendid plant of the most modern type put up by Angas. Large contracts were taken, and once more on paper 10s. a ton profit was shown, but ill luck came again; the percentage of phosphate in the dirt fell from 70 or 80 to 10, 15 and 20, and money ran away like ditchwater. In less than a year the £16,000 were washed out. We leased other mines at about $1,000 each, and how they are doing I have no idea.

Alas for the old-age pension! So far as phosphates were to have paid it, the Syndicate had been dipping in a bran-tub; and all the luck was a ruin of shacks, débris and huge abandoned pits, silent in a tropical wilderness. The sight was pitiable. But, as it was not a time for toying with regrets, or expectations, he took that sight in passing and applied himself to plain business. This concerned estates at Jacksonville and on the Indian River, together with the foreclosed properties of the Land Mortgage Bank; I pass over the unromantic and distressful case of a brickfield. Nor did he go again to Texas. Joint stock enterprise spares no man's feelings, and his friend Silliman had been displaced.

This was a busman's holiday. But one generation may see things over again, quite freshly, through the eyes of the next. For Mary, Florida meant sightseeing. And in the midst of business there was an unexpected diversion; they were summoned by telegram to Dungeness, on the island of Mrs. Tom Carnegie, where they spent a long week-end picturesque enough.

It might have been the scene of a novel with illustrations by Dana Gibson. Their hostess had a large family of married sons and daughters, housed there on the island, and wished Sir Swire Smith to see this charming arrangement, matriarchal and luxurious. Arriving late in the evening with his two companions, and greeted warmly, he had a glimpse of magnificence and gaiety before retiring; and in the morning the young folks with their summering friends trooped in to breakfast. I am sure his eyes sparkled at them—an exhilarating sample of American youth sporting the days carelessly. Then he went out to look at the palatial house with its great verandas, clothed in ivies, climbing flowers and grape vine, at the vast sub-tropical gardens, the stables, baths and spacious annexes for guests; and his note on the place is, "I doubt if in any country I have seen its equal." On Cumberland Island, a reef sixteen miles in length, there were none but invited people, and, for their perfect seclusion, there was not an outdoor servant allowed to remain between Saturday noon and Monday morning. But how homelike Skibo seemed by contrast! In the liberal taste of his hostess there was something exotic, though he did not define the difference. A shipload of negro labour being carried off to the mainland, there remained a society untroubled by restraints, very gay and friendly, dressed for sport and revelling in it—but unconcerned, too, with the ideals of "Uncle Andrew."

However, he joined the bathers (the girls came in from playing tennis in their costumes), was driven about to pay visits, and had a round of golf with Mrs. Tom, never the man to be out of any fun that was going. There was an after-dinner walk with ladies, the air balmy at nightfall, when he once more spouted Romeo. There was music, and he sang.

At golf he was beaten, and " made but little of the swimming." Golf was a Scotch acquisition of recent years, his coaches being Uncle Andrew's men and Uncle Andrew, who " always plays everything to win, and his ways, which I have often noted, are fully understood by his relatives." He was not the best of coaches, either—and thereby hangs a tale agreeable to humbler players. Sir Swire Smith, picturing once in public his joy after that offer of £10,000 for the library—how he could not sleep for excitement, and hardly believed it, and so on—said that next morning, as they went out together to the links, Mr. Carnegie stopped and said very gravely, " I have repented me of the offer I made you yesterday " —and his heart stood in his mouth! " I don't think," went on the cautious benefactor—" I don't think, after all, I can fairly give you a stroke a hole." The audience understood that such a giver was free to win every game of golf thenceforward. But, in print, the story caught the eye of a golf journalist, and his malicious comment on it was to ask : " What sort of a player is Sir Swire Smith, if he ought to have a stroke a hole from the Laird of Skibo ? "

After twelve days in Florida came eighteen days in Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Boston and New York —from his own point of view the pleasure trip. Few Englishmen, I think, see the American cities under better auspices than he had enjoyed, and it is doubtful if any other has taken the same insatiable interest in their growth and promise. It was not an interest confined to his own trade. He explored every great industry. On this visit, for example, he only passed to the American Woollen Company, a concern of twenty-six mills and 36,000 operatives, after seeing Pittsburg, the Baldwin locomotive works, the factories of the Waltham Watch Company, Edison's place, a great hatmaker's and others ; and everywhere he got at the heart of the business. This being unusual, I state the fact after an inspection of his note-books, for it supports Mr. Carnegie's warranty, "a real friend of the United States." Jealous investigation does not get so far.

Armed with that open letter he was doing for his personal satisfaction, as an altruist, precisely what he had done first as a Royal Commissioner. He admired what was good in the factories as in the schools, being a free trader. Iron sharpeneth iron.

So more was made of him than ever—at Philadelphia by the Dobsons, at Boston by the Atkinsons and their brilliant group, at Washington by Senator Quay, at Pittsburg by Judge Reed—and he continued to add to his friendships. The Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia offered to him and his colleague membership for a fortnight; they attended a dinner given by Mr. Atkinson to the Scientific Club of Boston; and he was called upon at Heath Hill by Mr. S. N. D. North, then taking charge of the Census Department, but already known to him in England.

It seems important to show more explicitly the frank outlook upon America's future to which he had been brought. That outlook was not common. Speaking in January at Stockton-on-Tees, he had said:

> There is one country to which we must eventually yield the palm of commercial as of agricultural ascendancy. I do not mean Germany. Let me give you an allegory.
>
> A man lives on a small island, which he develops by his discoveries, inventions and labours. Some of his sons try their fortunes across the seas. The father provides them with capital and machinery, and with instruction in the use of it. They and their families plough the fertile soil of a greater piece of land, grow wheat, corn and cotton, breed cattle, build railways and factories; they mine gold, silver and coal, make iron and steel, strike oil, find chemicals, discover many other resources. The father, having ships, supplies their passing wants and takes their products in exchange. Both they and he prosper by leaps and bounds; but the sons, with manifold greater advantages, prosper more rapidly than the father.
>
> That is an outline sketch of the history of Britain and

America. I yield the future to America because I cannot get over the stubborn facts of her magnificent territory, equal to more than twenty Britains in one and capable of supplying her with nearly all the necessaries of life and the raw materials for her industries. And when America in her own interest "lets herself loose," as some day she will, pulls down her custom houses and meets the world's competition, relying upon her own unrivalled means, energies and skill, she will enter into her undeniable heritage.

Some say that it will be a bad day for Britain. That depends on Britain. If she will rise to her responsibilities for the training of her people, my own opinion is that it will be as good a day for Britain as for America. What America has to sell we want to buy, and we have thriven on cheapness too long to be afraid of it. The whole aim of modern scientific education is to take advantage of every means that will lessen human toil and increase human comfort. Our two nations have done more than all others to solve a great problem, that of combining the lowest cost of production with the highest wages; and they will still go hand in hand enriching each other by mutual service.

America paid him its only compliment a year later. He had once more addressed the Liverpool Technical School at a distribution of prizes; and this address, on "Commerce and Culture," being sent to Washington by the United States Consul, was printed there by the Government, in an edition of 50,000 copies.

CHAPTER XVII

Posers—Mr. Chamberlain's ambition—The talking pig—Habits of Lord Brassey—" The Old Brigade "—Religious beliefs—Bachelor enterprise—Irving's last interview—The blind man—Death of Sam Smith—Scenes in Serbia, Buda-Pesth and Nuremberg—Royal College of Art: Secret history—Sense of failure.

THE speech from which a passage has been quoted might serve as a landmark on the boundaries of a new age. I mean that Britain was no longer teaching the world to use machinery. The commercial nations had learnt its use. The age of which Sir Swire Smith is a typical figure had, strictly speaking, passed. There began to be disputes about what should follow, and, from now on to the Great War, these helped to keep him busy.

He was the Liberal advocate of that unexampled age. I think it will be allowed that, in the North of England, he proved to be the most brilliant defender of British fiscal policy against assaults launched in 1903 by Mr. Chamberlain, who proposed another policy as an Imperialist. No other business man of the North had acquired his grasp of economics or his powers of exposition. He was at once asked by the *Manchester Guardian* to reply to Mr. Chamberlain in an article on the worsted and woollen trades. Mr. Morley wrote:

FLOWERMEAD, WIMBLEDON PARK, S.W.,
September 30, 1903.

DEAR SIR SWIRE SMITH,—I wish you would tell me what strike you as the salient points in this fiscal controversy. You have special experience and knowledge, and you live in a centre where the discussion must be very "actual."

Tell me in succinct form, if you have time, with what *posers* you would confront the enemy. I should be very grateful.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN MORLEY.

He furnished these "posers," was consulted by the Duke of Devonshire as to a House of Commons Committee of Inquiry, lectured at Bradford on the subject, addressed other meetings as it caught attention. The assault being unprovoked he took it the more seriously, imputing it to ignorance of facts and knowing this to be general. There was nothing in the results of free trade to alarm him as a spinner. There was much to please him as a philanthropist. He set out the facts in cogent and clear speeches, which are only not of permanent value because the fight has shifted since that time. Once more he had to decline an invitation to sit in Parliament—that of the Skipton Liberals. He accepted, however, an appointment by the Clothworkers' Company as their representative at the Court of Leeds University.

Mr. Ritchie, met at Skibo twelve months after the Chamberlain *coup*, made a confidant of him.

> He told me of the difficulties with Chamberlain and Balfour prior to C.'s tour in South Africa. C. pressed him to retain the duty on wheat as a colonial preference, and he refused; he would resign rather. I told him that his courage and sacrifice had saved the situation. He said that, had the Duke come out with him and the others, Balfour would have resigned or thrown Chamberlain over. The Duke had been completely deceived. R. spoke as openly as if I had been a confidential friend. He greatly dislikes Chamberlain, whose ambition knows no limits.

Mr. Balfour had said at Sheffield, "While I am Leader I propose to lead." On this, Sir Swire Smith now remarked that he was like the henpecked husband in *Punch*, saying the same thing from under the bed. Another story told as a fable related to that Rossendale election in which Mr. Farrer Ecroyd had stood as a "fair trader"; and he revived it now, apropos of high prices and short supplies under Protection. After the election, a man carrying milk to his pig in a pail spilled half of it on the way: when he had poured what was left into the trough, the pig looked up and said, "Hullo! Has Ecroyd gotten in, then?" There was an apt quotation, too, from "Henry VII." Mr. Chamberlain had said that the idea behind "dumping" was to kill English industries and then put prices up. Really? But "the man that sold the lion's skin while the beast lived was killed in hunting him." For the time being, at all events, tariff-making was laughed out; and if Cobden had been too hopeful of a universal freedom, so, he said, had John the Baptist. Did any one propose to go back on Christianity because, two thousand years ago, John the Baptist said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand?"

He was in Scotland a good deal that year. After another Italian trip at Easter—with a party in which the ladies were keener on shopping than on gondoliers and moonlight—he was not only at Skibo but twice at Beaufort Castle, from which place there were motor rounds, and the marriage of Miss Helen Phipps with Mr. Bradley Martin. That affair, of course, was brilliant. Mr. Choate was there to propose "The Bride and Bridegroom"; the guests included many rich or titled people, and the bridegroom's kilt "with its diamonds" was said by a credulous journalist to have cost £6,000. There were, in fact, presents that had cost more, and choir boys from London. "The choir boys," he notes, "were having a great time of it. They had travelled by night train, and expected to see bears in Scotland."

He attended the opening of the Hugh Miller Institute, and there met not only Mr. Ritchie but Lord Brassey, whose yacht was in the harbour. Lord Brassey showed a Skibo party over the *Sunbeam*, and told them all about her; also he came next day to play golf.

> He amused us by walking at full speed as he neared the links. He was carrying his clubs, and a sailor walked by his side, carrying nothing. Lord B. said that he carried the clubs to get exercise, and that he walked to the tune of the

Grenadiers' March, which he hummed to himself to keep his speed up. The ashes from the yacht's boilers are hauled up from the stokehole by a hand windlass, and he said that, whatever he may be doing, the moment he hears the windlass going he turns out, takes off his coat and gives a hand with the men. When landing, too, he always takes an oar with them. His boatswain he has had with him thirty-five years, and he (? the man) never goes ashore except to have his hair cut, which is not often. Excellent stories about these men, some of whom had made about £60 and wasted it, living like gentlemen while it lasted.

At breakfast Mr. Carnegie was telling some of us of a proposed visit by Mr. Robert Franks (his financial secretary), which he had put off because he was so busy meeting the notes and certificates of cities in different parts of the world to which Mr. C. is giving libraries, etc. Franks said that his disbursements for some time back had amounted to £4,000 a day.

The library at Keighley (of which Sir Swire Smith had fittingly laid the foundation stone) was opened in the same year by the Duke of Devonshire; and then the Institute, with its schools of science and art, was taken over by the town council. Those schools had now been eclipsed, but in that there was nothing to be sorry for; nor did he regret the taking over under an Act of Parliament that he had helped to promote. Mr. Brigg and he were coming, all the same, to the end of their local services as educationists. They gave them for a little longer as co-opted members of an education committee, but they and the other founders were "the Old Brigade."

He had been lessening his public work in other ways, and there are incidents to suggest that his view of life was lighter. Humour kept the upper hand of sentiment now.

In regard to religious ideas, reason had come into its own quite definitely. When it did so, or under what fillip, I do not know. Looking back at his development it seems most likely that, when startled by Sir Isaac Holden and Mr. Carnegie, he had examined his own mind and found it destitute of spiritual convictions. If nothing of the sort had happened, indifference to metaphysics might have allowed him to go on mistaking morality for religion. Certainly he never discussed religion. He simply dropped out—except that, once a year, he went from Steeton to an anniversary service and put his cheque in the plate. Religion was a good thing, he seemed to think, however extraordinary. All that escaped him on the subject, in face of other people's beliefs, was an occasional " Wonderful !—how they can think such things," or some other puzzled exclamation. In the same tone, precisely, he would pretend to be shocked at Sunday work. It was the tone of a tolerant humour. He continued punctilious about any special appearance at a funeral, and the wearing of black.

Lady Purves Stewart (Miss Bessie Franks), a friend of Mary's and of his own, found him out once, when driven in from the Manor to chapel at her own request. He had to put his head out in order to direct the coachman ! But that was a new coachman.

There was a still greater change in the fact that even he, the quondam " Arthur " of a Tennyson cult, idealized women no longer. The best of them known to him would not have it. At last he seems to have lost the hope of marrying, and taken women as he found them, thankful with more or less delight if they amused him. For all live men, the other sex has an insatiable interest. He now indulged it playfully. Any worship had been absorbed in his serious friendships, of which there were a few great ones that survived all odds and very many slight but pleasant ones.

The rare thing, after so many rebuffs as he had suffered, was a sportive and incorrigible enterprise—which might add other friendships to the number, but, however honest, ran no risk of being disillusioned. The bachelor had become as shrewd as the man of business. Sir Swire Smith " played the game " in both capacities, and played it keenly ; but as a bachelor he had had not one Florida but half a dozen, and knew more because there was more to learn. If certain women of the stricter sort had failed to value him, those of his own humour had made him a confidant often. He was trusted by them, instinctively.

They, then, and not the chrysolites of his pious quest, were to console him. Romance was not dead, although one shouldn't make too much of it.

In one respect there had been no change—his love of the drama; and in October 1905, he had the pleasure of a long talk with Sir Henry Irving, the chief god of his idolatry as a theatregoer. Some pathos attaches to his notes; they are the last that record any word of the great actor's, for he died in the same week. There was a luncheon given in his honour by the Mayor of Bradford, and Sir Swire Smith was placed on his right.

> He was very affable, and we had an animated conversation. I told him that I was one of his oldest friends, although he did not know me; that I had seen him in all his great parts, and that for thirty years and more, whenever I went to London, I had made for the Lyceum to see him and Ellen Terry. Many an hour had I waited in the Strand for the opening of the pit door. He had given me a new interest in Shakespeare; and I could speak for thousands when I said so. "Ah," he said, "it is a great compensation to feel that one has done *something* to make people appreciate our great dramatist." Then we talked of other actors and actresses; and I was struck by the peculiar kindness of his tone.
>
> Of Mr Howe, the oldest member of his company, who died a few years ago at, I think, eighty-five, he said that he was like Adam in "As You Like It," who would not leave his master, but "limped in pure love" after him to the end. Mr. Howe I remembered as the dashing and handsome lead in Buckstone's Haymarket Company, when they gave representations in the St. George's Hall in the later sixties, and the good people of Bradford, whom no power on earth could lure to a theatre, crowded to see them.
>
> "Yes, yes," he said with a smile. "However, I think the Nonconformist conscience is a little more elastic now than in those days."
>
> "But no man has done more than you to make it so."
>
> "Ah, well!—Howe was a dear old man, a Quaker. On my great tour in America I suggested that he should remain

at home in his country cottage, and make himself happy among his flowers; and I would look after him. No. He wanted to go with me, and I took him. We travelled in the cold weather. I shall never forget how overjoyed my old friend was, on the trip from Montreal to New Orleans, to see the magnolias like forest trees, and the beautiful oleanders that bloomed in the streets of the southern city."

His tenderness of manner was very touching. Howe had been a pensioner. I think it revealed the secret of the affection and esteem in which Sir Henry Irving was held by all those who knew him personally.

I amused him with the story of Buckstone and Compton at Haworth, how on the way home—fall of the foot—I put the horse to his speed and Buckstone held on to the side and entreated me to pull up. "Oh, but," I said, "he's not doing his best yet, he can beat this." "For God's sake, stop!" shouted Buckstone. "We shall all be killed"—and Compton joined in the cry. When they had breathed again they said it had been "fine," they had never seen anything to equal it, "but don't let us have any more of it." Sir Henry laughed; and he imitated Buckstone's peculiar way of talking, then Compton's—"How he jerked out his words!" The great Irving, so noted for his own mannerisms.

He had his speech written out in rather a large hand, so that, when it was placed on the table, he could easily with his pince-nez see it standing. He turned over the pages quietly, and spoke with such deliberation that he could almost have been reported in longhand. He pleaded for a national theatre; with him the sands were running out, but the national theatre would come. Afterwards he spoke on this topic excitedly, as if the delivery of the address had stirred him. Why should not a company be formed on the lines of the Saxe-Meiningen troupe that visited England twenty years ago? It could produce the great Shakespearian dramas on the most adequate scale and tour the large cities with them.

Irving, whose heart was weak, seems to have kindled gradually. In this last flash of animation he told some stories, one of which Sir Swire Smith preserved. It is to be read with deliberation, because it was told *ore rotundo* for dramatic effect.

"The art of noble elocution," he said, "is not confined to those of us who have studied it all our lives. I have often paused to admire a poor, blind mendicant who reads with his fingers on Blackfriars Bridge. There are few finer exponents of the great style in diction, and he does not read without just emphasis. Listening the other day, I was fascinated by his musical, rich tones as he read: 'And the Lord said unto Moses'—the poor fellow had some difficulty with the Braille, and turned back. 'The Lord said unto Moses'—his delicate fingers brushed the surface of the page, and at each repetition the voice rose in fuller and finer volume: 'The Lord said unto Moses. . . . Who the hell's been putting sand on my Bible?'" Sir Henry waved his hand lightly, waiting with a grave smile to add, making his point, "An actor—like the rest of us."

That was one of the stories with which Sir Swire Smith, reproducing Irving's manner and tones, amused a suitable audience. His own dramatic powers were used most effectively for simple pathos. The "society entertainer" in vogue has neither so much sincerity nor so much warmth. To some of Edwin Waugh's best verses, in which the homely and pure sentiment of Lancashire is poignant, he could give extraordinary realism, Mr. Brigg says:

> There was a dinner party at the late Sir John Horsfall's house, and in the drawing-room we sat round the fire while Sir Swire gave us dialect sketches, such as the "Ode to the Sun" and "Come Whoam to thy Childer an' Me." He excelled himself. We listened spellbound, while tears trickled down the faces of many of the guests.

The guests entertained at Steeton in these years (1901–6) were chiefly friends from America. They included Mr. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. Franks with their witty sister; the Hartwells, of Indian River predilection; Mr. Edward Atkinson and his daughter, Miss Carla Atkinson, with her friend and the host's great friend Miss Mary Williams, of Brookline; Mrs. North, of Washington, and others, chosen spirits all. They left happy memories.

In the summer of 1905, before the American losses could be redeemed, his brother, struck down with a spinal malady, ceased to be of use in the business, of which "he had been the sheet anchor when I was away." The worst was not at first suspected. Sam was treated for rheumatism, and advised to take change and exercise. All that could have saved him was absolute rest. This cure was attempted from October with hopeful effect, but he died of congestion of the lungs in April; an amiable, safe and much-regretted ally.

Between the youngest Royal Commissioner of twenty years ago and the young Secretary of the Commission, Mr. Gilbert Redgrave, there was a closer intimacy than has been shown. They had shared modest breakfasts in *crêmeries*, and the romantic outlook. Once they had run away together to climb the Brocken at nightfall, and, finding the hotel on the summit full, had slept very badly and briefly between rocks on a couch of heather and branches—to discover that, in their absence, the other Commissioners had been entertained by the Empress Frederick at Potsdam. Since then, Mr. Redgrave had shared the Florida hopes and disappointments. He now wrote that, going in June to Nuremberg for a centennial exhibition that was to commemorate the freeing of Bavaria, he would be glad of company; they would be able "to renew their testimony with concrete illustrations." It was a lure not to be resisted. Tied to the mill though he now was, Sir Swire yielded to a fourth letter on the project, stipulating only that the trip should be extended! It had occurred to him that, by way of Vienna and Buda-Pesth, he might usefully visit a customer at Lescovatz, in Serbia.

He was doing more and more foreign trade, but ran no risks in it. The first thing with every new buyer was to ascertain his actual standing. Small orders only till that was known. Mills were new in Serbia, so he went himself into the heart of Serbia to make inquiries about each of them. The year before, he had gone to Germany to hear what was thought of his yarn, see what other yarn was selling and get his customers' guidance.

The little country that, within ten years, was to be made a pretext for unimaginable war yielded the most picturesque scenes of human life he had studied.

It was, he says, well cultivated, primitive and beautiful. There were no beggars. The peasantry—men, women and children—were at work in the fields at half-past three in the morning, as he saw. On the other hand, men played cards in the cafés of Belgrade at noon, and the police carried short swords and revolvers. There he saw the beauty and fashion of the capital on a June evening in the Public Gardens, which afford superb views of the Save and Danube—" many very lovely women well dressed, officers with black jackets and white trousers or white jackets and black trousers, nurses and children, a pleasant sight till sunset." But the most characteristic scene was market day at Lescovatz, where the country people came with produce and the things they had made at home to exchange for things they wanted :

> Marvellous costumes, some like those of Italy; many Gipsies, among them brown-skinned, herculean fellows; women suckling their children, bosoms exposed without indelicacy; other women spinning flax or wool as they waited; wagonloads of hemp drawn by oxen; lambs, goats, the ugliest possible pigs; shops, exposing everything to the street, stocked with the work of every kind of small art and craft; people bringing in their dough to be baked; public weighing of flax with trones—an old-world variety as great, probably, as in Egypt or India. On the trees there were ripe mulberries and pomegranates.

On Hungary and Austria his notes are less enthusiastic. At Buda-Pesth :

> Dined at our hotel, the Queen of England. *Don't do it again.* A popular music hall: plenty of light and drinking tables, but the show seemed a feeble one. Public buildings most imposing. The Royal Palace has the most superb reception and ballrooms of any palace I have seen, and

said to contain over 800 rooms. I wonder where the money comes from that is spent here. It is pay, pay, and all the people are well dressed and filling the cars and cafés, yet there seems to be little business. Of course there is a great grain trade on the Danube, and this is no doubt a centre for shopping and society.

Never in my life have I seen such development of the female figure; it is abnormal even in girls of fifteen. A tramcar was like an exhibit of Lady Pigot's shorthorns. Called on D. S., who sat next me on the *Cedric* out to America three years ago; he was away, but Mrs. S. received me, her appearance surprising. She was smoking a cigarette, and had on, I think, only a muslin gown, the whole shape of her figure clearly defined against the light. Introduced us to her daughter, similarly attired. They apologized that they were not dressed. Her daughter is studying medicine and will marry a doctor. A son, who speaks English, volunteered to be our guide over the city. We had some lively talk, and she said she could find me a lovely wife with plenty of money in a day. She lit cigarette after cigarette.

Railway officials wear gloves and carry little brushes for their moustaches.

There was already treaty trouble with Serbia, and I find significant notes on German nationalism. "Employers feel that the chief thing is to improve the condition of their people; the greatest safeguard and the prime mover in national prosperity has been the unity of Germany. The Empire is 'the greatest factor in progress,' it has given confidence to all." Not the schools, the German Empire. However, he took no alarm, seeing "Socialism inborn in the German people," and being compelled to allow that nationalized railways and other services assisted trade.

At Nuremberg there had been—

An interesting sight at dinner. A party of six took the next table to ours at the hotel, four ladies. As they came in I said to myself, "These must be English, they are so nicely dressed," and I overheard English once or twice spoken. The head waiter told Herr von Diefenbach that they were the Princess of Meiningen (sister of the Emperor) and suite. They sat long over their dinner. Redgrave said they took four bottles of wine (two champagne), and while we remained the Princess smoked two cigarettes. All the ladies smoked. The Princess was like her cousin Victoria, but seemed to have little warm blood in her face. How we travellers note trifles!

For the first time, on coming home he had thoughts of getting rid of his business. A nephew, the only person he could leave in charge, was too young to manage it, and he felt that to be deprived of liberty would be unendurable. He was, in fact, to be tied to business more or less closely for ten years longer. But, by whatever means, he kept some liberty; which now, when there was no more question of marriage, seemed to be the single compensation of bachelordom. His lighter mind demanded it. He was in Austria-Hungary once more in the same year—with a delegation chosen by the London Chamber of Commerce to visit the municipalities of Buda-Pesth, Vienna and Prague—and in 1907 he went to America with little other purpose than to enjoy himself carelessly.

He now took up a fight with officialdom, adroitly.

The reform of the Royal College of Art on a practical basis would make a chapter of secret history not without humour. Instead of amateurs, the College was turning out fully equipped teachers and designers; but in reforming it his protégé, Mr. Spencer, revealed a personality not to be trammelled in red tape, and the late Sir Robert Morant, Secretary to the Board of Education, undertook to bind him. There was a deplorable tussle over the filling up of official forms, so multiplied that the proper work of a Principal seemed less important. Nothing could be done about it. The mischief was that, since the reign of Sir John Gorst, there had not been a real Minister of Education. How was it thinkable, in this country, that the College should have any sort of national standing like the École des Beaux-Arts? Precisely that standing, however, was what Sir Swire Smith desired for it: only it was to be an École des Arts Industriels.

He did not risk his hand against a formal disciplinarian;

but he found friends for Mr. Spencer, and made a show of his interest. His first move—made in the capacity of an ex-Royal Commissioner—was to invite Sir Henry Roscoe, Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. Redgrave and the South Kensington officials to visit the College as his guests one day. I do not know what Sir Robert Morant thought of this vivacity. The recent visitors to Germany and Austria were able to say that they had seen nothing like the Royal College of Art abroad. It was doing unique service to British industries. For the rest, Sir Swire Smith pointed out, on the authority of an Austrian art director who gave it that praise after a tour of Europe, that the College was housed in the most unsuitable buildings to be seen in any capital city. It is still so housed.

He held a watching brief for applied art from that time forward. Fifteen months later, there was an International Drawing Congress at South Kensington that vindicated the reform.

In this congress, although it represented the art teachers of all countries and promoted an important exhibition, Sir Robert Morant took no interest. What did he intend, in fact, by denying empty buildings to the exhibition until it was almost too late to hang the drawings ? It was very well for the Board of Education to get up a " retrospective exhibition " of its own—students' work from the provinces —but why embarrass delegates who had come at great expense from the United States, for example ? Sir Swire Smith, who had been asked to speak by Mr. Spencer, took some pains. I saw it, being the press agent of the Congress.

One knows, now, that there cannot have been another Englishman of his time equipped to speak at such a Congress as he was. Except Mr. Redgrave, his colleagues of the Commission had done little to follow up their inquiry, whereas he had pursued it in all his foreign journeys. So far as trade was concerned, he would have made an excellent Minister of Education : nor would he have neglected other interests. Yet he took the pains of a man who knows nothing.

It was not the first time Sir Swire had interested me; for indeed I had thought I knew him well enough to write a humorous novel about Keighley, in which there was a figure that distantly resembled him. But on that occasion one began to get his measure. In twenty-seven years of journalism I had not seen a public man so anxious for guidance and careless of appearances. He came into the Principal's room very homely and curt, asking how things were going; listened to the tale of obstruction with concern but no comment; and then, as to what he could say about art and industry, questioned his half-timer with humility. He got what he wanted quickly, like a business man, but half persuaded us that he did not know what to make of it. As for his homely look, he wore a suit of blue serge with a turn-down linen collar, neither a ring nor a visible watch-chain, spats nor slip—by no means the "Dandy Swire" of legend, though trim enough and well groomed. Just then he was both clouded and humourless. But he made such an orderly, trenchant speech to the Congress, so much more to the point than any other, that when he lost the manuscript I was able to reproduce much of it from memory. The Congress printed it, under the title, "Art and Trade."

That was his manner when seriously disturbed; and at the back of his mind, prudently concealed for the time being, there were measures to be taken for the protection of the College and its larger usefulness. They must wait. When the quarrel came to a head, he had, however, made the acquaintance of Mr. Runciman, then Minister of Education, and was able to intervene privately.

But how many things he had failed in! The secret of that unfashionable humbleness, which his friends thought charming, was this consciousness. Every kindness touched him. That accounts for the tone of a letter to Sir Henry Roscoe on the *Life and Experiences*:

> I confess that in reading the story I have sometimes felt a lump in my throat. I have remembered that, with

all your attainments, and the estimation in which you are held by the greatest, you have always been so kind to me. You have been doing "nameless, unremembered acts of kindness" all your life. It has been given to some of us to know how that life has been brightened and inspired by a wife and devoted helpmeet and loving children. God's benison go with you all.

CHAPTER XVIII

Slighted—Brussels Exhibition and the War—A mock confessional—Talk with the Belgian Queen—Nice American characteristics—Lord Charles Beresford and the lumberman—"Cutting the string"—Lord Morley's friendship—King and Queen of Italy—The barefoot girl—An artist's honeymoon—The loan repaid.

IN due time "the Old Brigade" at Keighley found themselves disparaged. There was not a young brigade pushing them out and doing the town new service; but they had been more than a nine days' wonder. "To have done is to hang quite out of fashion." The Town Council did not re-elect Sir Swire Smith and Mr. B. S. Brigg as co-opted members of their Education Committee.

A man may think that he has made but a poor hand of life, and keep the better heart to taste some sweets of it. But had Sir Swire Smith, in fact, "done"? His old ally was, alas, an invalid; that question scarcely put itself in his case, albeit there was no reason why he should be slighted. Nor did Sir Swire, for his own part, admit it, however modestly. It never occurred to him. He was hurt; but he was mainly concerned for Keighley, asking where the young brigade was. So far from having done, he was writing two pamphlets for the Free Trade Union on the way to keep the wool and cotton trades prosperous, and otherwise pegging away. In his unflagging devotion to business, he had to sum up the long struggle of his own industry. One of these pamphlets completes that story thus:

> I have made a full confession of the sufferings which the British wool industry has undergone in its fight against every nation that has learned the trade from us, and against every tariff that has been set up against it. I have shown

how that industry has been shorn of its monopolies. It almost seems a marvel that any of its representatives should live to tell the tale. Yet it has been steadily growing; and I am here to state that, stripped of its advantage, it never worked up so much raw material as now, never gave fuller employment, paid higher wages, enjoyed better credit nor did a larger business in the markets of the world. There is no grass in the streets of Bradford, but many streets and houses cover the ground where grass grew a generation ago.

And the implication was, not that he had done, but that you never can have done; monopolies mean decay, and the only good thing is vigilant and resourceful effort.

Of course there were sympathetic letters about the slight. Here is one of them:

15 Circus, Bath,
November 20, '07.

My Dear Swire,—I and all of us are disgusted with the tories (*sic*) in turning you and Ben Brigg out. It's just like them! I have been reading the *Life of Coke of Norfolk*, a sterling man and staunch Whig. He said to a friend, "Never trust a tory—I never have and never shall." That applies to-day as well as a hundred years ago. Your speech was conceived in the best possible taste. I quite admired the position you took: not a word of disparagement or disappointment, but only a wish to help as you had done. It was just like you—a good man and true. . . .

We are here for a change, having been three months at Woodcote, and I am taking the baths as a precaution, and doing so far well. Now you will come to Woodcote at Christmas, I hope; if not the fatted calf, then the fatted turkey shall be killed, and we will all try to be jolly together, in defiance of all the troubles of flesh and spirit.

Love to Mary and yourself from

Yours affectionately,
Henry E. Roscoe.

N.B.—My wife's love. She was going to write to-day

N.B. 2.—The pipe you gave me has been a constant solace and joy to me. I never had such a nice one

He went to Woodcote for Christmas accordingly—with a bagful of presents. Next summer his new friends the Brasseys had him for a week-end at Normanhurst, where other guests included Vice-Admiral Sir R. N. Custance, Sir Philip Watts (Director of Naval Construction), Sir W. Holland, Lady Duff and Miss Nina Kay-Shuttleworth.

If Keighley seemed ungrateful towards himself, he was determined it should show a little gratitude to Mr. Carnegie. He had a marble bust of his friend executed by Professor Lanteri, and presented this to the Library, getting Mr. Frederic Harrison to unveil it. The spokesman, whom he had first met at Mrs. Hertz's *salon,* was chosen because of his personal standing with Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie; but Sir Swire Smith himself made the better speech—simple, warm and full of reminiscences, a portrait more vivid than the sculpture. This was in March 1908.

There were great doings at Cardiff in 1908, when the Associated Chambers of Commerce met there under Lord Brassey's presidency, and in these he joined for five days. They included a reception and ball given by the Mayor, and "I was not," he says, "well pleased with myself for having gone in Court dress; I did not feel at home in it, although there was no one to chaff me."

When the Education Committee offered him re-election, he did not see his way to accept it, but, after all, trusted the schools to the town's public spirit; and seems to have taken a safe course in doing so. Indeed, the senior school, the School of Art, was renewing under the brilliant teaching of Mr. T. C. Butterfield their first successes. For some ten years it sent more scholarship boys to South Kensington than any other town or city. Then, too, Professor Watkinson was doing good work as head of the engineering school at Liverpool University, an appointment that had "gone straight to my heart and filled it with overflowing pride and delight." With Sir Swire Smith's advice, the University had secured a Carnegie benefaction.

In November 1909, he wrote a very happy letter to Sir H. Roscoe:

My Dear Right Honourable Friend,—It is very good of you to remember me again for Christmas, and I shall be glad to come to you. It will be sunshine for me, and I hope we shall all be well at that time.

My eyes were greatly gladdened this morning by the announcement of your elevation to the Privy Council, a distinction which I think you will enjoy and which I am sure you will adorn; and I hope you will long be spared to wear your title in association with the greatest of our land.

You would see that we have had quite a shower of honours descending on our valley. There must be something attractive in the "Aire."

Sir James Roberts has succeeded in reconstructing Saltaire Mills, now employing more people than were ever employed there before. I am to meet the Archbishop of York at his house to-night at dinner, prior to the distribution of prizes at the Saltaire Institute. Sir John Horsfall is also a worthy fellow, a sound Liberal, a generous benefactor and a large employer.

I am especially pleased with Sir John Brigg's knighthood. He has spent his whole life in unostentatiously doing good work; and I am sure his constituents will be as pleased as he that this compliment should be paid to him.

You will be glad to hear that Ben Brigg is to-day being presented with the freedom of his native borough by the Corporation.

The Brussels Exhibition is getting into shape, but as yet the Vice-Chairman has not been to Brussels. I gave a lecture at Bradford last night on "Should Britain take part in International Exhibitions?" I had an influential audience, and was told that my address will do good.

And so you have taken to motoring! Doubtless you will find it handier than trusting to horses. Happily for me, the motor 'bus runs past my gate, and I can go from my home to the mills in half an hour, the same time that it takes to drive.

My love to all of you.

Yours always,
Swire Smith.

The Vice-Chairman was himself; and the Vice-Chairmanship was that of the Royal Commission on International Exhibitions, set up because Germany had discouraged our exhibitors by her enterprise. It is curious that the question put in his lecture was in doubt. I can add, from knowledge of the sequel, that there was more staked upon meeting German enterprise than any one suspected. The whole course of the coming war might have been different, and the issue far more uncertain, if we had not taken a brilliant official part in the Brussels Exhibition. For we should probably have lost the friendship of Belgium. Unable to fear this consequence, Sir Swire Smith fought against the discouraged mood because of his mere belief in competition, and in the national ability to face all odds on the footing which had enabled us to become the wealthiest nation. It was a mood partly fostered by some public decline of that belief. Afterwards, the romance of what the Commission did was evident to him and others.

He had been appointed on this Commission eight months earlier. The Prince of Wales was President and the Earl of Lytton Chairman. On April 7th—

> The members lunched with Lord Lytton at the Hôtel Dieudonné in Ryder Street, and at three o'clock we went to Marlborough House to be received by the Prince. He shook hands with us all. Our meeting was held in what is probably the dining-room; we sat round a long table. The Prince made a speech and was thanked by Lord Lytton.
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> After the meeting was over he chatted, talking about exhibitions naturally; said that if other nations held them we couldn't afford to stand aside, and if we took part we must do our best. The world was given over to advertising, and an exhibition was a form of advertisement. Pears' Soap spent £400,000 a year more or less; one year they thought they had done enough, and dropped the outlay by £100,000, but their receipts fell off by more than that. He never, for his own part, bought anything because it was advertised, but others evidently did. Think of So-and-so's pills; they didn't hurt anybody and made fortunes for the makers.

As British exhibitors had grown discouraged, the Government proposed to organize them by trades in the German way and to spend a little money in making their display effective. Would they agree? The Exhibitions Branch of the Board of Trade started a press campaign and held meetings, one of which Sir Swire Smith addressed at Bradford.

The British Section at Brussels was staged with great distinction, and the Bradford exhibit one of its best features. Only then did those responsible realize the German prestige in Belgium. That country had been canvassed and colonized for years in the interest of German trade, and the German Section was crowded, ours neglected. How could the tables be turned? Could they be turned? There was concern at the Board of Trade and at the Foreign Office.

This was the situation after eighteen months of official preparation, in 1910. Meanwhile Sir Swire had worked happily on, denying himself no holidays. From the meeting at Marlborough House he went on to join American friends at Geneva for a week. From a second meeting at Bradford, he broke away with a cousin for Douglas. In August, having read the proofs of his pamphlets, he found Lord and Lady Morley at Skibo, and met again Lady Brassey, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bright, and a crowd of transatlantic acquaintances; one of these being the Pittsburg lawyer (a Mr. Watson) who was said to have "outwitted" Lord Alverstone over the Alaska boundary—where we had a bad case. His golf was improving (he went a round in 78), he was swimming twice a day sometimes, and there was one "old-fashioned evening of songs and stories such as we used to have in the old days, when the world was younger."

> When the Morleys went away we had a large assemblage in the hall as if a newly married pair were leaving. As they were saying good-bye to host and hostess, it was my turn to strike up "Will Ye no Come Back again?"—which was taken up with great warmth by all the party. Lord and Lady M. were deeply touched.

He began the travels of the Exhibition year with another visit to the Italian Lakes, at Easter; and this excursion was so much to his mind, so characteristic of the care-free mood he had recovered, that, although he has neither to tell of meeting famous people nor of feats or moving accidents, but only passed an idle and wanton time, it is notable. It was made with a single boon companion, the Cousin Will who had gone to Douglas with him, and who loved and understood him. In these days the two were to be found together on a Saturday when Sir Swire Smith was at Steeton Manor, reminiscent and taking his ease before his own fire. Cousin Will walked over the hill from Braithwaite for tea, and back again at bedtime; uncle and niece were equally fond of him, a very quiet, soft-hearted and circumspect humorist, slow of speech and comfortable. It was his father who had befriended Edwin Waugh. Going away together, they seem, as at home, to have amused themselves without exertion or high notions; and, between the lines of the diary, one reads that life could still be fresh and pleasing to a bachelor of sixty-eight.

LUGANO, *Good Friday.*—Took a stroll on a perfect morn-
ng, and could only say, "Delicious!" Excursion across
bay to Monte Bré, opposite San Salvador; walked to the
op of the little hill, about 3,000 feet; most beautiful views
f the lake. Lunched; bread, butter, Gruyère and Chianti,
hich we greatly enjoyed; sat in the grass and talked;
eft the path and came down very steep gullies. After
inner strolled into the town and peeped into a cinema.
ad a hot bath and felt very well. . . .

MENAGGIO, *Monday.*—Another delicious morning. Took
small boat for the day. Wonderful garden of Villa Carlotta,
ith the Venus and Psyche by Canova. Many stories in
he hall after dinner.

Tuesday.—Very pleasant excursion to Gravedona. We
ere not able to get lunch on the boat, and only managed
buy two small buns at a baker's shop; but some ladies
ho had gone up the lake with us were full of sympathy,
nd said how sorry they were that they had not asked us
share with them, as they had more than they needed and
ad given the balance to some children. They gave us,
owever, two oranges and some biscuits, all they had. . . .

> BELLAGIO to COMO, *Thursday.*—Very cold, breezy morning with a north wind, and crested waves on the lake. Left at 9.17. Formed a little group in the shelter with three ladies from Lausanne (English), and talked hard all the way. After lunch found the technical school and strolled to the very fine cathedral. Found in the Square our Lausanne friends and took them in. I asked Miss J. if she would confess, and she said she would if I would be the father-confessor. I stepped into a confessional and she knelt at the little opening, and I asked her several questions. The chaperone with the others was shocked—and no wonder. . . .
>
> MILAN, *Friday.*—Brera Gallery full of old rubbish, one fine Raphael. Lunched in the Victor Emanuel Arcade, took a stroll looking at shop windows and then went to the top of the cathedral. About to descend, when whom should we see but Misses C. and J. Photographed them and went down together—Miss J. and I last. She objected to kissing, as she had only known me a day. Took them to our hotel and gave them afternoon tea. Good-bye. . . .

This was followed in June, July and August by three journeys to Brussels, made at the urgent request of Mr. U. F. Wintour, who was in charge of the British Section. Between the greater nations represented there was a rivalry not only of exhibits, but of brilliant social entertainment. That made no appeal to him ; he did not speak French and felt no jealousy of rivals ; but he was at call, and even returned for the third time within a few hours of reaching home after the second. In the contest with Germany King Albert was very much our friend, paying the Section frequent visits ; and, when at short notice he gave us a dinner party, the Vice-Chairman felt obliged to put in an appearance. He crossed by a night boat, with his Court uniform and a borrowed hat and sword, and, dressing at the Villa Fontaine (Mr. Wintour's residence in the suburbs), was at the Palace in time.

> We walked through a spacious vestibule lined with Guardsmen, the first an enormous fellow, probably six feet six ; then

up a wide marble stair like that of Stafford House, and into another hall with parquet floor and painted ceiling. I followed Mr. and Mrs. Wintour and Earl Granville, who introduced me to two or three people. I waited to be presented to a Lord-in-Waiting, who introduced me to Countess Somebody, whom I was to take in to dinner. Then I was taken by Lord G. to Sir Arthur Hardinge, who was to present me to the King and Queen. Fifty of us stood in a long line down one side of the room, with about ten on the other side, and after a while an usher with a loud voice announced " Le Roi et la Reine."

They entered. They began at the left and chatted a little with each guest, first the King and then the Queen. When they came to me, our Ambassador introduced me, and the King at once began to talk in English of the Exhibition—the British Section—which he said had given him much pleasure. I replied that the Belgian Section was the finest, and indicated greater promise than any other. I kissed the Queen's hand. I think these talks lasted for half an hour; then dinner was announced, and we took our partners and joined the procession to the dining-room.

The table, probably seven feet wide, was magnificent with masses of roses, carnations, sweet peas and other flowers, and with silver plate. I sat nearly opposite the Queen, between Ladies-in-Waiting of high title. They both said they did not speak English, but when dinner was over I congratulated them on having made such progress in so short a time.

Coffee was served in the room where we first assembled, and the King and Queen again moved among us. I noticed that a Lord-in-Waiting had a sheet of paper on which, evidently, there were names of persons to whom they had to pay attention. While I was chatting with Sir Cecil Hertslet (our Ambassador) my shoulder was tapped, and lo! the Queen stood before me.

She spoke in English of our very fine exhibit, I at once remarked on the splendid show from Belgium, and we were soon in a pleasant conversation. I asked her if she had seen much of England. She had not been north of London. Then, I assured her, she had not seen England. She said it had always been a puzzle to her that a country full of ironworks, factories and workshops should have so much game in it, and so many packs of hounds. I described Bolton Abbey, with the moors, woods and river, and told her that, within sight of the smoke of Bradford and Leeds, there were the richest grouse moors in the world, where the King shot with the Duke of Devonshire and they often killed 2,000 birds in a day. I spoke of the deer park, with the red deer that had been there since the time of Henry VIII; of the trout in the river, and fewer people in Upper Wharfedale than there were 500 years ago. She was quite interested. Twice the Equerry came to take her to some one else before she left me.

Although carriages were ordered for nine we stayed till nearer ten, and during all the time, except at dinner, we stood: even I was tired.

If he found it "one of the most interesting evenings of my life," that, I think, may have been because he did not often chat with kings and queens. There was something *naïve* in his satisfaction. In the train next morning, having introduced himself to a pretty *vis-à-vis*, he partly won her confidence by showing the Court dress lying in his suit-case, but also indulged that *naïveté*. An adventure: the lady went one better by showing a coronet. She was a German baroness. She was a widow too, with some of the charm of Mrs. Wadman for Uncle Toby. He squired her as far as Charing Cross, and it might be interesting to know what she thought of him; for in Belgium, at any rate, his quiet vivacities made a sharp contrast with the manners of public men.

Neither excellent exhibits nor diplomatic amenities won the special goodwill of the Belgian people; but that was ours when fire had destroyed the best part of the Exhibition and Mr. Wintour had re-constituted a British Section within one month. Moreover, a leading German paper said that no other nation could have done this, it would be a mistake to belittle England; and Sir Swire was able, in a lecture delivered to the Huddersfield Textile Society, to show that our exhibits themselves, of textiles, pottery, footwear, motor-cars, surgical tools and other things, were still so good as to make that opinion look reasonable. But he also made much of the points at which other nations excelled us. In spite of ever-increasing trade, perhaps on the balance it came to this with him :

> I would like to show the model of a village shop or a co-operative store in England, with actual samples of food and clothing, groceries, drapery goods and what not gathered from all the world, with the English prices, weights and measures converted into those of the country. That would tell not only how the world's products find their way to our markets, but how much further money goes in England than anywhere else.

Texas needed some attention now. Could not the suspended business of the Land Mortgage Bank be revived ? He and another director went out in November to examine loans, lands and people.

Friends ran down to Liverpool to see him off by the *Mauretania,* and in his notes on the trip there is much about an American lady who had changed her name three times in four years, having divorced one husband, lost another and married a third from whom she wished to be freed in turn. The second had been a bachelor of eighty, and from him she had inherited a fortune. This engaging companion, who wore rings that " could not be bought for less than $7,500," beguiled the voyage ; but he would not dress for dinner, and for the first time failed to get up a concert for the purser. He could only ascribe the unusual reserve of passengers to the fact that, in a ship where the comfort of the rooms and stewardship was matchless, people had not time to get bored ; and he would have preferred the old freedom, with less pretentiousness. A concert was given by the ship's band.

When he reached Chicago, there was another lady who had come two hundred miles to meet him. " I think," he says, " she was moved by adventure."

These diversions on the one hand were almost as interesting as his Texas mission, and the quest of openings for his trade was important on the other. Why not sell yarn in the States and in Toronto as largely as in Germany ? More than ever he combined the commercial with the uncommercial traveller. Still—

The nicest things about Americans are probably their hospitality and kindness. They will stand aside for a stranger, give him their first turn. They will go out of their way to do him a service. When introduced, a successful Texan says, "I'm mighty glad to see you. What do you think of our country? Now, what can I do for you?"

We had got into the train at Benton, after Hot Springs, and had failed to secure the drawing-room or even two lower berths. In the smoke-room, while beds were being made up, N. (his colleague) expressed his disappointment, and said, "I don't know how I'm to climb into an upper berth." A younger man said at once, "Sir, I've a lower berth, you shall have it," and would take no denial.

There was this kind of thing everywhere. At a reception I was prevailed on to recite, and the company came in a crowd to thank me. That is unusual in any other country I know.

Another thing I liked—local option is doing much for sobriety. In the cars it is illegal to drink or carry intoxicants. When told to pocket his whisky-flask, N. was shocked. "Call this freedom! It's tyranny." Davies had to explain that cowboys got into the train sometimes with whisky and began shooting negroes. All must sacrifice for public order.

Motto in Boston Library: "The commonwealth requires the education of the people as the safeguard of order and liberty."

In years of good trade, the Texas Bank was once more prospering; and no regrets for the past blinded Sir Swire Smith to the prospects of the country. Fort Worth, since he last saw it, had grown enormously. There were many handsome homes.

No wonder. It is the centre of an extent of land five times greater than that of England, as rich, probably, as any in the world and exceptionally suited to the growth of cotton, corn and wheat. It has therefore been built with a speed surpassing all British comparisons.

He is writing after the reception referred to, which was given by Mr. W. T. Humble, the new manager of the Bank, and attended by the principal business men with their wives.

Most of these people are southern and claim British ancestry, of which they are proud. I am told that hardly any of them came here with money. They had to work, and to use the brains and the education they possessed. The land is the source of all their wealth. Often the farmer gets as much for a year's crop as the land cost him. The history has been—first the cattle ranch and cowboy, second the wire fence and plough, third the small farm well cultivated, with a hundredfold of increase. But all prey on the farmer. Usually he is tall, lithe, bronzed by the sun, free and generous, too often careless. His wife has a hard time. Even the wealthiest women, such as I saw, wives of cattle men, produce and railway men, lawyers, doctors and store men, have most of their housework to do; the coloured servants are unreliable. With such a soil and such a race, Texas has an illimitable future.

I found the women superior in style and conversation to the men, whose whole talk, I am told, is business.

His new acquaintances of this tour—or people named, at all events, for the first time—included Mr. and Mrs. Booker Washington, the Rev. Dr. Collier (a Keighley man) and Mr. G. N. Morang the publisher. But he was chiefly looking up old friends, who knew his voice on the telephone, and who said, "Come right along! Or shall we come to you?"

Hardly anything could be pleasanter than the Carnegie cottage at the golf links. There is a little dining-room, a parlour for Mrs. C., a larger room with log fire, and a veranda with glass and gauze. They come here twice a week and are very happy. The domestic relations of the Carnegies are the sweetest I know.

One of the late Lord Charles Beresford's stories of American life was picked up on the home run.

A lumberman who had made his pile was returning from Europe and heard that Lord Charles was on board. He found him and said, "Throw away that cigar and I'll give you a good one." Lord Charles afterwards invited him to a dinner at the port of New York, and the man accepted. He turned up in a frock-coat and a yellow waistcoat. Being called on to speak, he apologized for this get-up. "Gentlemen," he said, "I went to a tailor to borrow, but he didn't have a suit to lend me. He said that all his dress-suits had been hired by the English lords coming to this party."

The general election of 1910 took place in Sir Swire's absence. More; I am aware of having failed to show his interest in Ireland, the Second Chamber question or Women's Citizenship. Although he had come to know the Master of Elibank and Captain Frederick Guest at Skibo, and one of these questions did excite him, the political arena had seldom tempted him to take a lance. Indignation against the Lords' absolute veto left him chiefly concerned lest a Second Chamber should be done away with altogether. He shared it; but the story with which he ridiculed that veto implied an intention to mend, not to end, the appeal to an aristocracy.

A man bought a pair of boots one Saturday night in the market, and put them on. When he got home he was very angry. He'd had a lot of trouble with them. "I wish I'd niver seen 'em!" he told his wife. "I've been hobbled and chucked back at ivery step." She looked at the boots and saw that they were tied together, as new boots are. "No wonder thou's been chucked back," she said. "Whativer ailed the' not to *cut t'string*?"

As to the Lords reforming their own House, that notion reminded him of a famous board of guardians.

They passed three resolutions: (1) That we build a new workhouse; (2) that for the new workhouse the materials in the old one be utilized; (3) that the inmates remain as they are pending completion of the builders' contract.

He might have sat for Keighley now (Sir John Brigg did not wish to sit again), but he had written to the Whip recommending Mr. (now Sir) Charles Mallet, of the Roscoe circle. It may be asked: "If he could spare three months of the year for travel, why not serve at Westminster?" Well, he thought too highly of political service to stint it; not one month in four, but a man's whole time, should be given to it.

The friendship with Lord Morley had ripened, for they met at Skibo every year; and through Lord Morley's eyes he could watch the play of personal factors in matters of high policy. The two men were equally at home in that warm household; they saw each other return to it with mutual pleasure, and became confidants. "Morley spoke his mind freely about his colleagues," the diary says; and did so safely, for what he said has not been committed to paper. Again: "Lord Morley was kindness itself; he frequently said how glad he was that I was there, and he gave me a definite invitation to go and see him and Lady Morley when next in London." Paying that visit, Sir Swire understood how Skibo afforded refreshment to a scholarly and secluded worker. It was something to have made him laugh. The severity of Lord Morley's life and taste made it flattering to remember how, during a walk one day, he had listened with pleasure to "Eugene Aram," and how at another time, stern as he looked, there had been a confessed "lump in his throat" at the singing of "Will Ye no Come Back again?" Lord Morley was held in equal honour and affection.

Sir John Brigg survived the election less than a twelvemonth, and then the invitation to represent Keighley had to be declined firmly. For that constituency Mr. Buckmaster, the son of an old friend, was found by the Liberal party on his brilliant and very rapid progress to the Lord Chancellorship. In reply to a letter giving this news, Lord Morley wrote:

FLOWERMEAD, WIMBLEDON PARK, S.W.
October 7, 1911.

MY DEAR SIR SWIRE,—We are delighted to hear from you, and it will be very kind of you to give us a chance of a visit from you in November. Don't forget.

Your election news interests me uncommonly. Of course the desire to lay hold of you was to be expected. Equally, of course, I appreciate your own point of view, and take for granted that it may be right as to business. I do not so readily acquiesce about your utility. The party in the H. of C. is now in a rather peculiar position, and much depends on the way in which things are handled by Liberals there, both leaders and supporters. This way—whatever it may turn out to be—will only be guided right by men of your political temper and your wide knowledge and judgment in the things on which our national strength and well-being hang.

That life in the H. of C. makes for the comfort or happiness of the individual members, nobody who knows it will for a moment pretend.

Yours always sincerely,
M.

In altered circumstances, that opinion was later to be tested. Meanwhile there was yet more service to give as an Exhibition Commissioner; there were journeys to Rome and Turin.

Sir Isidore Spielmann had brought together in Rome the finest show of British pictures ever seen abroad, and the Vice-Chairman seems to have left him the undivided credit of that achievement; for, as it happened, the King and Queen of Sweden came, "but I contented myself with seeing them pass through the Italian Section and let Sir Isidore do the honours." It was not a simple case of self-effacement; he had to go over the Exhibition. On the morrow he forgot completely the invitation of an Italian prince who wished to show him pictures of his own. At Turin his Court suit was donned for the opening ceremony, but he appears to have been left cold by pomp and circumstance.

We had a car—Wintour, Mr. Doring (attaché representing our Ambassador), Sir Rennell Rodd and Mr. Marconi. A great hall crowded with officials, all in uniforms or in evening dress with white gloves; plenty of military display. Addresses read by dignitaries, including the Mayors of

Turin and Rome; they ran long. The King is quite a little, ordinary-looking man; the Queen is much taller, and attractive. It was almost amusing to see the King's legs dangling from his chair. The footstool placed for the Queen would have been more appropriate for his use.

In the evening dined with Doring and Marconi at the Hôtel de l'Europe, then went to a gala performance at the Opera, a brilliant affair with all the Royalties and diplomats attending. Verdi's "Falstaff" quite entertaining. Wintour and I were the only persons wearing English Court dress, and as we made our way to the centre of the stalls I observed that many eyes in the boxes were turned upon us. We were doubtless recognized as the British representatives. I was pleased to see that Marconi attracted much attention in leaving the theatre. Those who knew him paid him deference.

Then, next day, there was lunch, where the band played national anthems between courses, and one had to be continually standing and applauding. He got away for tea with friends. I do not know by what arrangement (it cannot have been a dereliction of duty) he escaped a dinner and ball at the Palace; but, while Wintour and Marconi were dining, if not dancing, he joined the immense crowd in Turin streets and strolled about till dark. No matter; he was off to Maggiore in the morning. At Baveno—

As soon as I was able to walk out into the garden I felt the glory of the scene. The sun going down, this side of the lake was in shade; but Pallanza and the mountains beyond were a splendour of light and beauty, and the only speck of life was one boat.

May 3rd.—At 9.35 took the steamer. Chummed with two American ladies who have been travelling since last autumn, and had great talks. The day was at its loveliest. I carried my lunch and walked high above the village where we had landed, to eat it under some trees by the side of a mountain trickle. Greatly enjoyed myself. Gave the surplus to a little barefoot girl with a pannier. I took her photo, and she asked me to send her a copy and wrote her address in my book. I am hoping to do this for her.

Her name was Tola Albertelda, and she would have that photograph if it came out.

May 4th.—Took boat for Stresa. There was a pleasant fellow on board with a sketch-book, showing his pictures to the captain. I apologized for overlooking, and he showed them to me very willingly. He makes it a rule to go out in the morning, find some picturesque spot and spend the day sketching. We chummed, went behind Stresa on the hillside, looked in afterwards at the two hotels and missed the boat. He set off to walk back with me and told me some interesting adventures.

He has been travelling since last August. Spent the early spring in Nice, and there was a charming Italian lady anxious to learn English, so he arranged that they should spend much time together. Every day they went off into the country or made trips for the night, and both of them made great progress, she in English and he in Italian. It was a veritable honeymoon! He is a bachelor of sixty, out of business, and knows my country well.

From Baveno he went on to Paris for a couple of days, and in the dining-car made another American acquaintance. She seems to have had misgivings when accepting a walk in the Bois. "Please understand," she said, "that I would not go out with one in a hundred men." He assured her that he would not go out with one in a hundred women. But they were staying at the same hotel, and doubtless he had "amused her with stories and rather surprised her by knowing so many people in high places." Besides, she had his card.

Far from scamping his duties at Turin, where the case had been that of an exhibition opened before it was ready, he returned in October to make the strict comparisons that were desirable. However lightly, Sir Swire was economical of time. It pleased him, for instance, to combine half a dozen errands in one journey. His plans for this second visit were like a travelling case. The fittings, which left no corner empty, included a call on some lady at the Ritz, a day in London, a French exhibition at Roubaix, factories and schools there, part of a programme of entertainment (including a masked ball) devised by an "Association Commerciale de l'Entente Cordiale de Roubaix," a visit to the old firm of Isaac Holden and Son—all incidental to those desirable comparisons, which were incidental to the spinning of yarn. He had timed Turin to follow this French hospitality, offered to four and twenty British delegates; the more happily because that followed hard upon a few days at Windermere with Lord Rotherham, who was also a delegate; the more happily, too, because he was to be the guest at Roubaix of M. Albert Motte, a wool comber, said to handle the wool of 35,000 sheep daily. Perfect! It all worked out, there being twenty-four hours in a day; and after a banquet at which he gave the toast, "Success to the Exhibition," there was still time to sandwich in a day at Paris, with one or two calls, a stroll and the Folies Bergère.

Italy surprised him with her manufactures. He could not have believed any one who had said they were so good. Nothing seemed to prevent her taking a much stronger position but grinding taxation. His verdict on the whole Exhibition was, however, as it had been on that of Brussels, "In everything of which we show our best we excel." So much for a national advertisement.

And, if you would know the secret of his lightened spirits in these days, it may be spied in what had happened at Skibo that summer:

> *August 28th.*—After breakfast I took Mr. C. aside and gave him the guarantee for the bank that he let me have in, I think, 1907, after my Florida trouble. He did not look at the bond, but said he had never mentioned it to any one; and he tore it into little bits and threw it into the waste basket. I told him how grateful I was; that I had been winged, but that his kindness had enabled me to get through without exceptional difficulty. I also told him what I had lost, but said that if I had not known Florida I should probably never have known him, and that his friendship had been more to me than the loss of the money.

The difficulty that was not exceptional had lasted fourteen years.

CHAPTER XIX

Tree felling at seventy—Bonfires and "ducks and drakes"—A great presentation—Letter to an "Old Boy"—Social Legislation—"Florida sand" in his shoes—Mr. Bryan—The Palace of Peace—Porridge with a fork—Care-free.

FROM the Villa Parati Gerbido outside Turin, where, as the guest of Mr. Wintour, he slept in a spacious apartment darkened against the morning sun, and awoke to the sound of dykes flushed with running water, and strolled out into a warm garden with fruit-trees on the walls, and basking lizards, he had been summoned home by a telegram. Sir John Brigg was dead. There would be the funeral, and there would be the immediate business of choosing his successor in the representation of Keighley. I have said how this ended. It is of interest to add some personal notes:

I declined on the ground that I must attend to my business; but my time for making any impression in Parliament has gone by. Mr. Percy Illingworth, on behalf of the Cabinet, advised us to invite Mr. Stanley Buckmaster, K.C., and we did so. I called on him in Porchester Terrace. I was struck by his likeness to his father, my old friend; we had a candid talk; both were impressed, and I telegraphed next day that he was one of our sort. He came, saw and conquered.

"One of our sort" meant, among other things, that Mr. Buckmaster would allow the franchise to women. Sir Swire Smith had failed to persuade Mr. Mallet, his own nominee, that women's full enfranchisement was needed.

At three score and ten—he was within five months of it—no reasonable man is very ambitious. But all who knew my friend would have said that he was good for twenty years more. He was happy to think this probable. They sometimes found him swimming at Skibo in August three times in a day, and not always to encourage lady friends. He could beat me felling trees at Steeton Manor, I being fifty-one and a disciple of Mr. Sandow. He did not need a nap after lunch. When he said that his time for Parliament had gone by, one therefore took it that he undervalued his ability, experience and ripened judgment, not to mention his personal charm. He was perhaps a little deaf. He was becoming less ready as a speaker than he had been at the best. In preparing matter for the press, he had not such an unfailing grasp of all the detail, and could not generalize quite so cogently. But public men depend on young secretaries.

However, he knew too much of affairs to underestimate the labour of intrigue that goes to make success in politics. In doubting his judgment, one may have been carried away by the boyish spirit, younger even than his frame. Let him come to a riverside where there were flat stones, he settled down at once to skimming "ducks and drakes." And what a joy the late autumn used to bring him, when he could make a great bonfire of garden rubbish and dead branches! He went about it like a boy precisely. It was better fun for him to see a fire prosper than to go in to tea; after three or four hours in the smoke he would reappear with red eyes and his face and hands as black as a stoker's, luxurious. No need of cards or other table games; he did not, in point of fact, know the knave from the king; there was always a diversion of his own making, so that I doubt if he had ever known a dull moment. The only formal game at the Manor was clock golf, on a patch of lawn. He was keen at that. The impression made by a man so easily pleased was that he need not count his days.

Of the various things that "should accompany old age" when it comes, honour counted less with him than troops of friends; but in the following year he was surprised by certain honours. The first might seem to be a sop; he was appointed to the Standing Committee of Advice for Education in Art, which appointment, while admitting him to some oversight of the Royal College, made terms with a critic of the management. But he accepted it—with a plan. He wanted for this College, in the interest of applied art, the standing of an art university.

The next was a local project, of which he had intimation, to present him with his portrait in oils as an acknowledgment of work for education; and a third, more flattering, was conferred in October by the Court of Leeds University, namely, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. His way of relishing these honours was to reflect with a kind of amazement on them. One gathered that he devoutly hoped they were all right and seemly. "Well," he said, "it seems you may eat your cake and have it": which meant that he had found a sufficient satisfaction in doing the work and seeing results. One was almost tricked into thinking that honours would sober him.

The portrait appears as a frontispiece of this book. It is by Mr. Solomon, of whose art he had a sufficient appreciation to think that he would be remembered by a painting. Nor was it, as he presently learned, to be the sole memorial; money enough had been subscribed to found a Swire Smith scholarship, which pleased him even better.

Best of all, a good share had been subscribed by the younger men, some of whose careers as *alumni* of the Keighley schools he had watched with a friendly pride. Blessings, like curses and chickens, come home to roost; his protégés made a very agreeable fuss of him. So did many another old student who had escaped notice, not having pushed to the front in school examinations. There were hundreds of them. Grateful letters came from Egypt, India, Australia, South Africa, Ontario, California, Missouri, Massachusetts, where Keighley boys had prospered. The distinguished scholars, in addition to those who have been named, included a C.B. (Sir A. Newsholme, M.D.), twelve Bachelors or Masters of Science, many A.R.C.A.'s, the inventor of the Northrop loom, engineers, an astronomer, Professors of the Leeds and St. Louis Universities, inspectors and head masters of schools—all men of modest origin. Distant friends who were under no obligation had also contributed to the fund.

When the fine presentation was made by Sir William Mather in April 1913, the recipient spoke his thanks gracefully enough, but was visibly "outfaced." He said the portrait must go to the Corporation when, in the course of nature, he should be called away to his fathers. As for the scholarship, it conferred distinction and honour upon himself, but also reflected enduring credit on the founders; they belonged to a generation which valued education, and made sacrifices for it, in a spirit that was already less evident. And on this theme he rode off, making an earnest appeal to present-day students and parents.

His life, perhaps, must first be emulated. In spite of honours, the lack of emulation among young townsmen worried him. "I don't see 'em coming on," he would say, and shake his head. He was also jealous of the many counter-attractions now offered to possible students. The Y.M.C.A. was at least to do great things for men rendered idle by war, but at this time he replied to a local appeal on its behalf: "I cannot get up any enthusiasm for the Y.M.C.A. In a town like ours it tends to withdraw young men from educational agencies of far greater value to them. Just think of boys leaving the Institute classes, where they can obtain practical equipment for their life-work, to join your troop of Boy Scouts or play billiards at your Clubhouse!"

There is a letter, written in May, which by its personal touches exceeds in interest anything said on the presentations. It was drawn from him after an old boys' reunion by a Wesley College schoolfellow, the Mr. Pretty of Ipswich who has once been named. This letter shows, too, Sir Swire Smith's attitude to the social legislation which had come in recent years: it replied to some complaints of the Insurance Act.

STEETON MANOR,
May 2, 1913.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—It gave me much pleasure to receive your letter and to hear of myself as I was nearly sixty years ago, a little "ginger-haired boy," very boyish and, I think, cheerful and fond of a song and a story. You were a bit younger, and a nice, kind-hearted lad. That is my remembrance of you, and you are one of the very few who have remembered me at all.

Those good people at the meeting and those who wrote letters went far beyond my merits as to any ability that I have ever possessed. I suppose I have done my share of talking, but it never came easy to me, and my addresses (at any rate those preserved) have always cost a fair amount of labour.

My own impression is that I have changed very little in disposition, temperament and opinions since we were at school together. . . . I was a choir boy, and so I remained for many years after; a member of our local Musical Society; and all my life ready on occasion to keep up the spirits of my companions with a song. Then, I lived at home with my father and mother (I didn't grow up). My dear mother died at seventy and my father at ninety, and we were chums during all my time; and, being a bachelor, I saw a good deal of the sons of my youthful companions. . . . I missed matrimony when young, through a disappointment; but my contemporaries tell me I am as fond of the girls as when I flirted with them half a century ago, and their sons and daughters tell me I am at it yet.

Well, hardly that; but I believe that the boy has remained all along, in a remarkable degree. However, we know that "time is fleeting and the muffled drums are beating."

And now as to this Insurance Act and the contributions of employers. Yes, it is very hard, and seems to press unfairly on some. But I believe that, in conjunction with old-age pensions, employers' liability, labour exchanges, etc., it is one of the biggest and most far-reaching benefits that have ever been devised by legislation in this country. As this social legislation is *felt* and understood, it will give new hope to millions. It is making us "members of one another," and it will take away from many decent people that ghastly fear of the workhouse which, in times of sickness and unemployment, so depresses them. I believe it has saved free trade and knocked socialism out of court.

If I have had one aspiration more than another for my country, it is that it should give equality of opportunity as far as possible before the law, and that it should be the best country in the world to live in. I believe it may be made so; but that means sacrifices for you and me and many others, and isn't it marvellous how—shall I say—resignedly the sacrifices are borne? It means also a willingness to place the burdens of the upkeep of the State on those who are best able to bear them.

The inequalities of which you speak will get right, more or less, in time. As you describe them, they are now manifestly unfair to you. If employers throughout the country had been like you, we should never have heard of this social legislation, we should never have needed it; and indeed it does seem hard that the Government, in compelling others to contribute to humane acts that you have done freely, should compel you to make this provision *plus* what you do for your own now.

While I write this I have your picture before me, and I make a shrewd guess that your generous philanthropy has *paid*. What you are now compelled to do will not ruin you, perhaps it will not hurt you much, and you will see the whole country vastly benefited. I have seen nothing like this picture that is before me—a father with four sons all splendidly mounted, fit as each can be, handsome, wholesome, fine fellows all, an honour to their country—with the background of a stately and beautiful home, indicating comfort, luxury and an abundant provision of the best things the world can give.

My advice is—Forget that you are paying that insurance money, and rejoice in your prosperity and in the satisfaction that you enjoy the esteem and affection of those 1,400 workers and many more, who, I am sure, appreciate your generous regard for them.

Always sincerely yours,
SWIRE SMITH.

Before the war, employers who would take that tone were rare. He had kept an old-world sense of responsibility. However, this had made him impatient of the agitations that compelled social reform, while glad to see reform conceded. His was the Manchester school, though free trade must be benevolently tempered. He argued against minimum wage rates. Yet his moral tone was stronger than his economic doctrine, and had still to modify the doctrine's operation.

In the same year he crossed the Atlantic for the last time. Now that Jupiter Island was being developed, he went with two other directors of the Indian River Association, empowered to decide in all ways about that pet enterprise. A pier and harbour had been constructed, a power house built, swamps reclaimed, sites disposed of on which there were fine residences. The island was to be connected by a bridge with the mainland. Its fortunes have passed out of his hands ; but they must have partly done so in any case, demanding more capital than the Association owned. A sort of omen appears in the diary : " The sun went down as we reached Jupiter, and we sailed up the sound in the dark. It was very balmy."

The war intervening, there is little more to be here said of Florida ; and I leave a last word about it with Mr. Angas, writing six years later :

> His interest in and knowledge of this part of the world were really surprising. He came here but seldom, and then only for short visits ; but during these visits he seemed able to pick up and assimilate a vast amount of detailed information.
>
> Whenever I was in England, it was understood that part of my time was to be spent at Steeton Manor ; and after dinner [but he called it tea.—K. S.] he and I used to sit up late, and have wonderful talks about the Indian River, Jupiter Island, Gulf Hammock and other places in Florida that he knew and had, like me, grown to love.
>
> We have a saying here that, when once the sand of Florida has got into your shoes, you cannot keep away from the State ; and I think Sir Swire's shoes were full of Florida sand.

Sir Swire had met Mr. Bryan in England, yet only casually, and some years had passed since the brief encounter. But it served. Others may "praise famous men," it was his own way to pay them a little personal attention; and, being at Miami, he writes:

> I took a carriage and called on Mr. William Jennings Bryan. He lives in a pretty new house, which I guess he has rented. I rang, and Mrs. Bryan answered the door, and in a puzzled way took my card. She said, "Come in," and I apologized and said I was from England, and wished to pay my respects to Mr. B. He knew me. He said I had told him some good stories, and remarked to Mrs. Bryan that I lived in a beautiful home. He asked how "Mr. Clow" was (Mr. Sam Clough). I said that we in England hoped he would attain the position he most desired; none was too high for him. We all admired his patriotism and his ready sacrifice of self in the interests of his party. Mrs. B. said he had indeed made great sacrifices. They told of their married daughter in England, and would like me to know her.
>
> They had other visitors, and I again apologized for calling. Both said that I had done the right thing, and they'd have been hurt if I hadn't.

It was an instance of his social tact as well as of his social enterprise, qualities not so common among good Englishmen as to go unnoticed. Next day, compelled by low water to put back from a launch trip across the bay, he took his colleagues by car to Cocoa Nut Grove, called at Mr. Bryan's clearing, and was shown over it by the great man himself, who happened to be working there—"like Cincinnatus, I remarked": no patrician, but destined to return to the control of affairs. So he photographed the party. Then in Washington he called on Mr. Bryce and was kept for lunch; but that was a closer acquaintance, founded in politics.

> He said, "Let any Englishman study America and he'll not touch Protection." He was very genial, talking much about the women's agitation at home. He is seventy-five, and would like to retire. I said, "Still a boy."

There was a dinner party at Mr. Ten Eyck Wendell's place, where he met Senator and Mrs. Harrison, Professor Fisher and others, and told many stories; while at Philadelphia and New York he took at unawares a long farewell of old friends. They made much of him. How well he was after surf-bathing at Palm Beech, they remember; and how he came in at Philadelphia for a merry winter party, and next morning had to be taught a new dance. He was certainly well. After fifteen calls in the last day and a half, he got into his berth on board the *Mauretania* and slept for ten hours.

Relations between Governments cannot reflect the personal contacts of any two peoples, but they are probably free of undue bias in proportion as these contacts are loyal and kindly; and Sir Swire Smith's many friends in the States believe that he did as much as a private citizen ever can do to assure the good temper and fairness of official discussions. He understood the lives of the American people, their outlook, their ambitions; and he believed in America without jealousy, as he believed in his own land and folk. Wherever he came, goodwill between the two nations appeared to be natural and normal; he left men thinking that it is the main business of Governments. Nor did he let himself be forgotten in absence. They were to feel themselves in close contact with him to the end, and with the Mother Country in her sea of troubles.

Soon after he came home—

> Buckmaster was made Solicitor General and had to come for re-election. It was a trying time. Ulster was giving trouble. Lloyd George and Rufus Isaacs had dabbled in Marconi shares. Such elections as were held went against the Government. We lost Reading on Isaacs' promotion to Lord Chief Justice, and all eyes were turned to Keighley. We had a gallant fight. Buckmaster improved his position and the rot was stopped.

During the summer, he had the pleasure of seeing the Roscoe family at Steeton, on their way to North Yorkshire and the Mallets. Sir Henry Roscoe was in his eighty-first year, and not well, but wrote from Danby that he had "liked your home more than ever, and admired Mary's household and housekeeping, and her drawings and bound books, and so much enjoyed seeing you"—a touching letter from a friend lately widowed, "thinking sadly yet joyfully of the past, hopefully for the future," and not to be chummed with much longer. That certainty, alas, was one which both men reckoned with. For years now Sir Swire had passed his Christmas at Woodcote; he did so until the great chemist died.

A splendid mirage, the Palace of Peace at the Hague, delighted him. If possible, he was less capable than other men of imagining the German outlawry, without scruple or human bounds. Believing commerce to be a peace-making agency, which only needed a formalization of some international aims and an accessible court of arbitration to secure for peace a fair field, he had shared and encouraged Mr. Carnegie's project. Until the ideals of free trade were universal, this should tide diplomacy over shallows and rocks. What a splendid thing that one practical man, a private citizen, should furnish the great nations with such a meeting-place, a Mecca!

On August 28th he was present at the opening, on Mr. Carnegie's invitation. I note that he took the German representative (is the name Archerehold?) to Scheveningen, "to see the bathers and the children enjoying themselves on the sands—a really picturesque and wonderful sight"; but his diary does not describe the big proceedings. He was too busy to write much, running about like an aide-de-camp and pestered by sculptors, who wished to make the Carnegie bust; for either the idea of placing such a bust in the Palace was his, or he was known with Mr. F. Maddison to have raised money for it. Amid the throng of diplomats, the great show of uniforms, the speech-making and dining, one finds him absorbed with this compliment.

I had a pleasant talk with Mrs. C. about the bust. I did not express a preference for any sculptor, but described

> each as well as I could. She said we had better not refer to Mr. C.; he had a weakness for giving a chance to a young man, but in this case it would be well to have some one with an established reputation. She would like to be assured of the personality of the man, for it made so much difference with Mr. C. A Dutch painter had smoked and drunk whisky all the time he was at work on him. Neither of us could speak of Thornycroft, but Mrs. C. was disposed to fix on him, and we let it be so.

He put in a day at the Ghent Exhibition, and a month later he was taking Sir William Goscombe John to Skibo. The choice had been left to him after all, for Mr. Thornycroft would only work in his studio.

For some years the company met with at Skibo had been growing more varied and amusing, if less homely. Sir Swire helped to entertain visitors who found themselves astray. Two foreign countesses arrived, one of them a Maid of Honour to the Queen of the Belgians, very anxious to understand England, but so aristocratic that her point of view made it difficult to do so; and "the idea of being up at 8.30 for breakfast was too much for her." To this lady he attempted to explain Mr. Lloyd George, whom she could not bear. Next morning—

> The piping so impressed Countess G. that she felt she must get up; and out she went, and came in with us to breakfast after all. She was amazed to see so many cooked dishes. Tea and toast had been all she wanted, but she began with porridge—and proceeded to eat it with a fork!

She would seem to have been touched with his sense of the romantic. Not so Sir Sidney Lee, who had been "rather disappointing; his talk gets involved, and is patchy or snappy. He did not join in our pursuits." And Sir Gilbert Parker had "made a favourable impression, but fancied himself." As to the chosen sculptor, he was *persona grata*; and his patron had the pleasure of thinking—and was probably right—that the bust of which he saw the clay model shaped would be "the most artistic portrait of Mr.

Carnegie yet made." In November of the same year (1913) Sir Swire was elected a life member of the United Kingdom Carnegie Trust then founded, and a member of its small executive committee.

Fortunate in personal relationships, he had a hand in getting a knighthood for his old friend and Keighley colleague, Sir John Clough, and at his suggestion the freedom of the Guild of Clothworkers was conferred on Lord Morley. It was conferred at the same time on Lord Bryce, now relieved of his Ambassadorship, and titled.

Finally, as if to promise quiet days at last, and a good harvest of all his business labours, the reduction of American tariffs by the Underwood Act left the master spinner without a care. Trade had grown by leaps and bounds already; all the world prospered, and he with it. This measure, from which he foresaw great benefit for his American friends and interests, opened wide the opportunity for new business. He could really look to do as much in the United States as he had done in Germany. He had prepared for it in recent journeys; and if, as he thought, the failure of high tariffs as well as their oppressiveness was known to most Americans, he need not fear to see the Act undone. While he lived, Springfield Mills ought to be busy. When he died there should be some decent provision, in spite of all, for those who would come after him.

He wrote a paper on the New American Tariff and the Wool Industry, read it as president of a textile society, had it printed and sent a copy to Mr. Bryan, now President of the United States.

So the fateful year, 1914, dawned serenely for him. The evenings found him at his ingle nook, where on one side there was a writing-table and on the rug an engaging bulldog named Peggy. She thought the fire a fine luxury, and so did he. Walking up the drive as he came from business, his habit was to take a short footpath through a shrubbery near the house and pick up a handful of fallen twigs, with which he came into the room cheerily (in hat and coat), to lay them in the flames and see them crackle. He was in good appetite for what is known in Yorkshire as a high tea. It made the last meal of the day, and the pleasantest; for he brought home no worries and no boredom, but an imperturbable humour for conversation and the use of his time. The meal no sooner over, he settled down to writing or reading. The curtains were drawn behind double windows that kept the north wind out, and he took care to replenish the fire with logs.

Part of one letter must serve for the plans that he was making, fortunate not to know what would be required of him:

STEETON MANOR,
April 6, 1914.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your very kind acceptance of the invitation of our Major to open the new wing of the Keighley Institute has given great satisfaction to the town, and is a joy to me that my words cannot express. Most sincerely do I hope that your visit may in every sense be very agreeable to you. I doubt not we shall be able to arrange details at your leisure after your arrival on this side, which I hope may be soon.

Your bust for the Hague is completed, and has been sent to the Royal Academy for exhibition. It is considered an excellent likeness and a fine piece of work. Lord Brassey is chairman of our committee. He is on his way home from India, and we are inviting him to unveil the bust at the Hague early in September. We are proposing to give the commission for the illuminated address (for presentation to you) to Mr. Walter Crane, who has been recommended as our most accomplished artist for the purpose. . . .

Always yours sincerely,
SWIRE SMITH.

CHAPTER XX

War—Business disaster ?—Lord Bryce and a Skibo irony—Help for the Allies—Sir John Brigg's lost leg—Germany : A moral shock—Factory "ladies" and women's work—M.P. for Keighley—No seat—"Suited down to the ground"—A ghost—Christmas with a dog—The last romance.

THE personal affairs of no man counted when war came, even for his own estimate. But, as the emotion of the first incredible weeks abated, or rather strung men to a new pitch that accorded with it, Sir Swire Smith had to take account of the desperate position of his business, mainly pledged for foreign trade.

In his warehouses there was a stock of wool and spun yarn valued at £60,000, and the bulk of yarn had been spun to German orders or in current readiness for them. Other yarn, for which he could expect no payment, had gone to Germany. As the annual profits of the business hardly exceeded £2,500, this accumulated stock might be said to represent, unless it could be disposed of, a burden outweighing the possible gains of four-and-twenty normal years. Some of it was saleable, and gave no anxiety. Not so the German yarn, spun of a special thickness and quality, which no one outside Germany demanded. And for new American trade he must have an augmented overdraft as he accepted orders and bought wool. Was he solvent ? Once more he had to carry on and see. Once more, in any case, a fine dream had been shattered.

The irony of events caught him with a private duty to be done first, with Lord Bryce. They had drafted together the album address which Walter Crane, at a cost of £125, was to illuminate, and had arranged to present it at Skibo in August. The signatories hoped that the builder of the Hague temple might "long be spared to witness the triumph of those great principles of Peace on Earth and Goodwill among Men" which he had spent years in promoting; and the decoration of the album enshrined his favourite quotation from Whittier, "Peace unweaponed conquers every wrong." After August 4th this appeared to be at least untimely. Hence the following letter:

HINDLEAP, FOREST ROW, SUSSEX,
August 16, 1914.

DEAR SIR SWIRE,—Things have so changed since we last met, when the cloud was rising over the sky which has now shrouded the world in gloom, that I do not know whether you still contemplate going to Skibo. Please let me know. I am not quite sure whether to go or not, and have only promised to spend a few days with some friends in Forfarshire. No Hague Palace of Peace this year. Peace itself is dead. Yet perhaps it might be a pleasure to an old friend to receive, whether orally or by letter, the address, however far from cheerful the occasion could now be.

Bad accounts of approaching distress reach us from Birmingham and Lancashire. I hope Yorkshire may suffer less.

Sincerely yours,
BRYCE.

Well, the mill was running only three days a week. But nothing could have stood in the way of his annual visit; and, as to the address, he saw little amiss with it. No one believed that the war could last many months. For peace this war would furnish an unexampled argument; and the question whether peace might live unweaponed, or could only be assured, perhaps, by an international police and an international exchequer, had not been discussed. He did not mind the irony, and on August 26th the address was presented.

It was his last meeting with Mr. Carnegie, and proved one of the happiest visits to Skibo.

Among the guests were Lord and Lady Shaw, Mr. and

Mrs. Yates Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, jun., with two little daughters, Mr. George and Miss Lauder, Miss (Dr.) Wallin, General and Mrs. Baden Powell. After dinner in the evening, while all the ladies worked for soldiers, the address was presented in the drawing-room by Lord Bryce. A beautiful speech, setting forth Mr. C.'s great service to humanity. He specially noted three things—the endowment of pensions for University professors, the endowment of research, and the great example set to rich men to make wise use of their money while they live. I saw that the gift was much appreciated.

August 27th.—Ritchie with us. The yacht and perfect sunshine, with much pleasant talk.

August 28th.—I had four rounds of golf during the day, one with Lord Bryce in which I did the nine holes in 35. My record! The shadow of this terrible war oppresses us all.

August 29th.—A great compliment was paid to me. At ten o'clock all the guests assembled at the entrance hall and, led by Angus piper, we marched in procession to the park rising from the carriage drive to the sunset walk. There we drew up before a young oak that was placed in a hole in the ground. Mr. Carnegie said that at various times distinguished visitors had planted trees, and he would now ask one of his oldest friends, "and perhaps our most frequent visitor," to plant one. I filled in many spadefuls of earth, and then thanked Mr. and Mrs. C. for the great honour they had done me. Mrs. Carnegie then photographed the scene. Two photos were to be in natural colours. News of the burning of Louvain. The serious thing is that, although our soldiers repel the Germans, both they and the French are falling back, so that the enemy appears to be gaining strong positions.

When he wrote this, his own position had not been well considered. The whirlwind of events carried him on from day to day. Questions of responsibility for a great disaster, dark as yet, and complicated for him by the resignation of Lord Morley, filled his mind. A month of unrelieved and crushing anxiety followed. His nephew had gone into training; Mary was busy on a relief committee. Orders were no longer placed on the Bradford market, it looked as if the worsted trade must lie dormant for the duration of the war, and at this moment he had news of the failure of a small American creditor. That was the last straw. A lady in London whom he knew well tells me that, coming to see her, he sat down and buried his face in his hands. " This morning I had to see my banker," he explained. " I couldn't look him in the face."

It may occur to the reader that there would be a demand for khaki. The cloth trade was one that made no call upon such machinery as Sir Swire Smith owned; nevertheless, in November the demand for khaki saved him. It was so pressing that worsted yarns had to be drawn upon, and it was supplemented by the enormous military needs of Russia and France. He saw that it would keep his mill going while he held that cast-off stock, and this was all that mattered. Moreover, business knowledge made him useful to the Allies. One finds him writing (to Miss Mary Williams, of Brookline, Mass.):

> The head of the stores department of the War Office (Mr. Wintour), who is a personal friend, appealed to me a few weeks ago to find him the best clothing expert in the country to help him. I sent him a man. And since then the head of the clothing department of the French Army has asked me to find a man for him, which I have done also.

What the choice of these experts meant to our Armies, every one knows. I do not find that he spoke of it to any one on this side the Atlantic, and the service is probably now made known for the first time. Miss Williams was a friend of long standing.

Now, he was still regarded—and more than ever in war-time—as something of a " back number," and had come to think himself such in some aspects. In December Keighley conferred upon him the freedom of the borough in that capacity, which was at least an honourable one for a man of his performance. Presently he was no such thing. But I print two last personal letters in which the tone of quietude sounds pleasantly. One is furnished by his oldest colleague, Mr. Brigg, a prisoner of arthritis at Torquay.

STEETON MANOR,
December 29, 1914.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Another Christmas has come and gone, and the shortest day has passed, starting the hope that spring will come again, and here I sit in my ingle nook with Peggy at my feet, thinking of you. . . . I hope you are fairly free from pain, and able to keep up your spirits.

How different Christmas is from what it used to be! In my own circle we never made it a time of special meeting or rejoicing . . . but, as you and I look back, our family circles have almost ceased to be circles at all. Of my family and generation I only am left, and so it is with you. That is how one realizes that we have had a fairly long innings; but, however big our score, we cannot come out bat in hand. . . .

I have been spending Christmas with my dear old friend Roscoe, in Surrey. He is eighty-two, and he really seems to enjoy having me with him for a few days; and we talk over our exploits on the Technical Commission and of the days when Lady Roscoe travelled with us and made his home so happy. . . .

I wonder if I told you that I have been made a Warden of the Clothworkers' Company. You will remember that, at the dinners, the Wardens stand by the side of the Master, gowned, and wearing an ancient medallion. I shall be shorn of this swagger, I fear, during my term, for we are not going to have any dinners while the war lasts. I have also been made a member of the Carnegie Trust. . . . I confess I enjoy these appointments, for I meet good and pleasant men, and I get the change of a visit to Town about once a month, with my expenses paid.

And now, dear Harriette, a word to you. You are worthily fulfilling a noble mission. You are indeed a ministering angel, and you will get your reward in this world and the next.

With best love to both of you, always your old friend
SWIRE.

The second letter (January 19, 1915) went to the late

Mr. John Waugh, of Ben Rhydding and Settle, then disabled by a gun accident; and, because that crony was a gentleman almost as cheery as himself, it was not without humour.

> DEAR OLD JOHN,—I cannot tell you how sorry I am. You have gone through many moving accidents by flood and field; but I would have hoped that, at your time of life, you would escape one like this, which will make you even more than you were dependent on the help of others, and give you much suffering. But there are other good soldiers, besides yourself, who are now wounded and broken, and your suffering will, I am sure, often lead you to think of them with great sympathy.
>
> Our good old friend Sir John Brigg used to tell of having his leg amputated at the knee, and that his lads put it in a box, and took it into the garden, and laid it at rest under an apple-tree. He said he thought of the lines from "The Burial of Sir John Moore":
>
> Slowly and sadly they laid him down
> On the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
> They carved not a line, and they raised not a stone,
> But they left him alone in his glory.
>
> For many years dear old John used to tell of it with a cheery smile; and to you, dear old John, I would express the hope that, when your wounds are healed and give you no further pain, you may be permitted for many and many a year also to tell with your own cheery smile of the accident that now afflicts you so sadly. . . .

But in each case the letter was written to an invalid. The good heart that dictated it, silent on distresses except to assuage them, was profoundly stirred by the battlefields, touched and astounded by men's bravery. To be useless now fretted him; he was roused, and the signs appear in his commonplace book, where the last frivolous entry, a verse beginning "Here's to the Girl who's strictly in it"—some toast—is suddenly followed by William Blake's lines

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
  Bring me my arrows of desire! . . .
I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
  In England's green and pleasant land.

Then comes William Watson's lashing word:

For you, our heroes—conquer ye or fail—
  Honour and pæan, night and noon and morn!
For you who gambol and play while Time turns pale,
  Disgust itself scarce stoops to hiss its scorn.

The burst of civic activity in which people at home bore a hand with countless forms of organized war-work found him ready with guidance and exhortation, tirelessly. The moral shock had been tremendous. A people he had wholly admired, and for most of his life held up to emulation, was ruled by military chiefs who shrank from no enormity In a speech made in April, calling women to take the places of men at home for all purposes, his earliest fire and clearest eloquence reappeared.

That was a remarkable speech. He said at once that many of women's new employments would be permanent, and that they were entitled to equal pay with men for equal work. He named a score of such openings, and demanded immensely wider opportunities of training for girls at school. As to factory life, it must be made clean, comfortable, bright, and in every way desirable for self-respecting women and girls.

In America factory girls are described as "factory ladies"—and why not? I have watched them leave wearing veils and gloves, with a long line of tramcars drawn up at the gates to take them to their homes. They leave behind their working clothes or their neat overalls in lockers. What must be insisted on is that all trades whatever be conducted with decency and good manners.

These things were not being generally said, but he had to repeat some of them at Bradford a week later. Sir Swire Smith foresaw a nation of trained and respected workers, in which "honour and shame from no condition rise."

The demand for plenary service in his last years came in June, unexpected. When Mr. Asquith formed a Coalition Government, Sir Stanley Buckmaster was made Lord Chancellor of England, and Keighley had to find another Member. This time, its chief citizen could not refuse to be put in nomination. There was the old drag, more than ever cumbersome; but—

> It was argued that there would be no party divisions, and particularly no snap divisions; that the session would be short; that there would be no contest, and probably another election in the autumn. Sir John Clough pleaded. If I were elected, he said that my retirement might probably be arranged when the general election came, as Sir John Simon looked with favourable eyes upon the seat.

Sir Swire yielded, was elected without any contest, and then had to wait in vain for any general election. More than that; the service demanded of women as well as men took his niece presently to a hospital in France, to superintend the issue of stores. There was to be no more of the old home life for him at Steeton.

On his election to Parliament, Lord Morley wrote:

> I'm sure you are quite right in the step that your friends and neighbours have with good reason pressed upon you. The thing will interest you more than you expect, and—"abnormal" though it is at the moment—there is much to be learned in the H. of C., where you will find plenty of friendly company. We shall hope to see you soon.

Lady Frederick Cavendish:

> One word of warm congratulation to you and Keighley—so married to each other that it is indeed a happiness for both parties! I hope the war has not cost you lives near and dear to you. I have lost a Cavendish nephew, as you know; two other nephews have been wounded and recovered;

and I have lost many cousins and others in whom I am interested. But we must face all sacrifice if we can but so destroy German frightfulness as to secure a *permanent* and righteous peace. Surely no nation in its senses can ever again consent to fling millions against millions, armed with infernal machines.

None near to him, but some dear to him, and many a Keighley lad in whom he took the warm-hearted interest you have seen. He felt for his friend Captain Turner, of the *Lusitania*, with whom he had so happily swapped stories; and if Mr Carnegie had returned to England, he would almost certainly have been on board that boat. "The blackest crime in the war," he notes. "The *Lusitania* murder was deliberately planned, prepared for, waited for, reckless who should be killed—women, children, even their own countrymen." So he went to Westminster resolved to support Mr. Asquith and the Government in any measures they might have to take for the end stated in that letter from Lady Frederick. Nothing less was worth the appalling cost already.

Tuesday, July 6th.—Mr. Gulland asked me to go and see him at eleven, at 12 Downing Street. He very cordially welcomed me, and quietly rehearsed what would happen. I should appear below the bar between him and Sir H. Duncan after the questions. We should all bow, walk up the House half way and bow again, then proceed to the table and bow a third time. The House met at 2.45, and after prayers I was taken inside and sat on a back bench on the right. Questions were over by about 3.30. At the table the Clerk met me, took my paper, and opened a box from which he took a Bible and the members' book. I read the oath, a few words expressive of loyalty, and then I wrote my name and "Keighley," and followed the Clerk to the Speaker, who shook hands with me; and I passed out behind the Speaker's chair.

I was there met by Sir William Byles, Sir Philip Magnus and others, and Sir John Barran said that the thing to do was for Byles to show me round the House and teach me the geography of it. He introduced me to Sir John Simon and off I went for my lesson, encountering in our passage along corridors and through the libraries, tea-room, smoking-room, etc., many members who heartily welcomed me. Most of them said they had long known me by repute. In the lobby was Lord Rotherham, whom I arranged to look up in the Lords at 4.30. Mr. Will Crooks, who once said that I was the pioneer of real education in this country, made it his business to find me a locker.

Election to the House at 73 was not without precedent. Sir Isaac Holden himself had gone there older, Sir Robert Pullar at 79. But Sir Swire Smith found few older men who gave attendance, though Sir Thomas Roe had done so to the age of 85, when he was made a peer; and it is unlikely that any man of Sir Swire's years had either looked or felt so much younger than those years as he did. He was young enough to make new friends for one thing, if not to make a new career. He made a friend of the first man he sat down against, Sir Stephen Collins, a very warm friend; and his rare social qualities procured a personal standing in the House immediately. But he took no part in debates. He took, in three weeks before the autumn adjournment, his bearings; quietly estimating this prominent man and that as he saw them at near hand for the first time, and the play of personal factors in affairs. Nothing bored him but ineptness and time wasted.

I hadn't a place of my own, and as there was plenty of room I moved about a little. I had settled in one comfortable seat, when who should come beside me but Philip Snowden! He said, "What are you doing here? You're among the Labour men." "Well," I said, "I'm a Labour man for the present." On another occasion I sat under the gallery opposite Mr. Asquith, and a Conservative friend said, "Why, you're among the Tories!" Or I found myself on one of the benches occupied by the Irish members.

The old distinctions at such a time amused him.

But wherever I sat I was made welcome as the new member who had come to take the place of the Lord Chancellor. I had a charming little interview with Lloyd George and Sir John Simon in the dining-room. L. G. said he was delighted to see me there, and told Sir J. that he had gone over my factory long years ago, and had spoken at a political meeting at Haworth to about forty people. Sir J. asked how long ago it was. "Oh," said L. G., with his twinkling smile, "that was before you were born."

He went home for the Recess to put the situation before a recruiting meeting, with a firm grasp of it, and to learn with pride that a Keighley firm had shown the War Office how to make certain shells at half the price paid for them. The stormy interview in which a practical, rough townsman speaking dialect had carried his point with a supercilious official, forcing him to test the shell produced and to revise prices throughout the country, made another story for Sir Swire's budget; he was not content till it had been told in a London newspaper.

At once he was looking beyond the war to the normal contest of national wits. Germany's downfall, which he foresaw, was a tragedy of over-reaching ambition; for, had she continued to rely upon a superior system of industrial education, the envy and despair of Europe, Germany must have reached her "place in the sun" within ten years. What would happen when the war was over? The same contest, with whatever differences. Speaking at Rochdale, he therefore renewed an old sermon with a new text.

Germany was in a hurry. Militarism dazzled her gaze with a false promise of that "place in the sun" which she had so long coveted. She has been thrown back for generations, and maybe she has given one more great opportunity to Britain. But don't let her murderous threat to the civilization of the world blind you. Our educational period is the shortest among the advanced nations.

After a year of war, his was the only voice crying that kind of warning. It was not heard; however sane, the warning had to bide the issue of a contest more urgent.

But he knew that. What he said was prompted by a passing occasion, a little distribution of school prizes; and, going back to Westminster, he did what he could. This was not much, yet it began to please him. Take the sketch of a busy life given in November to Sir Arthur Godwin, a friend of the happier days when they were on the same programme for a Bradford entertainment:

> I am taking up my Parliamentary duties as a sort of half-timer. I come on a Monday and return on a Wednesday. There is positively nothing for me to do (I have only taken part in two divisions), and I know that the Government would be very glad if the whole House would play truant and leave Ministers to their administrative duties—which are difficult and serious enough in all conscience. But, as you know, a member of Parliament may be of some use, even if he don't waste time in making speeches that nobody wants to hear. They also serve who only stand and wait.
>
> I have found a job that suits me down to the ground, and gives much pleasure to others. I have lady friends who are much interested in the wounded soldiers, and they tell me that there is nothing they so much enjoy as visiting the House of Commons, hearing the prominent men from the gallery, seeing the House of Lords and having tea in the tea-room. For several weeks now, on the Tuesday afternoons, I have had half-a-dozen Tommies with nurses and lady friends, and I have taken them about as if the whole place belonged to me; and I can tell you they like these encounters beyond words. I am able to introduce them occasionally to celebrities, with a noble lord or two thrown in, and to mix them at tea with two or three members with whom the ladies are as pleased as the Tommies. I have weekly parades booked till the House rises.
>
> There is some advantage in a new member coming to an old House. The police and attendants caught my name at once; and, as I leave the House or come to it, the police at the corner of Parliament Street hold up the traffic till I have passed over. You see how one notices a little distinction. Well, well; small things please small people.

Two days' duty once a week was easily done, and though there might be no relief while the war lasted he was content, unable to guess what greater things were shaping. The war apart, he was happy in seeing more of London friends, and at home the time had not yet come to part with Mary. "I cannot think," he said in the same letter, "it will be a long war; the pace is too frightful, the wastage so ruinous."

Mary was spared in December; presently conscription had to be used at last; and it appeared that the war could end only in the exhaustion of the enemy. He, too, submitted to the pace at unawares.

One day, he saw a ghost. I do not know where or how it happened, but, as if by a spite of fortune, my friend met after forty years the North Country Maid whom he might have married. She was withered and frail, but he knew her. The encounter seemed a little pathetic. They had not, after all, "much to say to each other," and only spoke of what changes the years had brought to her and her people; yet "I believe," he said afterwards, "we could both have cried." It must also have been a sharp reminder of the isolation to which he was reduced. Then in December his dearest friend, Sir Henry Roscoe, died; and after seeing the last rites performed he spent a forlorn Christmas with Peggy It is pleasant to find this letter:

FLOWERMEAD, WIMBLEDON PARK, S.W.
December 28th.

MY DEAR SIR SWIRE,—I am bidden by my wife to assure you that she is heartily obliged to you for the wool. It has arrived duly, and no Christmas gift could be more welcome. She is particularly glad that it is white, and she vows that it shall be worked up like magic. Thank you.

We are sorry indeed to think of your Christmas solitude. It is melancholy work, this clearing of the decks. Poor Roscoe! He was a lover of knowledge, and a man full of public spirit of the best kind.

I see to-night that our good friend across the Atlantic has come out with much munificence towards Belgium.

Every good thing to you for the New Year.

Yours very sincerely,
MORLEY.

But such letters were not his only consolation. Serenely, another romance, the last and happiest of his ingenuous love affairs, had dawned for him. I am indebted to an equally ingenuous lady for leave to show how the two years of usefulness that remained were cheered and softened by this friendship.

For some time before the war, in spite of all his courage and of gay distractions, in spite of the fact that women gave him esteem and even much affection, he had been disposed to lament bachelordom; and the war, with its disturbance of all relations, had severed ties and left him adrift. He foresaw no comfort. But among those ladies in town whose care of the wounded he had been glad to second, there was one travelled like himself, with some of the same interests and hobbies as he, and charmingly kind. In January she was at Harrogate, and he asked her to come and see his home. She consented.

He wrote from Steeton Manor on January 13th :

I cannot tell you with what pleasure I am looking forward to your visit on Saturday. I chafe against my engagement to open that Carnegie organ, for it prevents me meeting you at Leeds and so making sure that you catch your connection to Keighley. You are going to have a perfectly quiet visit, and a rest in the country. I am not inviting any one to meet you on the Sunday except my cousin (Will), who is a good pianist ; and we will have some old songs, and as much Edwin Waugh as you will care for. If it be fine, we will walk through my wood to the moor above, and perhaps take a run to Bolton Abbey. I have only to make sure not to tire you. Bring your camera. I enclose a few more snapshots, which will give you an idea of the country around here. Don't trouble about luggage : of course, bring what you like, but we shall not dress for dinner. You will be coming to a bachelor's small establishment, and the heartiness of your welcome will have to make up for shortcomings. I reserve nice messages, but I will give you a warm greeting.

Yours sincerely,
SWIRE SMITH.

What had happened was really a great thing. He had found by chance a companion moved, not so much by himself—how far she was that, he did not know—as by the very motives and objects that engaged him. It was a rarer thing in his seventy-fourth year than it would have been earlier, in good time. He had at once understood her, and seemed to be understood. He was; they came of the same northern stock, serviceable and sunny-natured, and she had seen a great deal of the world. From the first he had been at ease with her, and immensely interested; moreover, she was so much younger as to be still attractive, and above all she was womanly.

The intimacy ripened quickly. They had soon told each other their lives, or rather those passages that were vital to it; here, at least, was a "marriage of true minds." He found this restful and sweet in trying times, and there is the best picture of his last activities in the letters to this lady, which are love letters, although there is no passion in them and he signs only "Yours sincerely." Here is the second, a month later:

STEETON MANOR,
February 12, 1916.

I was so glad to get your letter this morning in the quiet of my little ingle, and this Sunday will be a very restful day, at any rate until the evening, when I preside over that concert in the theatre. I hope you are having a very pleasant holiday with your relatives. You bring back the memory of the one a few weeks ago, which I see no reason why we should not repeat. "Barkis is willin'," as you will remember from *David Copperfield*; and travelled people like you and me are not bounded by a few miles of geography. If the springtime had come, I would have tried to persuade you to take a week-end at Edinburgh. I have to go there on the 26th to a meeting at Dunfermline—it will be repeated later. The plan would be to meet at Hellifield (from Manchester) on the Friday afternoon, stay at the Station Hotel, Edinburgh (I should be away for a few hours on Saturday), back in the evening, and from Edinburgh home on Sunday. That is a possible week-end with a bit of romance in it.

Last night was really good. The municipal hall was packed, and Lord and Lady Buckmaster received the guests. . . . I have to confess that I am a duffer at speaking, but I may tell you how cordially I was received by the crowded audience. They fairly took me to their hearts as their Member.

I go to Town to-morrow night, and Parliament is opened on Tuesday by the Lord Chancellor in place of the King. I expect to be at the House till late on Tuesday, and till 4.30 on Wednesday. By the way, I amused the audience last night by saying that I had no intention of succeeding the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack, but that, if the sack needed a little stuffing, I was prepared to supply the wool. I said that I often looked in at the Lords, and, as I beheld him, I always felt as if I had Keighley on my back ; although he did not hail me as I entered, I sometimes thought that he gave me a wink of recognition. How he and Lady B. laughed !

I am very glad to hear of the success and prospects of the Manchester Ship Canal. The original shareholders were true patriots, enormously helping Manchester though doing nothing for themselves. I hope your time has come.

I have no doubt at all about your making an effective mill manager, but wouldn't you be better as a Parliamentary secretary ? Write what you will and say what you will, never mind about prompt answers. The photo is taken from Mary's balcony.

With that letter an entry in the diary should be linked :

Tuesday, February 4th.—Dined with Lord Chancellor and Lady and Miss B. Concertina and piano ! Old songs.

Then follows this on March 12th :

I cannot tell why you should allow yourself to get out of spirits. Of course you unconsciously give a sufficient reason, in suggesting that the gloom followed your visit to the prison. A nature like yours cannot contemplate gloom and misery without being affected, and Providence intended you to be a sunny influence everywhere. You are fond of apt quotations—write this under your portrait, it is from Spenser's " Faerie Queen " :

Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

I think I told you that a lady sought me at the House who had not seen me for ten years—Miss Sylvia Phelps, the grand-daughter of Samuel Phelps, the great actor before Irving's rise. She asked for gallery seats for herself and Miss Annie Saker, whom I met at my brother's with Miss Phelps ten years ago. They come to the House on Tuesday. Miss Saker is taking the principal part in a piece that is having a run at the Prince of Wales Theatre. I shall ask Lord R. (Rotherham) to tea with the actresses.

The friendship had begun auspiciously

CHAPTER XXI

Sale of the business—Comradeship in Jupiter Island—Entertaining wounded men—Burlesque of Irving—Ladies in the House—" Mignon "—Love letters—Songs with his mill girls—*The Real German Rivalry*—Patriotism of Keighley—Bulletin at seventy-five.

THE capacity for such friendships in a man who was sheet-anchored at home with his own people and profoundly serious is what, after all, has lent most charm to the story of Sir Swire Smith. This one was even to atone a little for the dispersal of his household at the call of war. But neither this friendship nor any other strained at the anchorage ; looking back, one is compelled to recognize the fact. His strongest sentiments were domestic. After the mother and father there had been Hannah and Sam ; now there were Mary and Lance, not to enumerate others of a new generation allied to him less intimately. He was boyish in nothing so much as in the home life, for which all his private plans were made very steadfastly. I do not venture to enrich with warmer touches the picture of its intimacy, serene and comfortable ; but there was mutual affection, understanding and esteem.

Those private plans of the master spinner, concerned above all with the permanence of this happiness, were suddenly altered now. After fifty-three years of anxious money-making, the unexpected chance came to make an end, and he ceased to be a master spinner.

How often, of late years, had he longed to be free ! How well he was rid of his load ! It is no easier to command the disposal of such a business than to found it, but fate had reserved this last luck for him, bringing it with the war, which at first had seemed to threaten him with disaster.

For he had not sought the opportunity to sell; it had itself offered; and it had done so when, after a loss of £4,650 in 1914, the following year left him with a profit of £7,880 on which to negotiate firmly. Younger, he would have held on, for now, unmistakably, the trade had great prospects; but he did not hesitate. Whatever a man's health and strength may be, he must think first at seventy-four of those who are to come after him. The main consideration was that neither niece nor nephew could take his place in such a business. He sold out; and Mary in France, wistful about him while she did "her bit," received this very surprising letter:

House of Commons Library,
March 14, '16.

My Dear Mary,—I have news for you. I wonder if I told you that about ten days ago (the date of his seventy-fourth birthday) Moore and Crabtree, architects, asked me for an interview; they had an application from a Leicester firm open to buy a spinning plant, and, putting this and that together, they thought I might be willing to sell mine.

I said yes.

The gentleman from Leicester came, and I took him (and M. and C.) over the place, and the question was, "Well, how much?" I named a figure, to which the gentleman replied, "Impossible"; and, as they left, I suggested that I had not said my last word. A meeting was afterwards arranged for yesterday in Bradford. . . . After a stiff fight they advanced, and I gave way, and we met.

I have sold the business!

It is a splendid bargain for the buyer, but the price is better than any I have dreamt of since, say, Uncle Sam's death. What a relief to *you*, and Lance and ME! . . .

Tell me what you think of all this. I put down my decision to my seventy-four years. Much love from

Your aff. Uncle,
Swire.

It seemed to mean such comparative ease for him, with such new liberty, that she wrote in high spirits to approve it; and then, in a second letter, his deeper ground of satisfaction showed. He said:

> I was very glad to have your congratulations, for I felt that, next to myself, no one would rejoice more fully than you that I had been able to remove, not the millstone, but the mill from my neck. I obtain intense relief from two things—(escape from) the indefinite chaining to a business full of anxiety, from which there was no prospect of release, and the freeing of Lance and yourself from the awful possibility of having an unmanageable mill thrown on your hands.
>
> All being well, I shall be able to hand over to my nephews and nieces their shares in Uncle Sam's estate to invest in securities of their own choice, and the surplus that will be left—which has every appearance of being ample for all my needs—will no longer be tied up in an investment that might have been a serious encumbrance to others.
>
> I suppose, after to-day, it will be current gossip that I've given up business, and that I am going to end my days as a Member of Parliament and a gentleman.

And so my friend came to the summit of his modest ambition. It had been reached almost in spite of him, and, strangely, a gleam of sun shone at the same time in Florida. The residents on Jupiter Island met to offer loans for the building of an inn, repayable on the sale of ground to newcomers. They said nice things of what had been done for their comfort; and, reading these with that offer, he divined " a spirit of comradeship " that should " make the island a community of real friends assembled for rest and good fellowship." Enough; he seemed to have been dreaming true.

Another chapter opened. The habits of a long life are not to be thrown off, and ease had never been desired by him; but of freedom he made a pleasant use. The House of Commons presently came to know him for it. Says Sir Stephen Collins:

> He had a big heart, and showed his liberality and kindness in many ways. He never appeared more happy than when entertaining friends in the tea-room or on the terrace, or on a more liberal scale in the dining-room; and I think he was pleased best when our brave lads from the front

visited the House. He would gather them in groups, give them tea and then cigars, and get some of his colleagues to join in entertaining these delighted guests.

On one fortunate occasion, being one of a number lending a hand at the tea-table, I persuaded Sir Swire to give a description of how Sir Henry Irving read a portion of Scripture, to the students of an American University. I think [illegible]ore himself had been there at the time, on a visit to his fr[illegible] Andrew Carnegie. Sir Henry selected the account of you[illegible] in David being brought before Saul by Abner, captain of the king's host, and, with his great imaginative power, made the incident and the men who figured in it live before the students. But, as you know, he had some very distinct mannerisms; and, having myself heard and seen the great actor several times, I can truthfully say that Sir Swire's rendering was a most wonderful imitation. The voice and manner, the gestures, the peculiar gait of the dragging leg, were all as if Irving himself had been there.

Irving was supposed to read the lesson at a Harvard service. He rose from his place among the congregation, advancing with that deliberate, special gait to the lectern, and laid the book open gracefully, happy to take the stage. After a dallying pause he began: " And when Saul saw Da-avid go forth against the Philistine."

This was the personation that once amused Lord Morley. What took effect was not so much the gravity of a mouthing diction as one or two unlooked-for contrasts, dramatizing the scene. Saul had a patronizing manner for his commander-in-chief. He called in a peremptory, large voice, " Abner! *Pst, pst*," and waved him lightly to approach. " Whose son," he asked, with a touch of friendly interest, " is this youth?" The scene lived, though it was comic. In Abner's reply there was a contrast due to a trick of elocution; for after the conventional exordium, " As thy soul liveth, O King," which was grave beyond conventional need, he paused and said most flippantly, " I cannot tell "—a piece of shocking affectation. Irving read on with overpowering dignity: " And as Da-avid returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before

Saul—Ah ! ! ! " A cry of shaking horror, to visualize the head of Goliath at armslength, and so well done that, in spite of mannerism, there was no laughter. But another contrast followed. Saul having put his question again to David (with more respect now), the champion's answer was a youthfully smug and cheerful—" I am the son of thy servant Jesse, the Bethlehemite "—that one laughed heartily. Having toyed with a pince-nez, the serious exquisite enjoying his effect. Then he closed the book with a well-graced satisfaction to say, " Thus endeth the reading of the lesson," and moved away picturesquely.

Only, if Irving's word may be trusted, Sir Stephen Collins is deceived ; the story was apocryphal.

Among members of all shades, Sir Swire soon became a favourite. A splendid companion was our friend, one could never be dull in his presence, and " as good as gold and true as steel " withal. He could be serious at need, firm and even stern. But we remember him with the cheery smile, the merry twinkling eyes, the ready wit and well-nigh inexhaustible mine of stories and experiences, garnished with a rich humour. His friends would sit entranced, delighted.

Mr. Gulland, Mr. Mallalieu and Mr. Theo. Taylor give similar pictures of him, and Mr. Taylor adds :

> In the short period during which he was a member of the House, he entertained more ladies, particularly American ladies, than any other two or three of us ; and he was as great a favourite with them, evidently, as with his fellow members.

That will seem no wonder to the reader ; and I am tempted here to add a pretty story of his squiring. One of his earliest acquaintances and oldest friends, Mrs. Edith Yeld of Luddenden, tells it.

> My younger daughter Hilda being in London, she and Sir Swire arranged to go to an opera together. The performance was " Mignon." He drove her back to her club, where she was staying, and he said, " Now, have you enjoyed

the evening ? " She said that she had enjoyed it thoroughly. " That's right," he nodded. " I also enjoyed ' Mignon.' But I enjoyed Hilda more."

Which brings us back to the new friend he had made. To me it seems evident that the sprightly play of sentiment, a show of his vital and benign temper, had become more than ever necessary to the maintenance of that temper in face of all that tried it. Dark days of the war tested him no less than duller men. In April came the secret Session, and I find him writing, " You cannot tell how I hunger to see you." That is a deeper note than he normally sounded. He was going down to Torquay to cheer his old friend Ben a little, and had learnt that she would be there too, whereupon this *cri du cœur* escaped him in three lines of reply. At Torquay the diary records " Delightful walks." But, with respect to those dark days, one knows only the sources of one's own courage, and I must not make too much of a lacuna.

When he reached home at the week-end, Mary had come for a brief holiday and Lance was back from the trenches. How glad he was at that reunion, how much there was to talk about, what plans he thought of for the uncertain future, one likes to imagine ; for he had less than two years more to live.

In quoting his fellow members I have gone ahead of events, foreshadowing the fulness of those years however slightly. For the time being, he still declined to speak in the Chamber, saying, " Oh, I came here too late in life." In any case there was no party warfare. But from duties of one kind or another there was little respite, and, throughout the summer, his week-ends at home brought not only speaking, but almost as much entertaining as the days in London. There were always wounded men or nurses, or there were both. Nor was he altogether clear of the business he had made over, for the terms of sale involved six months or more of current oversight and adjustments. What seems most wonderful, but helps, in fact, to lessen wonder, is the strand of his romance in such a complex of activities. Two months pass and I find these letters:

STEETON MANOR,
June 6th.

I wrote you on Saturday to the Prince of Wales Hotel (Harrogate), welcoming you to Yorkshire and asking you to come to Steeton for the week-end. I said, "Bring Dorothy or your niece, but, with or without either, come yourself and we will beat Torquay." I have telephoned to Harrogate and have waited for a reply, but as yet none has come. I am just off to London till Thursday, and I want to be assured that you will come on Saturday. Write me at the National Liberal Club.

June 8th.

Yours of yesterday was here when I arrived a few minutes ago, and I felt distressed.

I know what it is to have made arrangements for a course of things, or for a cure, but I would like you so much to come here instead of my going to Harrogate for Whitsuntide. H. will be teeming with Bradford and Leeds people who know me, and who will want me to be civil to them; but here there will be nobody but ourselves and Lance, and such friends as we may *want* to meet. It is not as if you had only a few days; you can prolong your stay after the holidays, and I will come to you when the crush is over; but I want you to come here *now*—on Saturday.

You have no idea how nice the garden looks, and the wood is at its best. Besides, I have promised to do some literary work, in which you can help at odd times and which it will be impossible to do at Harrogate. I plead for you to come to me. Now, *come; come!* Telephone that you will. I could not bear to telephone now for fear you will say "No," and I cannot say "Yes."

It seems there was no denying him. He showed his friend not only the Manor at its best, but Bolton Woods at their sweetest, and then Haworth and the moors; for he had a car now. Still, he could not be indulged always; it was probably difficult to keep pace with him. Presently he complains of being left for three days without a letter—or rather stifles a complaint, for he says: "Now don't mind. I know quite well that it is not good to allow children all they want. They must learn patience, and so do I."

And the literary work? That got itself done as it could, but was his most important effort. In national affairs the tug and poise of war had brought wild counsels; men who saw no victory, and startled men whom victory would not content, were alike blind to what must follow it; and to him, proposing follies, they seemed as dangerous as the enemy. Their clamour ignored so much—all that he had learnt about the prosperous play of commerce. If it swamped experience, the sequel of victory would be ruinous when it might, as he believed, be advantageous. He wished, then, to be heard. What concerned him, be it observed, was not the fact that they had no thought of doing away with war: as to that new problem he had no clear thought himself yet; what concerned him was the simple fact that Germany, throwing away her great commercial chance, had given a larger chance to this country, which fact they neglected. Encouraged by Lord Morley and by others, he was trying to make this very plain. Throughout that year's Recess he toiled at it.

One day there was a fortuitous scene at the Manor that showed him in an amiable light. It is described in the next letter, addressed to the lady in a nursing home.

I wonder if you received the little box of flowers I posted to you yesterday morning: everything is so much out of gear in this horrid war-time. I think, if I had looked round the garden first, I should not have presumed to send you the battered and sodden roses I had gathered; but I told you in my note to accept them in the spirit of Byron's lines on sending flowers to (I think) his daughter. You will not have the chance of looking up the verses, so I will repeat them. . . .

I came home yesterday about five, and Cousin Will was with me. Thirty young women, twisters from the mill, had asked to picnic in the wood, and for these picnics my gardener has always made a fire and boiled the kettles. My new man doesn't understand the business so well, and I gave him a hand. These young women hadn't a man with them; they said that all their men were at the front; from every family some near one had gone; two or three had sent husbands and others sweethearts. I looked them up again after tea and invited them into the garden to help themselves to gooseberries and rasps, and to flowers. Then I asked them into the house, and Will presided at the piano. Their singing was quite wonderful. They knew the soldiers' songs, and old English ballads, and no end of hymns, which they sang beautifully. They knew also "The Perfect Day."

I thought of you often, and Will said how you would have enjoyed it. I was standing by one girl, and I asked her casually how long she had worked for me. She replied, "Nineteen years." The girl next to her said she had been with me twenty-three years and her sister twenty-seven years. Most of them said they began with me as half-timers at eleven and had not worked for any one else. Do you know, I felt a bit touched? They were impressed by seeing a portrait of my brother, and recalled many things he used to say; and they spoke of him with great respect and esteem. To me it was all very human; for how little one really sees even of one's work-people!

By the time Parliament resumed, in October, he had produced a book, *The Real German Rivalry: Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow*, and in December it was published at a popular price. The book states in eighty pages what his life-work stood for. If my friend was at all wise in practical things, it embodies for the days of peace his practical wisdom. A saying of Lord Salisbury's is put as its text: "Man's necessity is to live; his first duty is to work; and the object of education is to fit him for his work." The best way for the nation to procure employment and the way to train for it are the subject, closely argued from our contest with the Germans; for he had been readier than some military chiefs to learn from the enemy. "There are," he said, "no reprisals possible that can take the place of industrial and commercial efficiency. The fallacy to be exposed is that a nation can grow rich through the poverty of another."

There was too much excitement. But, among men who kept their heads, it was said at once that this brochure deserved a wide publicity, it was both sound and brilliant. It began steadily to win that, and gave him in Parliament the authority that belonged to his career. There, although he had not spoken, a group gathered round him for the benefit of his experience and judgment as well as for his humour.

I shall hardly put into words the sense of comfort that men had, in such a time, from his mere presence. Already, after two years, the nightmare strain of a war that seemed to demand limitless sacrifice in vain is forgotten; yet it is only by recalling the mood in which one lived from day to day, inured to the common nightmare but oppressed by it, that his unaltered plain humanity, warm and sane, and busy with little kindnesses, can be valued now. That kind of diligence, because it was effortless and not put on for the pinch, banished the nightmare. It made a sober contrast with all heroics at the same time; and there was a certain luxury in being in touch with anything so normal. The imperturbability was lovable. On a hillside near to Keighley, as in many another quiet place, there was a great hospital always full of wounded men, whom the people took to their hearts and into their lives with a warmth so noble that it is doubtful if any picture of that time can be made for those who come after us. He took great pride in this, of course; but, going familiarly among them, he seemed only to find it natural and right, so that his compassion had a brave spice of cheer in it. How they loved his story-telling! I remember an afternoon at the Manor when, among half a dozen of us, the ball was kept rolling for nearly four hours with no interval, and I think he made more laughter than the rest put together.

What was not so natural, Keighley prospered greatly and subscribed more per head of its population to one of the war loans than any other town in the kingdom: this, be sure, he thought a legitimate thing to boast of. For his own part he had subscribed all the capital released from trade. Later the pinch tightened, and there was at least an equal show of patriotism in the example set by Keighley in food economy.

I cannot say that my friend was good at self-denial, though he had by that time entertained Sir Arthur Yapp. But now, coming from Dunfermline after a meeting of the Carnegie Trust, in the heart of winter, he missed a connection of trains, and spent five Spartan hours in a waiting-room at Skipton, reaching home unannounced at 7.22 a.m., with no car to meet him and no meal ready in a warm room. Yet he was at the House next day as usual, and not in bed before midnight; thls within a week of his seventy-sixth year. If a little mishap of the kind had annoyed one of the Periœci, he would presumably have said nothing about it. In the same spirit, Sir Swire was content to make the briefest possible note, " Home 7.22," treating this annoyance as part of the day's work; and, though in Sparta little boys were starved to make good thieves of them, I think he was entitled to his meals.

His birthday chanced to fall on a quiet Sunday. A little self-indulgence was not out of place, and, yielding to a commercial habit, he amused himself by taking stock of the organism which, after seventy-five years of output, was still a going concern. You are indebted to this diversion for a curious record, minutely instructive. Here it is.

I have often wondered how people feel at certain periods of their lives, and if they find it easy to register a comparison as to their health and general condition going back from the present to past years. I have myself no definite remembrance of my condition, say, ten, fifteen or twenty years ago. I am disposed to think that at 55 I had not far passed my prime, and that at 60 I felt and showed but little sign of advancing years.

If I (try to) speak of myself now, as I find myself, I may unconsciously work back to days when the machine gave fewer indications of being the worse for wear.

I once asked my old friend Sir Isaac Holden—he was then about 85—which was the happiest time of his life, and without hesitation he said, "The present." Now, at 75 I can hardly say that. And yet I should find a difficulty in naming a time when, so far as the physical enjoyment of life was concerned—health, freedom from pain, appetite, sleep—or the absence of personal worry and care, or, above all, the regard of many friends, I felt to be having a better time than now. I certainly feel the loss of many friends who were old and dear, and I do not get new friends to take their place.

As to personal appearance, I may be described as alert, erect, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighing about 11 stones (5 lb. short of 160 lb.) with clothes and boots on. Rather a fresh complexion, with what is described as a good crop of hair, which used to be flaxen but now seems a little darker, with few grey hairs visible. My face is shaved except moustache, which is grizzled—say half-grey. Eyes, bluish-grey. My sight for distance fairly good, though not nearly so good as ten years ago. In fair light I can follow a golf ball in its flight. For reading newspapers and writing I require spectacles. I have an impression that I have needed spectacles since I was 50, perhaps 45.

My hearing has been defective for over twenty years. When at Rome in 1867, in hot weather (aged 25), I took a cold bath, and the water got into my ears, causing earache and deafness. Some weeks, or maybe months after, I had my ears examined by Dr. Bronner, who syringed them and removed what seemed a large amount of dark-coloured wax. For a time my hearing was very acute again, but the ears were sensitive to cold and I had deafness occasionally. During the last few years it has increased, and now it causes me anxiety. In church, or at a lecture, I have some difficulty in following the ordinary speaker; and in the H. of C., unless I am fairly near or opposite the man who is talking, I miss much of what he says. At a theatre, unless in the front row, I lose many of the jokes (I seldom go to a theatre now), and in a railway carriage I have to be intent. I can only hear the ticking of my watch by pressing it close to my ear.

I am not quite satisfied about my teeth. I have two artificial teeth in front (top), and there are four or five double teeth absent; and others, which I have much neglected, are decaying.

I enjoy my food and have an excellent digestion. I rarely take any medicine, and my food agrees with me as well as at any period of my life. I seem to have a distaste for certain kinds of fish, of which perhaps the chief is mackerel. I used to be very fond of whitebait and fresh herring, but I don't willingly take them now.

I sleep well, but have an impression that I am more liable to take cold than I used to be, and that a cold lingers longer with me.

I am considered to be exceptionally active on my feet. I enjoy walking to the tramcars at Utley, nearly three miles, and I enjoy also the walk round the golf links. I get along quite well on the level or down hill, but have to walk slowly up hill. Two years ago I preferred to walk up the stairs at the mill, four floors, rather than ring and wait for the hoist. Yet, since I sold the mill a year ago, I have found myself pumped out with climbing the stairs quickly; and so I conclude that within these last two years my heart has failed considerably, and I look forward to a gradual weakening. I think I may date back ten years to a feeling of shortened breath in tree felling; some three months ago, when I felled a fairly large tree, say 12 to 15 in. diameter, I had to rest and take wind after every half-dozen good strokes with the Canadian axe. Except in a slow waltz, I cannot go more than once round a fairly large room, and I am puffed (the hospital at Christmas) with a set of lively lancers. I have never had my heart examined and therefore cannot say how it is for my years, but I remember that Gladstone felled trees after he was 80.

In the House of Commons there are few older men than I who attend. The bulk of members are many years younger. There is no man as old as I in the Government. Mr. Balfour is, I think, 68, Asquith 65. A short time ago the *Daily Mail*, in conspicuous headlines, said it was time that Balfour took his place among the Chelsea pensioners.

"Seventy-five! Isn't it terrible to think of?" Thus he wrote half jokingly to Professor Watkinson. "But I can look back upon what almost seems a boyish career, so romantic has it been."

CHAPTER XXII

At home in London—Maiden speech—America and the League of Nations—Controlling exports—Travels in war-time—Under fire on Vimy Ridge—The dead German—Success of a book—The strenuous life and date pasty—Efforts for the "Old Vic."—A rest cure and Mercutio's hurt—Last days.

WITH respect to happiness at eighty-five or any other age, I suppose that no sane man could think himself happy while the hell of war burned. One grew callous to this more or less, but it still took up attention, like an illness or an imprisonment. As for my friend, his romantic turn was not inordinate and German; therefore he did not enjoy the splendid ordeal. Romance that runs away with a man is lunacy. He was obstinately sane. For this reason, however, I am sure that if there had been no war, and one had asked him the question put to Sir Isaac Holden, he would have given the same answer without hesitation: no time of life happier than the present.

He had a plain little room without comforts at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and drove himself hard, but was very much at home in London. As for the disturbance made in his actual home life, that was by this time negligible; for Lance had been relegated to munitions and worked in Keighley, while Mary, resigning Red Cross work for civil service, had come to London too. Besides, he seemed to move in a domestic aura. Precisely this was his charm, his special geniality, which like a fireside welcome appeared the warmer for being unmannered. Precisely this made him at home in friends' houses, always open to him; and there was more than one of these in which, *sans façon*, he could rest when tired. Quite near to the House of Commons, that northern housewife with whom he had established so warm an understanding had a pleasant flat in Prince's Row, Victoria, and now watched over him in little important ways. He was wearing what he called a "magic-wove scarf" of her knitting.

The honest bulletin in the last chapter shows him very well aware of failing powers. Just before the Session of 1917 opened, he wrote to the young American lady who had come two hundred miles to meet him at Chicago—saying, it seems, that a dead friend had bequeathed him to her—and seems to have warned her soberly, if lightly.

> You appear [he said] to be having gay times with your many friends, and an old fellow like me would find himself out of it were he among you; so, while my mouth waters for the sweets, I must contemplate peacefully, trying to catch a little reflection of the light of other years.
>
> I must be very forgetful. I did not remember that I had ventured to say I needed a little treatment with a trained nurse [the lady herself]. Sometimes I give rein to fancy and say how nice it would be to go through such-and-such experiences; but all that kind of thing comes to nothing. I never take such indulgences. . . .
>
> I go back to the House of Commons to-morrow; and I look forward to being a sharer in some of the most momentous legislation during the next few years that has been seen since Man was placed upon the planet.

So, though he had come to the House too late, he presently broke silence—in a speech supporting Mr. Fisher's Education Bill. Very properly and usefully. Few maiden speeches show maturity of style or great special knowledge, but this showed both. The diary notes, "Well received," and the fact is that he had been impressive without boring any one, a promising achievement. The Bill filled him with hope for the country.

Then, at last, America joined the Allies, and he entertained a greater hope for the first time; the purpose with which we fought seemed attainable. He had not badgered his American friends. In his view, the decision whether to embrace that purpose or not was entirely one for their people and Government, choosing freely. But his satisfaction is easily imagined, and so is theirs. He himself had to imagine Mr. Carnegie's, for the greatest of his friends was in poor health, unfit for correspondence. What he never did imagine was that he stood in Mr. Carnegie's will as one of the few public men to whom that modern Mæcenas left personal legacies. He was to die too soon even to hear of it. He was also, more happily, to die too soon to see the American *volte-face* after victory. I find that he wrote to Miss Williams of Brookline :

> The die has been cast and we are comrades—in our determination to overthrow the most brutal and wicked abuse of military power the world has seen. I think Wilson's speech was a noble proclamation that will take rank with the historic utterances of Washington and Lincoln. It will probably be the greatest instrument not only for a righteous peace, but for the formation of a league of nations that will for ever make the repetition of such a war as this impossible.

And later :

> Let us hold on till the brighter days come ; and let us hope that the alliance between your country and mine, entered upon not for territory or gain by either, but to secure the freedom of weaker nations, may be welded still closer, never to be dissolved.

In spite of the reserves, the "probably" and the "let us hope," I know that he looked forward as happily as any man, or as he himself had ever done since learning to be cautious. I like to think of him at this time best. Free of private anxieties, which had been all surmounted and left behind ; sanguine as to the public ends for which he had served busily ; knowing himself loved and honoured, my friend not only began to see some harvest of his labours, as a strong man may, but was helping with fresh ardour and alacrity to reap it. He had but one grave misgiving, and this not personal. He could not be sure—no man could—that the heroism of so many millions of men and women was not to be followed by disillusionment: what he most feared for them was sheer want. Anything to win the peace, but let the old gates of trade be left free to swing on the hinges after.

Meantime he served as a gate-keeper, a member for wool of the War Trade Committee controlling exports. That committee was a sort of G.H.Q. for commerce. He was also one of thirty members of the House appointed to visit Italy for an Inter-Parliamentary Conference of the Allies.

There was a spice of adventure in the journey. Submarines haunted the Channel. His friend Mr. Wintour insisted on lending him a life-saving vest. He did not take the conference to be important, except as "eyewash," and set down in advance his opinion of it: "To me there is much unreality about it all. I fear the several sections are concerned most with what they can get, not what they can give." But he was a privileged traveller in war-time, and after Paris and Rome might see the battle-front. What came of it was a fortnight's bustling holiday, little more and nothing less, full of pleasant civilities and planned entertainments, serving, perhaps, to soothe the doubts and jealousies of some croakers.

It was May, and, down to Folkestone, the English orchards were in blossom. The peril of crossing heightened expectation: "it was an amusing sight, a shipload of people all wearing cork belts," and in the harbour there was a small vessel sunk, the funnel and masts showing. Many nurses and other ladies were going out. Following two crowded troopships, they crossed with an escort of destroyers pleasantly, on a smooth sea; he chatted with some of the nurses. Then in France, next morning, he awoke to the same spring freshness on the way to Paris;

> And, since to look at things in bloom
> Fifty springs are little room.

he made the most of it. At Paris the delegates from other countries were assembled, and the planned entertainments began.

First there was a night at the Opéra—"Faust" with an interwoven ballet, "and I confess," his note runs, "that it seemed to me the most beautiful ballet I have ever seen." They saw it from the boxes of the President of the Republic and two Ministers. Some of them went behind to mix with the girls; indeed "it had been arranged that we were all to go, but those of us in the furthest box were missed. However, it was said afterwards that distance lent enchantment. I was told that box-holders and seat-holders have this privilege; they get introductions and arrange meetings, which must, from their point of view, facilitate other engagements." A gala day at Versailles followed. No war gloom to be seen; and "all the way back to Paris the woods were full of holiday people, families picnicking." He wondered. There was much good feeling, too: "My luxurious room with bath at the Hôtel Crillon, fifteen francs a day and nothing charged for breakfast—given in compliment to the British M.P.'s."

They were conveyed to Rome in seven great Pullman cars, each twenty-two yards long. This international train had two cars for England, two for France, and one each for Japan, Russia and Serbia; but, as there were few Japanese or Serbians and only one gentleman from Russia, the punctilio of separate accommodation seemed excessive. The Allies were not members of a league of nations yet. Let that pass. Genoa, Spezzia, Pisa and the whole land of Italy gave him pleasure, and at Rome there was a culmination of hospitalities.

For him, expecting no free-trade foundation for such a league to make it solid, these were of more interest than the conference. When they were over he wrote:

> What a ten days these have been! From early morn to dewy eve engagements; and the hours before and after conference have been full of delightful experiences. I

have shaken hands with the Queen and the Dowager Queen in each of their palaces; the Ambassadors of America, France, Japan and Belgium have given receptions or garden parties in our honour; we have also been received at private palaces; some of us have had audience of the Pope. The Marchesa di Vita is an American lady, and at her reception I had a good talk with her; and she invited me to lunch next day with her daughters and the Marchese. We had a very enjoyable time. I have renewed acquaintance with the treasured ruins and the Appian Way, and good old Father Tiber and the quaint streets of the city. We return to-morrow, and I am one of the privileged few permitted to visit our lines in France.

In the fortnight's holiday that visit is naturally not counted. At Albert, Warlencourt, Arras, the Vimy Ridge, Lens, Peronne and St. Quentin there were no holiday sights. Nor has he left any description of it. His notes, however, are exactly such as he took in schools and factories, bent upon practical detail; so that I see why he attempted none. He was concerned first of all with the tremendous task of our army, with obstinate facts, not with his emotions. That task, as we know, was indescribable. But, in the course of industrious note-taking, he came under fire, and it is plain that there was no affectation in the stoicism. At Vimy—

We climbed into a little wood on the hillside. No shells had been dropping on the ridge to-day, and two Canadian officers said that all would be quiet. We hid in the bushes. Saw many shells exploding in the trenches in front of Lens, a mile and a half away. Not there ten minutes when a shell burst within 100 yards of us, the officer said a chance shot. A minute later another struck the ground 50 yards behind us; then he said, "I don't want to make you nervous, but I think you had better go back to Arras and have tea." We had been seen. I was behind looking for souvenirs, and came upon a uniform and belt nearly covered with dried mud. I said to myself, "I'll cut off some of these buttons and a buckle"; but my friends had gone on, and I didn't get at my knife quickly. There was a third explosion 40 or 50 yards away. I was told afterwards that the dirty uniform was on the body of a dead German who had been only half buried.

Already this reads strangely. So does the note on a surgical hospital at Boulogne, where there were cases of hideous disfigurement: "Many patients carried out on stretchers to lie on the grass in sunshine. Wonderful; man with chin shot away and jaw smashed, yet restored." But when he made these memoranda we had grown used to horrors. They could be endured, it seems, by men working incessantly against them, strung to iron sacrifice.

You have seen how he worked and played when a young man; at that time nothing tired him. It is no exaggeration that now he was working just as hard. Like that excursion into Italy and France, in which every waking hour had been in one way or another active, and the nights not all restful, the summer and autumn were a bustle of engagements. Besides the social and political duty done without stint, he had still directors' meetings, the Clothworkers' Court, the Carnegie Trust involving journeys, and that large private and public correspondence, larger now than ever, which he kept in hand without a secretary. All these things were fitted in. Yet there was work enough in Parliament and the War Trade Committee; the latter taking many mornings and Parliament the afternoons and evenings, with occasional divisions at midnight. He rarely got to bed by that hour in town. No one saw him flurried or distressed, or anything but fresh and conversable; but I like to think of his going one afternoon to the flat in Prince's Row, to lie down on a sofa and be covered with a shawl. He slept for three hours.

Lord Morley had written: "The economic battle will demand your splendid sword." Lord Haldane, keen like himself about technical training, had lunched him for a long talk on that subject, and was spreading praise of him. "*The Real German Rivalry,*" he said, "is a wise contribution to the current discussion, and as striking as it is wise." Sir Charles Mallet had bought 3,000 copies for the Free Trade Union. When a Mr. Maddocks unexpectedly offered to bear the expense of 10,000 copies more, and to distribute them, it became necessary to reprint, and for that purpose to bring the book up to date. He also fitted in that labour.

To Mr. Brigg he wrote in September:

> I am supposed to be enjoying my Parliamentary holiday, and find myself with just the change from one kind of work to another. Your brother John once said that he felt as if he had eaten a pie made of pellets, that weighed him down wherever he went. I have always a weight to bear; but it is mainly the weight of things before me that have to be done, which I am constantly putting off. Since giving up business I have retained my desk at Springfield Mill, and have made many attempts to clear away such books and papers as I thought I ought to keep. I have filled portmanteaux and boxes and bags with them, and had them brought here by cart (to the Manor). I have still well-nigh a cartload and have said I would deal with them. What's the good? There is my business room below stocked with books and papers waiting to be arranged: that room has been known for years as the Chamber of Horrors.

To his Prince's Row friend, in November:

> I have had a hard week. On the raid night I went to bed just as it was said the raiders were approaching, and when I was summoned to take cover declined to get up. I was twice called, but think I did wisely
>
> I came north on Friday at 9.10 a.m., and travelled to Leicester in a non-smoking car with Madame Clara Butt and suite. They overflowed the compartment, and when I had finished breakfast I offered my seat, which C. B. said they would not take, they wouldn't disturb me. "But," I remarked (I had heard no name), "Madame Clara Butt is an old friend of mine although she doesn't know it. She has often given me pleasure, and I am glad to render her even the smallest service." She smiled and thanked me. At Leeds I attended a lunch given by Lord Airedale to Mr. Runciman and others, and had to speak. Then I went on to Bradford for a great meeting in St. George's Hall, to hear Fisher on his Education Bill. I had to move thanks to him—and on to Steeton and a walk home in the rain, arriving after eleven.

Yesterday was still busier, looking after pamphlets (the book) and doing a lot of work in the town till noon, then at five going to dine with Sir Arthur Yapp, who opened at Keighley his food-saving campaign. I got home in the rain (by tram and bus) approaching eleven again. Then I did a foolish thing.

I was hungry, and ate very freely of date pasty, and drank two glasses of milk, and munched a large handful of Siberian crabs, of which I am fond. I paid the penalty in the night. To-day I am keeping near the fire, a bit shaky. But I have a telegram that I mustn't fail to be back at the House as early as possible to-morrow, there will be an important division.

A benign friend had her misgivings. They were reasonable, but I cannot find it in my heart to wish that he had been checked, what he was doing gave him so much pleasure. Which of his activities should have been cut out? The little ones? "November 21st—Lunched H. of C. with John Hodge, Pensions, who promised £50 for deserter's widow?" The little activities brought more satisfaction from day to day than the big national ones could; and, as to these, it was war-time, when no man could spare his life. Even for that day when he was "keeping near the fire, a bit shaky," the diary has lively jottings. Cousin Will or Lance must have called.

To Farmer: "Is t'maister in?" "Nay, we buried her three week sin'."—A man went in with a friend, late, and took a glass with him. Then he said, "How's the enemy?" "Sh—h!"—pointing up. "She's asleep."

There was a week-end in December when he did not go home. On the Sunday he called on one friend for lunch and another for tea, and in getting about London in wet weather took a chill. That seemed nothing serious, although his colds were not thrown off easily. He saw the Session out. The next letter from Steeton runs:

Many thanks for yours of Christmas night, just received. I have kept within since Saturday and my cold is gradually leaving me. To-night we are to have six or eight wounded soldiers, and, I suppose, a turkey of proportionate size. I have been busy all the time, tidying (those old papers from the mill), letter-writing, browsing in Morley's *Recollections* and in Brassey's *Sunbeam,* a beautiful book which the dear old Earl has sent me.

The president of the Textile Society at Manchester sends me a pamphlet in which he says that the Northrop loom is the one great invention of the century, "and that is American." No, it isn't. Northrop is a Keighley man; and not long ago he wrote me from San Francisco that he still works with the drawing-board, T-square and box of compasses that I gave him when he was a night scholar at the Keighley Institute.

A new piece of work, different in kind from any he had done and vastly congenial, claimed his interest when, after six days indoors, he returned to London on New Year's day. He had been deputed by the Carnegie Trust to get information about that Alma Mater of poor playgoers, the "Old Vic." After presenting Shakespeare and English opera for many years at prices as low as threepence, the Old Vic. had applied for help to spend some thousands on structural improvements and furnishing. "The Christmas Carol" was then billed. Sir Swire was going to see it; and, meeting Mary beforehand, he found to his delight that she and a friend were also going. He dined them and took them with him. How very kind the gods were, thus to make him an almoner of the cheap theatre! They could have thought of nothing better. He took the excellent old frowsy place to his heart, resolving as soon as he knew it well to do his best for it. You must understand that there was a doubt whether his co-trustees could help the drama. He therefore laid himself out to report weightily, *en reculant pour mieux sauter*; his free nights of remaining winter were mostly to be given to the Old Vic.'s productions, and all his friends must see them. They could not escape a dinner and a visit to the South Side. Says Mr. Mallalieu (who loved to cap quotations with him):

I well remember one evening when we went to see the "Midsummer Night's Dream." An air-raid came; and as we walked home in the cloudless moonlight, the raid being at its height, he was full of the useful ends to which the funds of the Trust could be devoted.

Observe the total failure of frightfulness.

Whoever knew Sir Swire Smith well will certainly smile at this, remembering other times when nothing could divert him from the career of his humour. He was so cheerfully self-willed. The falling bombs appear to have been ignored like other men's enthusiasms. Alas! There was a little mischief even then which disconcerted him, like a bootlace that comes untied; whenever he found time to think again of his bulletin of health, it seemed, however trivial, to be the sort of thing one sees a doctor about. The old machine was getting faulty; presently he had to give it some attention, though preoccupied; and, consulting his friend Professor Sims Woodhead, he learnt that the trouble was not so small as he had thought it. It seemed to involve a surgical operation. Woodhead said there was an enlargement of the prostate gland; not an uncommon thing, but to that extent serious.

Well, the operation had to be fitted in. Serious though the check was, my friend took it in his stride and said little about it. I suppose it resembled a hitch in business. Before anything could be done he had to cure that cold of his, as to which Woodhead said that nothing but rest would do; so he did slacken pace a little. Being due for a lecture at Batley, he went home in the middle of the Session to write and deliver it. I discover incidentally that he had lived to nearly seventy-six without knowing the comfort of a hot-water bottle.

His plans were such, and so far from being abandoned, that no one saw him taking this rest cure, or guessed that there was anything the matter with him. Those plans brought him up to town again from Batley after five days, to dine a party of seven friends in the House and a few nights later to fill four boxes with his guests at the Old Vic. Chiefly he had arranged to show the place to his Carnegie colleagues, who found him so urgent about it that some of them came long distances to be talked over. With the advantage of his diary for reference, I still lose sight of the rest cure myself. The diary seems only to record the usual round of duties and hospitalities—apart from that new mission. Outside the House there was a discussion on "Trade after the War." He might have resisted that, but had his say on an address by Lord Leverhulme; and, when at home one Saturday, he looked in at the Institute to tell stories at the opening of a Girls' Club. One suspects, in fact, that, not having formed the habit of resting, he did not know how this cure is taken.

When he had lost or gained a month, the business of fitting in the operation pressed, and he called upon an eminent surgeon recommended to him by Dr. Woodhead. This expert said, "Let me know when your cold is well," and then, no doubt, he made up his mind to be rid of it. His family, if no one else, heard of the coming operation. The truth is that, though he had been putting duty first, there was no cold strictly speaking, but just an obstinate and slight catarrh.

Ah, well, small ailments both; but they were like Mercutio's hurt again, enough; these were to serve. Unlike Mercutio he did not know it, and that was well. Mary, much more apprehensive at the word "operation," could not be satisfied by his light tone of reassurance, and sought him again the same day for cross-examination and to know what she could do. But he was sincerely confident. She must not worry about him. Indeed, it appeared that Dr. Sims Woodhead had said nice things of his physique and general fitness. So he went home to rest in earnest, instructed by that friend to understand by rest long hours actually in bed every night, and furthermore to shun the chills of February. Only, there was one thing more to be done. On the 26th that business of the poor Old Vic. (which deserved to be made at least as good a place to sit in as the nearest cinema) would come on for formal consideration at Dunfermline, and he must be there: no use fussing. It meant less than a fortnight's delay and that was all about it.

I gather that he ran no other risks and passed the time serenely. There was one old Keighley friend, Sir John Clough, who had come through a similar operation, and they talked it over. He found leisure for correspondence, always a happy occupation; but Ben at Torquay and his devoted ally in Prince's Row seem to have been the only other persons, outside the family circle, whom he told of the principal risk he would be taking presently. It was now that he found the last treasure for his commonplace book, which looks like an envoy to the book of his life.

> Therefore, on every morrow, we are weaving
>   A flowering band to bind us to the earth.
>   Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
> Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
>
> Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
>   Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
>   Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
> From our dark spirits . . .

As to his pleading in behalf of the cheap drama, it succeeded, though he set down only: "I think something will come of it." This, if I knew him well, meant that no doubts troubled him, and even that he plumed himself a little. The Old Vic. had much reason to be grateful.

There are one or two more of his letters, written during the five days that he now gave to systematic resting, none the worse, after all, for two days' travel.

To his Niece.

Wednesday, February 27th.

My Dear Mary,—I got home from Dunfermline late last night, and I have decided to remain at home till Monday or Tuesday. I have to attend a meeting in Bradford on Monday afternoon, and probably I shall leave by the G.N. at 5.5, arriving in London at ten. I am not quite sure about this. If I can get to the National Liberal Club for Monday night, I shall be ready to go into the nursing home on Tuesday.

I don't think you need be uneasy about me, for I don't think there will be any complications. I have had no pain. Dobie (his own doctor) said that ordinary night things would do—pyjamas. Sir John Clough says I must spend as much time as possible in bed; it will help my heart; so I am breakfasting there and getting up about eleven. . . .

I will communicate with you as soon as I get to the nursing home. I thought of writing to Mr.—— (the surgeon) to-morrow to ask about my going. My cold has nearly gone. Much love from

Your affectionate Uncle,
Swire.

To a Young Friend.

Friday, March 1st.

How is it that you and I had so little foresight three years ago? If you had kept that yarn till now, you would have sold it for double the price! I hope you are getting yarn and making a nice margin on it. . . .

We shall soon be able to have tea on the Terrace. You must come then, and I will ask Mary to meet you.

I think I told you that Peggy was dead. It makes *such* a difference. She welcomed me always. . . .

To Prince's Row.

Saturday, March 2nd.

I thank you for all your good wishes, and I will attend to all your prescriptions. Don't worry about me. I am only like one of the *millions* of our countrymen who are taking greater risks than I and meeting their troubles with cheerfulness and courage.

I have had an invitation from Mrs. John Craven, who has taken a charming house at Torquay for herself and daughter, and whose brother is to be with her at Easter. She tells me to choose my own time and come and stay with them when it is safe, they will give me rest and sunshine, and all the care I may need. But everything must remain in abeyance till we see how I may get through this dreaded operation. I fear I shall be much tried by being compelled to lie so quietly and for so long in one place. . . .

I never had an idler time; staying in bed till noon, with a big fire all night. My cold isn't *quite* gone. I think it should have been, for I haven't been out since Tuesday night.

The weather is cold, and has been stormy. But the days lengthen and I feel that the springtide is coming.

He felt very well, in fact. It is the effect of any rest cure; all sorts of little hopes, impatiences and schemes beat up for action cheerfully. He was keeping a tight rein on them, but you will note that he had fixed the time beforehand too. That sorry laggard of a catarrh came in for censure. When the time came, it was as good as gone.

He came up to town for the little treatment with a trained nurse on his birthday, and Mary found him next day in high spirits, very well indeed. He was not going into the home till Thursday. He had asked her to dine at the House of Commons, to meet the late editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, and a man who had come from Russia with the latest news, and his anxious friend of Prince's Row. The editor being a great talker, and he himself in the vein, that meal was extremely jolly. I am assured, and believe, that when it came to spicing wit and humour with potherbs there was such a garnish of Shakespeare that conversation turned upon the Old Vic., and nothing would do but to make up a party for "Cymbeline," then being given there. It is so rarely to be seen. Next evening, then, the party met again in a stage box, with two members of Parliament who had been added—Sir George Toulmin and Mr. Theodore Taylor. Well, it was his last night at the play; and, being near enough to hear perfectly, he drank in every word of that romantic masterpiece, a boy again. Wonderful! And then they must all go behind and be introduced to the leading lady, Miss Sybil Thorndike; after which they talked and wandered in dark purlieus *per incuriam*, and came out luckily on a tram route, and dispersed rather than parted.

However the end comes, a man at last is not his own master. I wish there were no more to write. . . . After all, he liked these lines addressed by a poet to Life:

Choose thine own time.
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

He was, however, so loved, that the friends who lost him, with no more warning than when a shining bubble bursts in air, must be told how for eight days more he was cared for, at first in good hope after a successful operation. He himself was not at any time to be daunted; the physician who passed him for it had pleased him greatly, saying that he was like a man ten years younger; so that he had in view a pleasant surprise for those of us who did not know his plight. Meanwhile there was Mary to sit with him sometimes; he wanted her, and she could be trusted not to tire him. She saw him every day. Should anything go amiss, Mary was in touch with him by telephone at her lodging and at her office. But more than half the time went by and there was nothing amiss whatever; he lay comfortably waiting for the wound to heal, with gifts of flowers to brighten his room. Indeed it was Thursday of the following week before a slight cough gave proof of some congestion of the lungs. Then Sir Thomas Barlow saw him, calling as if for a friendly visit; but then, alas, the case of a tired heart, if one had known, was hopeless. In the small hours of Saturday, March 16th, the tired heart failed.

That day his friend Lady Purves Stewart came with more flowers, gay ones. "I thought," she said, "the colour would please him." . . . The flowers meant to gladden his eyes were laid on his breast.

New ideals begin to herald a new age, in the light of which all public service of the past will seem more or less to have wanted inspiration; but the men who gave service are to be judged with reference to their own time and environment. Sir Swire Smith has been presented as a type of English manufacturer in the age now closing. In spite, however, of his belief in mechanic skill and material progress, his individualism and average opinions, he was not an average figure. The sense of beauty in Sir Swire's outlook and life was neither typical of the class to which he belonged nor characteristic of his time, for that was an age in which the authority of beauty had been forgotten. Even for him, this was personal and flimsy, benign but far from paramount. But he did embody not only the characteristic spirit of gain, but the hopeful altruism of that age, and in all things upheld the new standard of truth which science was giving to the world. While England taught the use of machinery and everywhere promoted trade, he stood for the freest possible dissemination of benefits. In these respects he is typical with distinction. The altruism, truly, was a modern sense of the world's oneness as well as a disposition with which he was endowed; but, that being remembered, it is fair to claim that the mediæval trading leagues and cities produced no such man, the greatest of the Medici excepted.

Whom the gods love die young. The truer sense of that saying is the sense in which it applies to Sir Swire Smith, whose youth was not exhausted. Because of this, and because his death was unforeseen and sudden, there was great dismay—even in war-time when dear men's lives were cheap. He seemed to have been lost unawares, by a mishap. But the shock threw his life into such relief that, like a revelation of some new truth, one saw how wholeheartedly the world "likes the man who has courage and generosity, who sees only the good and keeps his face toward the sunlight." The wonderful funeral followed, with an outburst of praise that he had above all been such a man, and done the beneficent work of such a man. He needs no other praise than that, for there is none higher. That there is none higher we knew as soon as the war smoke darkened heaven from us—and lived through hell by the knowledge four years.

"Toward the sunlight." Out of primal chaos the Universe itself looks that way, still evolving things fair and exquisite such as he had loved. It is why this story of the Master Spinner was worth telling. He had been a staunch optimist against all odds, brightening life as if there should be no hereafter; not content with good will and a tolerant mind however magnanimously, but practical and merry, a very solicitous gay friend of all men.

To keep his memory green, a Fellowship has been already founded by the devotion of Sir John Clough and Mr. Spencer at Leeds University. He would have been very glad of this. In any way deemed fit, the University Court may help brilliant scholars with its income.

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